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Originals and Analogues.

PART I.

ROMEUS AND IULIET.

ARTHUR BROOKE.

RHOMEIO AND IULIETTA.

WILLIAM PAINTER.

EDITED BY

P. A DANIEL.

PUBLISHED FOR

The New Shakespeare Society

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INTRODUCTION.

WHETHER the story of the loves and deaths of Romeo and Juliet, rendered so famous by Shakespeare's Tragedy, had any foundation in actual fact is a matter which will probably ever remain in doubt ; it has been much and learnedly discussed, and in no works, with which I am acquainted, so exhaustively as in the excellent volume edited by Alessandro Torri (Pisa, 1831) in which are collected, and annotated, the tales of Da Porto, Clitia, and Bandello, together with Historical and Biographical notices, and other documents connected with the fate of our 'paire of starre-crost lovers,' whose actual existence the learned editor stodtly maintains. This volume is supplemented with the 'Lettere Critiche, etc.' of Filippo Scolari (also a firm believer in the authenticity of the Tragedy of Verona) published at Livorno in the same year : to them both I am indebted for many of the particulars set forth in these pages ; and I strongly commend their works to those who would wish to investigate the question.

With the truthful or fabulous origin of the story, however, I have here nought to do, my object being merely to give in as succinct a form as possible—as a kind of preface to the two reprints included in this volume—some account of the several Novels, Poems, etc. from which it is possible that Shakespeare may have derived hints for his Tragedy. But first it should be mentioned that Douce, in his 'Illustrations of Shakespeare,' has suggested that one of the material incidents of the story may have been taken by Da Porto, its first narrator, from the love adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia as set forth in the *Ephesiaca* of Xenophon of Ephesus, one of the old Greek romance writers. "The heroine of this romance, separated by a series of misfortunes from her husband, falls into the hands of robbers, from whom she is rescued by a young nobleman called Perilaus. He becomes enamoured of her ; and she, fearing violence, affects to consent to marry him ; but on the arrival of the appointed time, swallows a poisonous draught [as she believes] which she had procured from Eudoxus, an old physician and the friend of Perilaus, to whom she had communicated the secret of her history. Much lamentation is made for her death, and she is conveyed with great pomp to a sepulchre. As she had only taken a sleeping potion, she soon awakes in the tomb, which, on account of the riches it contained.

is plundered by some thieves, who also carry her off." (See Douce, p. 436, ed. 1839, and Dunlop, 'History of Fiction,' ed. 1845, p. 35, col. 1; p. 187, col. 2; p. 255, col. 2. An English version of the romance appeared in London, 1727, by Rooke.) On this Roswell, in his preliminary remarks to Brooke's poem (Shakspeare ed. 1821, vol. vi. p. 265), observes, that if the whole story of Romeo and Juliet is to be considered as a fiction, it may possibly have had its origin in the tale of Pyramus and Thisbe; and Karl Simrock ('Plots of Shakspeare's Plays,' ed. Halliwell, Shak. Soc., 1850) finds that in all essential points, the three most noted love-tales of all times: those of Hero and Leander, Pyramus and Thisbe, and Tristan and Isolde, are identical with the story of Romeo and Juliet. A more immediate and probable origin of Da Porto's story was pointed out by Dunlop in his 'History of Fiction' (first ed. 1814) in the novellino, by Massuccio of Salerno, first published at Naples in 1476, in a collection of tales ('Le Cinquante Novelle, etc.'), the one in question narrating the adventures of Mariotto Mignanelli and Gianozza Saraceni of Siena.

Mariotto and Gianozza smitten with mutual love, and for some reason not stated desiring to keep their union a secret from the world, bribe an Augustine Friar to perform for them the marriage ceremony. Shortly after Mariotto quarrels with another honourable citizen, and, from words coming to blows, strikes him on the head with a stick, and so wounds him that in the course of a few days he dies. For this deed Mariotto is sentenced to perpetual banishment, and flies to Alexandria in Egypt, where he takes up his abode with his uncle, a rich merchant, leaving to his brother, to whom he confides the secret of his marriage, the care of informing him of the course of events in Siena. The uncle sets himself to work by means of his correspondents to obtain the pardon of his nephew; but in the mean time Gianozza, who, apparently without cause, has refused several advantageous offers of marriage, incurs the anger of her father, who insists at last on her consenting to a match he has arranged for her. To escape this danger she conceives the idea of feigning herself dead, and again has recourse to the Friar, who, though at first he hesitates to engage himself in such a perilous design, is at last, by the "virtu et incantesmo di Messer San Giovanni bocca d'oro," persuaded to lend his assistance, and, being skilled in the preparation of drugs, himself supplies the needed sleeping potion, which has the power of suspending animation for the space of three days. Gianozza swallows the draught, which takes immediate effect, and, being by all judged dead, she is buried in the church of the Augustines. From the tomb the Friar, with the aid of a trusty companion, removes her to his cell, and with him, when she has recovered from the effects of the potion, she sets out, disguised as a Friar, to join her husband in Alexandria. Previous to this, however, she has despatched letters to Mariotto acquainting him with her design; but the ship which bears her messenger is taken by corsairs, he himself is slain, and Mariotto hears of her supposed death,

and that of her father who does not long survive his daughter's loss, from his brother. In his despair he resolves not to outlive his wife, and returns in disguise to Siena to rejoin her in the tomb. At night he conceals himself in the church, and is there taken in an attempt to open the vault. Being recognized and submitted to the rack he confesses his whole story, and notwithstanding the universal pity his fate excites he is condemned to lose his head, a sentence which is soon after carried into effect.

In the mean time Gianoza arrives in Alexandria, makes herself known to the uncle, learns from him the departure of her husband, and with him in haste also returns to Siena, but only to find that three days before their arrival Mariotto has been beheaded. Whereupon with the aid of the uncle she obtains admission to a convent and there in a very short time dies of grief. "Con intenso dolore & sanguinose lagrime, con poco cibo & niente dormire, il suo Mariotto di continuo chiamando in brevissimo tempo finì li suvi miserimi giorni."

So the novel; but in the 'Argomento' prefixed to it Gianoza is said to die of grief on the dead body of her lover,—"*la donna . . . trova l'amante decollato, e lei supra al suo corpo per dolore se more.*" From this circumstance Torri (whose work I have already referred to) ingeniously argues that Massuccio's story (of the facts of which no memory remained in Siena) was founded on a traditional account spread throughout Italy of the Verona tragedy, Massuccio varying, according to his fancy, the names, the place, and some circumstances of the case.^{*}

Whether we agree with Torri, or whether we are to suppose, with Dunlop, that Da Porto founded his tale of Romeo and Giulietta on that of Mariotto and Gianoza, certain it is that we have no direct mention of the immortal deaths of our unhappy pair till some time about 1530 (according to Italian Bibliographers) when, at Venice, without date, Luigi Da Porto's "*Historia novellamente ritrovata di due nobili Amante : con la loro pictosa morte intervenuta già nella città di Verona nel tempo [1301-04] del signor Bartholomeo dalla Scala,*" first saw the light. Da Porto died 10 May, 1529: this first edition of his novel was therefore posthumous; but from a letter dated 9 June, 1524, addressed to him by the celebrated Bembo, in which mention is made of "*la bella vostra Novella,*" it is inferred that his story of Romeo and Juliet was completed at some time previous to that date. It was reprinted, 1535; and again with certain variations (by whom made is uncertain) in a collection of his Poems and Prose pieces, published by Marcolini, Venice, 1539. A fourth edition, by G. Griffio, appeared, Venice, 1553.

Da Porto relates how, when in his youth he followed the profession of arms, on one occasion while on a journey, the story of Romeo and

^{*} It is perhaps worth noting here that a similar discrepancy exists in Boastuau's French paraphrase of Bandello, in which (followed by his English translator Painter) in the title to the tale, Juliet is said to die of grief, while in the tale itself she stabs herself with Romeo's dagger. See p. 95, and note 4, p. 96.

Giulietta was told to him by one of his guard, a Veronese named Peregrino. The event, he said, happened during the time that Bartolomeo dalla Scala reigned in Verona, at which time, though there was still enmity between the Capelletti and Montecchi, open acts of violence had ceased. To a great festival held by Antonio Capelletti, the head of that house, Romeo, a young man of the Montecchi family, masked and disguised as a nymph, follows his cruel and hard-hearted mistress and there for the first time meets with Giulietta. Their sudden and mutual love extinguishes his old flame, and after some nocturnal meetings under Giulietta's window, the lovers resolve on a secret marriage. Friar Lorenzo, a learned and much-esteemed monk, is prevailed on to join their hands, as much from dread of losing Romeo's friendship and protection as in the hope that the marriage may lead to the reconciliation of the two families and thereby to his own honour. Not long after a street brawl occurs between two parties of the opposed factions. Romeo, being among the combatants yet bearing his wife in mind, at first avoids striking any of her house; but at last, many on his side being wounded, and nearly all driven from the street, overcome with anger he attacks and slays Tebaldo Capelletti, the fiercest of his opponents, and for this deed is sentenced to perpetual banishment. In concealment in the Friar's cell, Romeo, before his departure, has a last interview with his wife, who wishes to accompany him disguised as a page; prudence, however, forbids this arrangement, and Romeo sets out for Mantua alone, leaving to the Friar and to Pietro (a servant of Giulietta, who has acted as their go-between) the care of informing him of all events that may occur in Verona, till his repeal from banishment can be obtained and he can find occasion to blazon his marriage to the world. Giulietta's excessive and, to her parents, unaccountable grief, induces them to think of marriage as the only remedy, she having now completed her eighteenth year. Messer Antonio accordingly enters into negotiations with a Count of Lodrone as her bridegroom. Giulietta by means of Pietro communicates this intelligence to Romeo, who still urges her to concealment of their marriage in the hope that he may shortly be able to take her from her father's house. She, however, is hard pushed by her parents to consent, and threatened by her father in the event of her disobedience. In her despair she has recourse to the Friar, who, dreading lest his part in the secret marriage should become known, fearful likewise of incurring the enmity of Romeo, and moved with the anguish of Giulietta, who avows her determination to put an end to her life unless he can devise some means for her relief, gives her a powder which shall cause her to appear as dead for about forty-eight hours, and in the mean time promises to send a letter, which she is to write, to Romeo acquainting him with their position. The design of the Friar being to take her from the tomb and keep her in concealment in his cell till she can go with him disguised in the habit of his order to Mantua, on the occasion of the next meeting of their Chapter at that town. On her return home

she makes her submission to her father, and the preparations for the marriage are proceeded with. At night Giulietta, complaining of thirst, asks one of her handmaidens for water, and putting into it the powder, drinks it off declaring that she will never be married against her will. In the morning she is found apparently dead on her bed, and, the maids now recollecting the powder she had mixed with the water, she is believed to have poisoned herself. With great lamentations she is conveyed to the tomb of the Capelleths, and Pietro, who is not acquainted with the true facts of the case, and cannot meet with the Friar, who is for some cause absent from the town, sets off to Mantua with the news of her death. In the mean time the letter written by her has been sent to Mantua by the Friar, but not delivered to Romeo, the messenger having made several fruitless attempts to see him, and Romeo unprepared hears first from Pietro the sad intelligence. He at first attempts to kill himself, but being restrained he dismisses Pietro with a present of a brown garment which he wore, and taking with him some poison which he happens to have by him, and disguised as a peasant, he sets off for Verona alone: arriving there in the night, he enters and shuts himself in the tomb, having with him a dark lanthorn, by the aid of which he contemplates the body of his wife, then swallowing the poison and taking Juliet in his arms he awaits the approach of death. By this time Giulietta begins to recover from the effects of the sleeping potion, and wakes to find herself in the arms of her expiring lover. She at first imagines that she has been betrayed by the Friar, but recognizing her husband, and learning that he has poisoned himself they mutually lament their fate. And now the Friar, accompanied with a trusty companion, makes his appearance, and is aghast at the result of his scheme. Romeo dies, and Juliet refusing to leave him casts herself on his body, and holding her breath for some time, at last with a great cry expires. In the mean time the watch, who have been pursuing a thief, hear the lamentations, and perceiving the light in the tomb come to see the cause. The Friar, however, extinguishes the light, and refusing to answer their questions, closes the tomb, and with his companion takes refuge in the church. Some of the watch acquaint the Capelletti with the suspicious circumstances, and urged by them the Prince proceeds to inquire into the case; from the Friar, however, he only obtains equivocal answers, until some of his fellow monks, who bore him no good will, impelled by curiosity open the tomb. All is now disclosed, and the Friar now avows that his attempts at concealment were prompted by his wish to fulfil the last request of the lovers that they should not be separated in death. The tragical event leads to the reconciliation of the two families; the funeral obsequies of the lovers are performed with great pomp, and their bodies buried in the same tomb.

Some account of the story seems to have penetrated at an early date into France. Adrian Sevin, the translator of Boccaccio's 'Philocopo,' in his Epistle dedicatory to the "*Haulte, excellente & illustre dame,*

Ma dame Claude de Rohan, Comtesse de Saint Aignan," narrates the following story as "vne moderne nouvelle aduenue puisnaguieres en ma presence & au sceu de plusieurs."

In a town of the Morea called Courron dwelt two noblemen, the one named Karilio Humdrum, the other Malchipo. The former had two children, a son and daughter named Bruhachin and Burglipha; the latter an only son named Halquadrach. The fathers being on very friendly terms brought up their children together; but both dying at the same time of the pest, they left the charge of their children to their wives, Kalzandra and Harriaquach. As a matter of course as the children grow up Halquadrach and Burglipha fall in love. Burglipha's brother, Bruhachin, disapproves of his sister's attachment, and requests Halquadrach to discontinue his visits; the result is a quarrel, in which Bruhachin is slain, and Halquadrach saves himself from justice by flight. From his place of exile he communicates with Burglipha by letters, and, aided by the good offices of his servant, Bostruch, he at last obtains her forgiveness of the slaughter of her brother and a renewal of her love. Thinking to promote her union with Halquadrach, Burglipha has recourse to an old priest, to whom she declares that she will kill herself unless he affords her his assistance. The priest remonstrates with her, but ultimately consents, and gives her a powder which, being drunk in white wine, will cause her to appear as dead for twenty-four hours; his design being, when she is brought to him for burial (as was the custom in that country), to remove her to his chamber, and, when she has recovered from the sleeping draught, to ship her off in disguise to the place of Halquadrach's exile. She takes the draught, is supposed dead, and is laid out for burial. While this is doing, Bostruch arrives with a message from Halquadrach, and finding, as he supposes, Burglipha dead, he returns in haste to his master with the news. Halquadrach resolves not to outlive his mistress, and applies to an apothecary, from whom he obtains a stick of poison; then, in spite of the advice of his servant and of the danger he incurs by his return home, he sets out for the place where Burglipha is laid out for burial. There, after cursing the Heavens, sun, moon, stars, and elements, and lamenting his unhappy lot, he eats one half of the poison. Burglipha now awakes, and learning what has happened, after some love-making, she begs the other half of the poison and eats it so that they may die together, and, in the presence of the priest and others who arrive on the scene of the catastrophe, "in discouraging of and praising their friendship, returning thanks to God for the same, and imploring his beatitude to conduct them to his kingdom, they gave up their souls in great contentment, joy, and gladness, and their two bodies were placed and buried together in a very fine and rich tomb."

The exclusive right of publication of Sevin's translation of 'Philocopo' is dated 23 Jan., 1541, and the book itself is dated 24 Feb., 1542.

Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction' (p. 256, ed. 1845), mentions Sevin's work. In his short notice of the story of which I have given an

abstract, he appears to have mixed up with it a portion of some other tale.

In the same year, 1553, in which the fourth edition of Da Porto's story appeared, Gabriel Giolito published in Venice a poem entitled "L'Infelice Amore dei due Fedelissimi Amanti Giulia e Romeo, scritto in Ottava Rima da Clitia, nobile Veronese, ad Ardeo suo."

This is accompanied with the "Rime di Ardeo in morte di Clitia sua."

Who Clitia and her Ardeo were, or whether any such persons actually existed, is unknown. The publisher's somewhat enigmatical dedication of the poem has led to the conjecture that its author was Gherardo Bolderi.

At the commencement of the poem 'Clitia' states that one hundred and fifty years now are passed since in Verona, while under the government of the Princes of La Scala, were two families, the Capelletti and Montecchi, between whom a fierce feud had existed in times gone by, but who then were less at enmity. Da Porto and Bandello state that the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet occurred during the government of Bartolommeo della Scala, *i.e.* between 1301-04; the historian Della Corte fixes the precise date at 1303. Clitia's statement therefore would seem to fix the date of the composition of her poem, or at any rate the date at which the author wished it to be supposed that it was written, about 1453, a date of course much earlier than could be claimed for Da Porto's, or even Massuccio's, story. Scolari, however (*Lettere Critiche*, note, p. 37), explains that by this statement is only to be understood that at the time 'Clitia' wrote (which he supposes to correspond pretty closely with the date of publication; the language and style moreover forbidding the supposition of an earlier date), one hundred and fifty years had passed since these two families of the Capelletti and Montecchi existed in Verona. I do not care to examine this argument too closely, nor perhaps is it necessary to do so, since a comparison of the two compositions seems to make it more than probable that the poem was founded on Da Porto's story. All the main incidents in both, and many of the minor details, are similar. Some variations may, however, be pointed out:—Clitia first mentions Tibalt's death as being supposed by Lady Capulet the cause of Juliet's grief; Romeo is not made to attempt his life when he hears of Juliet's supposed death; he dismisses Pietro with a present of a gold chain he wore about his neck, telling him to return to Verona, and to call on the Friar and say that he, Romeo, would be with him that same night. He does not, however, do so, nor is anything more heard of Pietro. Romeo dies in Juliet's arms before the arrival of the Friar, who comes alone to the tomb, and the poem ends abruptly with the death of Juliet. Clitia also gives the name of Batto Tricastro to the Friar, and names the Count Lodrone, Francesco.

Some account of Clitia's poem, with extracts from it, will be found in vol. iv. of the 'Shakespeare Society's Papers,' published in 1849. It is, as I have before mentioned, given in full in Torri's work.

In 1554 Matteo Bandello, in his collection of Novels published at Lucca, gives his story of 'Romeo e Giulietta.'—"La sfortunata morte di dui infelicissimi amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono, con varii accidenti."

Bandello while following the main incidents of Da Porto's story, varies from it in many minor details: in some he appears to have followed Clitia, he amplifies others, not always in the best taste. Romeo's first unsuccessful passion, which is merely mentioned in the former story, is here dwelt upon, and his motive for attending Capulet's feast is not to see his hard-hearted mistress, but, acting on the advice of a friend, by examining other beauties to endeavour to destroy her image in his heart. He enters masked; but not dressed as a woman, as in Da Porto's story. At the breaking up of the party, Juliet learns from her Nurse, who is now first introduced, that Romeo is of the house of the Montecchi, and this old lady acts the part of go-between to the lovers, while the Pietro of Da Porto becomes the servant of Romeo himself. The Conte di Lodrone to whom Capulet resolves to marry Juliet is now first named Paris. Juliet takes the sleeping potion in secret, and is supposed to have died of grief. The Messenger sent by Friar Lorenzo to acquaint Romeo with their design is one of his own order named Anselmo. Entering the convent of their order in Mantua, Anselmo is there detained (one of the brotherhood having recently died, it was supposed, of the plague), and is thus prevented from delivering his message, and Pietro, Romeo's servant, brings the news to his master. Instead of simply dismissing him, as in Da Porto's story, Romeo sends him back to Verona, ordering him to provide the instruments needed for opening the tomb, and to await his coming. He then writes letters and settles his affairs in Mantua and at night joins Pietro, bringing with him the poison. Together they repair to the cemetery; Romeo enters the tomb, and by the light of a lanthorn contemplates the body of his wife; he then swallows the poison, and calling Pietro tells him what he has done, and how he had obtained the poison of a certain Spolentino in Mantua; he gives him a letter to his father; bids him close the tomb, and then taking Juliet in his arms awaits his death. Juliet now awakes, and, as in Da Porto, at first supposes herself betrayed by the Friar. Romeo now first asks forgiveness of the dead Tibalt. The Friar arrives alone, and meeting Pietro enters the tomb with him in time to receive the last breath of Romeo; he urges Juliet to quit the tomb, but she refuses and dies on the body of her husband. While the Friar and Pietro, thinking that she has but fainted, are endeavouring to restore her, the watch, attracted by the light, make their appearance, and being told what has happened, arrest the Friar and carry Pietro before the Prince, who, having inquired into the circumstances of the case, and morning being now come, repairs to the sepulchre, whither also all Verona flocks. The Friar and Pietro are pardoned; and the bodies of the lovers are buried with great pomp in the same tomb. Peace is made between the two families, though it lasted not

long. Romeo's father fulfils the last requests of his son as conveyed in his letter, and the story concludes with the epitaph engraved on the tomb of the lovers.

Bandello's stories soon made their way across the Alps, and in 1559 we find Pierre Boaistuau or Boisteau, surnamed Launay, publishing his '*Histoires Tragiques extraites des Œuvres de Bandel*,' in the third tale of which he narrates the "*Histoire de deux amans dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse*." Boaistuau does not profess to adhere closely to his original; disliking Bandello's style he accepts only the subject of his stories, and recasts and produces them in a new form, and we find accordingly in his version of Romeo and Juliet considerable variations from the Italian.²

As Painter's translation of Boaistuau forms a portion of this volume it is unnecessary here to do more than point out the chief of these variations. He first introduces the scene with the poor Apothecary from whom Romeo purchases the poison. When the Friar and Pietro enter the tomb they find Romeo already dead and Juliet still sleeping: she awakes, and finding her husband dead refuses to quit the tomb, whereupon the Friar and Pietro, alarmed by some noise, depart, and she then stabs herself with Romeo's dagger. The watch arrive, see what has happened, and discover and carry off to prison the Friar and Pietro. The Prince and other inhabitants of the town being apprised of the occurrence proceed to view the dead bodies, which are then placed in view of all on a lofty stage, while the Friar narrates at length the whole story. He and Pietro are pardoned; the Nurse banished for her part in the affair, and the Apothecary being taken is racked and hanged. The bodies of the unhappy lovers are enclosed in the tomb in which they ended their lives, and this is erected on a high marble column, and honoured with an infinity of excellent epitaphs.

These '*Histoires Tragiques*,' etc. were published in Paris in 1559 in two vols. 8vo, the first containing six tales by Boaistuau, the second containing twelve additional tales by François de Belle-Forest, Commingeois. Boaistuau acknowledges much assistance from Belle-Forest

² "Sa phrase m'a semblé tant rude, ses termes impropres, ses propos tant mal liez, & ses sentences tant maigres, que j'ay eu plus cher la refondre tout de neuf, et la remettre en nouvelle forme, que me rendre si superstitieux imitateur: n'ayât seulement pris de luy que le subject de l'histoire, comme tu pourras aisément découvrir, si tu es curieux de conferer mon stile avec le sien."—*Boaistuau. Preface.*

As I have given here Boaistuau's opinion of Bandello, an opinion in which Belle-Forest entirely concurs, it is, perhaps, only fair to the Italian novelist to add the following note on the '*Histoires Tragiques*,' which I have extracted from Brunet's '*Manuel du Libraire*':

"Voici le jugement que porte de cette traduction l'abbé de Saint-Leger, dans une de ses notes sur Du Verdier: 'Belleforest a gâté le Bandel par les additions et les changements qu'il a fait à ses nouvelles italiennes; aussi la traduction française est-elle très ennuyeuse et très dégoûtante, tandis que l'original italien est fort agréable à lire.'"

in his portion of the work. By 'Privilege du Roi,' dated 17 Jan., 1558, Vincent Sertenas was granted exclusive right of publication for six years 'à compter du jour & date qu'ils seront acheuez d'imprimer,' and a note in the 2nd vol. states that the printing was finished on the 28th of August, 1559. This is, according to Brunet, the earliest edition; there were many subsequent reprints.

From Boaistuau's novel Arthur Brooke now produced his long metrical version of the story, first published by Richard Tottill in 1562, as "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and now in Englishe by Ar. Br."

Brooke takes in the whole of Boaistuau's novel and amplifies and adds to the details. The Nurse's character is especially developed; the incident of her receiving a present of money from Romeus is introduced, and when Paris is proposed to Juliet for her husband, the Nurse counsels her to accept him. Brooke also introduces the scene of Romeo's despair in the Friar's cell after the fatal affray in which Tibalt is slain, and he changes the name of the Friar who is charged with the letter for Romeo from Anselmo to John. In short, Brooke's poem contains whole scenes, and many details and forms of expression, adopted by Shakespeare, not found in any other known version of the story, and on these grounds must, according to Malone, be accepted as the *basis* on which the play was built.

In his variorum edition of Shakspeare's Works, 1821, Malone has noted many points of resemblance between the poem and the play; Skottowe, in his "Life of Shakspeare; enquiries into the originality of his dramatic plots, etc.," 1824, has also to some extent gone over the same ground, and many editors have followed suit: the poem which is here reprinted in full will best enable the reader to satisfy his curiosity on the subject; and to facilitate its study, I have, taking Malone's notes as my basis, drawn up a rough list of the passages which invite comparison, arranging them in the order of the acts and scenes of Shakespeare's Play.

SHAKESPEARE — BROOKE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lines 59-67. Benvolio endeavours to part the combatants. Compare, in Brooke, Romeo's interference, 999-1014.

Lines 76-98. The interference of the Prince to part the fray. Brooke, 41-48, 1045, 1049-50.

Line 97. "To old Free-towne, our common iudgement place." *Free-town* is Brooke's translation of *Villa franca*. In Brooke, as in the other narrators of the story, *Villa-franca* or *Free-town* is the country seat of the Capulets. Shakespeare alone makes it the "judgment place of the Prince." Brooke, 1974, 2258.

Lines 113-150. Romeo's melancholy humour. Compare, in Brooke,

Romeo in banishment at Mantua, 1743-80, and Lady Capulet's account of Juliet, 1823-34.

Lines 155-233, and, in SCENE 2, lines 44-55, 82-101. Romeo's love for Rosaline and Benvolio's advice to him. Compare, in Brooke, lines 53-150, 207-208, 1338, 195.

SCENE 2.

Capulet's interview with Paris. Shakespeare introduces Paris as a suitor for the hand of Juliet thus early in the play; in the poem no mention is made of him till after the banishment of Romeo, when Juliet's parents seek him out as a husband for their daughter. Brooke, 1857-86.

Lines 20-33. Capulet's advice to Paris. Brooke, 148-50, 160-61, 163-64.

Lines 34-36. Capulet's invitation of guests. Brooke, 159-62. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found only in the poem and in the play.

SCENE 3.

Lady Capulet, Juliet and the Nurse. The hint for the Nurse's portion of this scene would seem to have been derived from lines 652-3, 659-60 of Brooke's Poem.

Lines 81-94. Lady Capulet's praise of Paris. Brooke, 1893-97.

SCENE 5.

Capulet's assembly. Compare in Brooke, lines 165-364.

Lines 40, 41. "What Ladies that, which doth enrich the hand | Of yonder knight?" Brooke, 246.

Lines 116-17. "Is she a Capulet? | O deare account ! my life is my foes debt." Brooke, 323-5.

Lines 128-37. Juliet inquires of the Nurse the names of the guests. Brooke, 344-54.

CHORUS.

Line 3. "That faire, for which loue gronde for and would die." Brooke, line 204.

Line 8. "And she steale lous sweete bait from fearful hookes." Brooke, 219, 388.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

Romeo's interview with Juliet—the balcony scene. Brooke, 467-564.

Line 23. "See, now she leanes her cheeke vpon her hand !" Brooke, 467-68, 518.

Lines 64-65. "And the place death, considering who thou art, | If any of my kinsmen find thee here." Brooke, 491-93.

Line 66. "With lous light wings did I orepearch these walls." Brooke, 829-31.

Lines 125-6. "O, wilt thou leaue me so, unsatisfied," etc. Brooke, 563-4.

Lines 143-151. "If that thy bent of loue be honourable," etc. Brooke, 535-44.

SCENE 3.

At Friar Lawrence cell. Brooke, 565-616. The character of the Friar is here represented much as in Shakespeare. For special lines of this scene we must search elsewhere in the poem.

Line 16. "In Plants, hearbes, stones," etc. Brooke, 2109-11.

Lines 75-6. "Lo, here vpon thy cheeke the staine doth sit | Of an old teare that is not washt off yet." Brooke, 2557-58.

Lines 92-3. "For this alliance," etc. Brooke, 608-10.

SCENE 4.

Benuolio and Mercutio; then Romeo, and subsequently the Nurse and her man Peter. For the first part of this scene there is no corresponding passage in Brooke; if we except perhaps Mercutio's character of Tibalt, lines 19-24; Brooke, 963-66. For the Nurse's chat with Romeo, compare in Brooke lines 631-673.

Lines 157-162. "Bid her devise," etc. Brooke, 631-34, 667-68. The incident of the present of money to the Nurse is found in Brooke only.

Line 166. "And bring thee cordes made like a tackled stayre." Brooke, 774-5.

Line 177. "When 'twas a little prating thing." Brooke, 653-4.

SCENE 5.

The Nurse returns to Juliet after her interview with Romeo. Brooke, 673-692, 703-4.

Line 46. "What says he of our marriage." Brooke, 684.

SCENE 6.

At the Friar's cell. Romeo and Juliet meet to be married. Brooke, 719-778.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The fatal Affray in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain. Brooke, 955-1050.

Line 158. "Hold friends," etc. Brooke, 999.

Line 165. "And toote they go like lightning." Brooke, 1031-33.

SCENE 2.

Juliet hears from the Nurse of Romeo's banishment. For this scene compare in Brooke, lines 1075-1256.

Lines 1-4. "Gallop apace," etc. Malone notes that Shakespeare "probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward III.*, which was performed before 1593 :

' Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky ;
And, dusky Night, in rusty iron car,

Between you both shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desired day."

This passage occurs p. 208, Dyce's one-volume ed. of Marlowe, 2nd col. Dyce in his Introduction, remarks :—

"Warton (*Hist. of Engl. Poet.* iii. 438, ed. 4to) incidentally mentions that Marlowe's *Edward the Second* was 'written in the year 1590;' and, for all we know, he may have made the assertion on sufficient grounds, though he has neglected to specify them. Mr Collier, who regards it (and, no doubt, rightly) as one of our author's latest pieces, has not attempted to fix its date. It was entered in the Stationers' Books, 6th July, 1593, and first printed in 1598."

Malone also notes the following passage :—"The day to his seeming passed away so slowly that he had thought the stately steeds had bin tired that drawe the chariot of the Sunne, . . . and wished that Phaeton had beene there with a whippe." This passage occurs in the '*Historie of Apolonius and Silla*,' the story on which Shakespeare is supposed to have founded '*Twelfth Night*.' It is in Barnabie Riche '*his Farewell to Military profession*,' first printed in 1583, and reprinted in Preliminary remarks to '*Twelfth Night*,' vol. xi. Variorum ed., 1821, and in Collier's '*Shakespeare's Library*.'

Line 92. "Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit." On this Steevens notes :—"So, in Painter's Palace of Pleasure [p. 104, l. 2-4] :—"Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their *siedge* and lodging?" The image of shame *sitting* on the brow is not in the poem." Boswell remarks (justly I think) that in this passage "there is no very striking resemblance to Shakspeare."

Lines 98-9. "Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name," etc. Brooke, 1145-54.

SCENE 3.

Romeo in concealment at the Friar's cell. This scene has no counter-part except in Brooke, 1257-1511.

Line 68. —"then mightst thou teare thy hayre," etc. Brooke, 1291-2, 1295-6.

Line 109. "Art thou a man?" etc. Brooke, 1353-58.

Line 119. "Why rayl'st thou on thy birth," etc. Brooke, 1325-28, 1343, 1429-30. Malone points out that in the Play "Romeo has not railed on his birth, etc., though in his interview with the Friar as described in the Poem, he is made to do so. Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the Friar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. He has in other places fallen into a similar inaccuracy, by sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original."

SCENE 5.

The parting of Romeo and Juliet. Brooke, 1527-1720.

Lines 7-10. —"looke, loue, what enuious streaks," etc. Brooke, 1703-14.

Lines 68-206. The Entry of Capulet and his wife to propose the marriage of Juliet with Paris. Brooke, 1887-1994.

Lines 70-72. "Euermore weeping," etc. Brooke, 1211-12, 1794-98.

Line 130. "How now! a Conduit, girle?" etc. Brooke, 1482, 1805-6.

Lines 181-98. —"still my care hath bene | To haue her matcht," etc. Brooke, 1961-84.

Lines 207-245. The Nurse counsels Juliet to marry Paris. Brooke, 2288-2312. This incident is found in Brooke only.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

At the Friar's cell. The Friar and Countie Paris; then Juliet. For the first part of this scene down to the departure of Paris there is no corresponding passage in Brooke or any of the other narrators of the story. The substance of the subsequent portion of the scene is found in all. In Brooke, see lines 2005-2192.

Line 105. "Thou shalt continue two and fortie houres." Brooke does not mention the time which the sleeping draught is to hold Juliet. Steevens notes as proof that Shakespeare consulted Painter, that in Painter it is said to be "forty houres at the least." On this Boswell remarks, "although the number of hours . . . are not specified in the poem, yet enough is said to make it easily inferred, when we are told that two nights after, the Friar and Romeo were to repair to the sepulchre." Da Porto has *forty-eight hours*; Clitia, *two days*; Bandello and Boaistuau *about forty hours*; Groto, in 'La Hadriana,' *about sixteen hours*.

Line 110. "In thy best robes vncouerd on the Beere." For this incident Brooke is the only authority, 2523-25.

SCENE 2.

Capulet gives directions for the marriage feast. Juliet returned from the Friar makes her submission.

Line 2. —"go hire me twentie cunning Cookes." "*Twenty cooks for half-a-dozen guests!*" Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us (Act III. Sc. iv. 23-28).—Ritson. "This arose from his sometimes following and sometimes deserting his original. The scene referred to, was his own invention, but he has here recollected the poem."—Malone. Brooke, 2255-58.

Line 15 to end. Enter Juliet. Brooke, 2191-2256.

Line 24. "Ile haue this knot knit up." Brooke, 2276

SCENE 3.

Juliet's chamber. Juliet and the Nurse; then Lady Capulet. Juliet requests to be left alone. Brooke, 2313-36.

Lines 14 to end. Juliet alone. She takes the sleeping draught. Brooke, 2337-2402.

SCENE 5.

Juliet discovered apparently dead. Lines 1-96. Brooke, 2403-72.

Lines 32-3. "Death, that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me speake."

"Our author has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he has made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In the Poem Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word."—Malone. Brooke, 2451-54.

Line 42. "Haue I thought long," etc. Brooke, 2274.

Line 66. The Friar offers consolations. The Friar takes no part in this scene in the Poem. Walker in his notice of Groto's 'Hadriana' has pointed out the coincidence in this scene of the two tragedies.

Lines 81-2. —"and, as the custome is, | And in her best array, beare her to Church." Brooke, 2523-25 (as in Act IV. Sc. 1, l. 110).

Lines 85-91. "All things that we ordained festiuall," etc. Brooke, 2507-14. In Brooke only, of all the narrators of the story.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

Romeo at Mantua. Balthazer brings the news of Juliet's death. Romeo purchases poison of the Apothecary. Brooke, 2515-88.

Line 18. "Her body sleepes in *Capels* monument." "Shakspeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* used indiscriminately in the poem which was the groundwork of this tragedy."—Malone. *Capels* once, line 157, elsewhere *Capilet* and *Capolet*: *Capulet* only in Shakespeare.

Lines 25-6. —"get me ink and paper, | And hire post horses." Brooke, 2604, 2612.

SCENE 2.

Friar John returns the letter to Friar Lawrence and accounts for its non-delivery. Brooke, 2473-2503, 2955-57. The name of Friar *John* is only found in Brooke and Shakespeare: in the other tales, where he is named, it is *Anselmo* or *Anselme*. In the poem and other tales, originating with Banello, the messenger (Anselmo) is shut up in the convent of his order at Mantua. The letter with which he is charged is not returned to Friar Lawrence. I have pointed out in my account of Groto's 'Hadriana' the coincidence in this respect between the two plays.

SCENE 3.

In the Churchyard, before the tomb of the Capulets. Brooke, 2614 to end. The introduction of Paris in this scene and his death by Romeo's hand are circumstances found only in Shakespeare; in other respects it will be seen that the incidents of the poem are pretty closely followed in the play.

Lines 92-3. "Death, that hath suckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy bewtie."

So in Daniel's 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

"Decayed roses of discolour'd cheeks
Do yet retain some notes of former grace,
And ugly death sits faire within her face."

Noted by Malone.

Lines 94-6. —"bewties ensigne yet
Is crymson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And deaths pale flag is not aduanced there."

So in 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

"And nought respecting death (the last of paines)
Plac'd his *pale colours* (th'*ensign* of his might)
Upon his new-got spoil," etc. Noted by Steevens.

Lines 102-3. "Why art thou yet so faire? shall I beleewe
That vnsubstantiall death is amorous;" etc.

So in 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

"Ah, now methinks, I see *death dallying seeks*
To entertain it selfe in love's sweete place."

Noted by Malone.

Lines 112-15. —"Eyes, looke your last!
Armes, take your last embrace! And lips, O you
The doores of breath, seale with a righteous kisse
A dateless bargaine to ingrossing death!"

"So in 'Complaint of Rosamond' :—

'Pitiful mouth, said he, that living gavest
The sweetest comfort that my soul could wish
O, be it lawful now, that dead, thou havest
The sorrowing farewell of a dying kiss!
And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliss,
Motives of love, born to be matched never,
Entomb'd in your sweet circles, sleep for ever!'

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other passages already quoted from this poem, that our author had read it recently before he wrote the last Act of the present tragedy."—Malone.

These passages from Daniel's poem are quoted by Malone and Steevens from the ed. 1594. Malone, in his Essay on the Chronological Order of the Plays (p. 348, vol. ii. Variorum Shakspeare, 1821), repeats the opinion given above, and states his belief that the 'Complaint of Rosamond' was printed in 1592: "A booke called Delia, containynge diverse sonates, with *the Complainte of Rosamonde*," was entered at Stationers' Hall by Simon Waterson, in Feb. 1591-2, and the latter piece is commended by Nashe, in a tract entitled *Pierce Pennilesse* his Supplication to the Diuill, published in 1592." See also p. 40 Collier's reprint

of this tract, and his note thereon p. 99, 'Shakespeare Soc. Publications,' 1842.

Brooke's poem was again entered in the books of the Stationers Company in 1582, but, if published, no copy of the edition is known to be in existence. It was reprinted by R. Robinson in 1587 as "The Tragicall historie of Romeus and Iuliet, contayning in it a rare example of true constancie : with the Subtill Counsels and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill euent."

In modern times it has been several times reprinted, notably in Malone's Variorum ed. of Shakspeare's works, 1821; in Collier's Shakespeare's Library.; and in Halliwell's folio ed. of Shakespeare.

The original is in black letter, each line printed as two; in our reprint the lines are given at full length, the division being marked with a /. It has been carefully compared with the rare first edition in the Bodleian Library by Mr Geo. Parker, who is responsible for its accuracy.

It should be added that, in preparing it for the press, a copy of Mr Collier's reprint has been used. At the end I have added a list of the various readings gathered from the editions above referred to.

In 1567, William Painter in the 2nd vol. of his 'Palace of Pleasure' produced "The goodly Hystory of the true and constant Loue between Rhomeo and Iulietta, the one of whom died of Poyson, and the other of sorrow and heauiness : wherein be comprysed many aduentures of Loue, and other deuises touchinge the same." Painter's version is a pretty close but not very intelligent translation of Boaistuau's novel : he chiefly differs from his original in duplicating terms, as was the fashion with English writers of his period ; and occasionally, but rarely, he introduces a simile of his own ; otherwise he adds nothing to the tale as told by Boaistuau ; and though doubtless Shakespeare had read his translation, there does not appear in the play any incident or expression that can be specially traced to it ; while between Brooke's poem and the Play, the resemblances are frequent and striking : its chief value consists in its presenting the English reader with the version (errors apart) of the story on which Brooke founded his poem.

The editions of the 'Palace of Pleasure' are as follows :

VOL. I. :

1st ed. 26 Jan. 1566. Printed by H. Denham for R. Tottell and W. Jones.

2nd ed. 1569. Printed by Thos. Marshe.

3rd ed. 1575. " " "

VOL. II.

1st ed. 8 Nov. 1567. Printed by H. Byneman for Nic. Bland.

2nd ed. N.D. Printed by Thos. Marshe.

In the 3rd ed. of vol. I. "Some words were added to the former number, and the language improved."—Hastewood.

In the 2nd ed. of vol. II. "The Translator added one historic tale and made material alterations in the text."—Hastewood.

For these reasons, apparently, when in 1813 Mr J. Haslewood reprinted the entire work he chose the 3rd ed. of vol. i. and the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. as the basis of his text, comparing it, however, with that of the first editions, from which source, says he, "several obscure passages have been corrected, and whole sentences restored, which in the last edition appear to have been negligently omitted in the hurry of the press."

With respect to the date of the 2nd ed. of vol. ii., Haslewood adduces reasons to prove that it could not have been later than 1580: the 'Historic Tale' added to it is a relation of the murder by Sultan Solymán of his eldest son Mustapha: this event happened in 1553 and was narrated in Latin by Nicolaus à Moffan, a soldier serving under Charles the Fifth and sometime prisoner among the Turks. Moffan's narrative was first published at Basle in November, 1555. In his introduction to this tale Painter says:—"Twenty-two yeares past or thereabouts I translated this present Hystory out of the Latine tongue. And for the rarenes of the fact, and the disnaturall part of that late furiose Enemy of God, and his sonne Christ: I dedicated the same to the right honorable, my speciall good Lord, with al vertues, and nobility, fully accomplyshed, the Lord Cobham, Lorde Warden of the cinque Portes, by the name of Sir *William Cobham* Knight. And bycause I would haue it to continue in mans remembrance thereby to renue the auncient detestation which we haue, and our Progenitors had against that horrible Termagant, and Persecutor of Christyans, I haue insinuated the same amongs the rest of these Nouels."

The Lord Cobham here referred to succeeded to his title on the 29th Sept. 1558: the translation and dedication therefore, mentioned by Painter, must have been made between this date and the date of Moffan's narrative, Nov. 1555. Taking then into consideration his statement as to the "twenty-two years," the date to be assigned to the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. would be some period between 1577—1580. Mr Collier, however (*Bibliographical Catalogue*, 1865), considers that it came out, like the 3rd ed. of the 1st vol., in 1575. The "thereabouts" of Painter's statement is perhaps sufficiently indefinite to justify this conclusion.

I have been particular as to the date of the 2nd ed. of vol. ii. of Painter's work as it is perhaps connected with the subject of this volume, and it is therefore satisfactory to know that it must have been in existence at least ten years before the earliest date (1591) that has been assigned to Shakespeare's Play. Malone has sufficiently demonstrated that where Brooke and Painter, who so largely agree in their version of *Romeo and Juliet*, do differ, the play usually follows Brooke; and it may not perhaps be unreasonable to conjecture that the defects of Painter's second edition of the tale (supposing it, rather than the first edition, to have been in Shakespeare's possession) may have had some influence in inducing his preference for Brooke's poem.

However this may be, the 2nd edition is clearly a revised edition, and

therefore to be adopted as the basis of a reprint ; though its careless printing necessitates the exercise of large discretionary powers on the part of an editor. Haslewood with the aid of the first edition corrected most of its errors, though not all, as my notes will show. Collier's edition of the 'Rhomeo and Iulietta' was apparently printed from Haslewood, with a few slight alterations introduced from the first edition. Halliwell reprinted Collier. In preparing the present edition for the press I have made use of a copy of Collier's reprint, collating it *literatim* with the 2nd N.D. edition, and *verbatim* with the 1st, 1567.

I have also compared Painter's text with the French original, and have noted such passages as seemed of interest for the comparative study of Brooke and Painter : these shew, I think, that in many places Brooke's metrical version is a more faithful rendering of the original than is Painter's prose translation, and indeed in some places make it manifest that Painter's knowledge of the tongues sometimes failed him, to the confusion of his readers, as where he makes Romeo *moisten* instead of *swallow* the amorous venom, etc. (p. 100, l. 19), and tells us that a cold sweat pierced Juliet's *heart* instead of her *skin* (p. 130, l. 31). They also I think prove that he must occasionally have consulted Brooke, as, for instance, in the following passages in which he seems to have adopted from Brooke expressions not found in Boastuau :

Ie demeure la fable du peuple.—Boaistauu

The peoples tale and laughing stocke / shall I remayne for aye.

Brooke, 2364.

I shall remayne a Fable & iesting stocke to the People.

Painter, p. 130, l. 17-18.

Painter, or his printer, omits & *iesting stocke* in the 2nd ed.

La pauure femme chantoit aux sourds.—Boaistauu.

But wele away, in vayne / vnto the deafe she calles,
She thinks to speake to Juliet, / but speaketh to the walles.

Brooke, 2409-10.

The poore olde Woman spake vnto the Wall, and sang a song vnto the deafe.—Painter, p. 131, l. 12-14.

We must now retrace our steps to Italy where, sometime in 1578 (the date of the dedication to his drama) the blind poet and actor, Luigi Groto, surnamed il Cieco d'Hadria, produced his tragedy, 'La Hadriana.' J. C. Walker in his 'Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy,' 1799, gives some account of this author and of his works, together with a brief outline of the plot of the tragedy mentioned above, and some extracts from it, in which he fancied he detected such resemblances with Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet as to justify the opinion that Sh. must have read with profit Groto's work. As this opinion has been received with some favour by subsequent commentators I have thought it might be worth while to give here a more detailed view of the Tragedy than is

supplied by Walker ; merely premising that Walker abundantly proves, what indeed must be patent to any one who undertakes the perusal of ' *La Hadriana*,' that Groto for his play has frequently borrowed both thoughts and incidents from ' *La Giulietta* ' of Da Porto.

LA HADRIANA.

PROLOGUE enters to tell the audience that the scene of the Tragedy to be presented is laid in ancient times in the then glorious city of Adria, from whose annals the story is derived ; then, seeing the Princess Hadriana and the Nurse ready to enter, he directs attention to them and departs.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Hadriana and Nurse. From their conversation we learn that Mezentio, king of Latium, is besieging the city ; that Hadriana's father, King Hatrio, has that morning sallied forth with his army to attack the foe ; that her mother, Queen Orontea, accompanied with her ladies, has ascended a high tower to behold the fight. Hadriana seizes the opportunity to confide to her Nurse the secret of her love for Latino, son of Mezentio. She narrates how, on the arrival of the hostile force, she beheld, from the walls, the gallant young prince, and was at once smitten with love. Resolving to make known to him her affection, she had confided its secret to the Great Mago, Priest of the Moon, prompted thereto by the fact that the Mago, in conversation with Queen Orontea, had suggested that peace between the two kingdoms might be brought about by a matrimonial alliance. The Mago had at once promised his assistance, and, being privileged to pass between the hostile forces, had sought out Latino, and, finding that the Prince had also fallen in love with Hadriana on the occasion above referred to, had, on several occasions, introduced him in secret into the town, where, in the gardens of the Palace, with the connivance of her maid, Hadriana and the Prince had had several interviews, and exchanged vows of love. Her maid, however, having that day been accidentally killed, Hadriana now confides her secret to the Nurse, and begs for counsel and assistance.

Tu che sì spesso alhor, ch'io pargoletta
Stava per trabocca, man mi porgesti ;
Porgimi hora consiglio, ond'io non cada.

The Nurse remonstrates with her on the imprudence of her conduct, but finally consents to keep counsel ; then—

SCENE 2.

Enter to them Queen Orontea, who has left her post of observation, not being able to endure the sights of death presented by the battle, all the arrangements of which she describes at length. And now—

SCENE 3.

A Messenger arrives, who brings to the Queen the news of victory, but also tells her of the death of her only son, mortally wounded in single combat with Latino. The unfortunate young prince, disobeying his father Hatrio's commands, had, it seems, issued from the town disguised in unknown armour, and, joining the army, had singled out and attacked Latino. Their combat had for a while held the two armies in suspense, but its result, and the discovery of the rank of the defeated knight, filling the army of King Hatrio with rage, they had attacked with fury Mezentio and his host, and repulsed them with great slaughter. The Messenger describes the last moments of the dying prince, who sends to his mother and sister the bloody shirt in which he was wounded as a memento that they should never cease to seek out means to revenge his death. The Queen, overcome with grief, departs, and Hadriana laments with the Nurse the unhappy course of events. The Nurse endeavours to console her :

Nel perder de lo sposo hai questo bene,
Che puoi dolerti almanco apertamente,
E sotto vista d'un pianger un' altro.

The Chorus concludes the Act, describing the grief of the parents and friends of the dead prince, and the horrible state of the battle-field, loaded with dead bodies left as a prey to birds and wild beasts.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Latino solus. In a long soliloquy we learn that he has found means to enter the town, and now waits in the garden of the Palace at the usual hour in hopes of meeting with Hadriana, who accordingly, in

SCENE 2,

makes her appearance to receive such explanations and excuses for the death of her brother as Latino can offer her, which he proceeds to do in a speech of about 350 lines, without a break. In it we learn that his father, King Mezentio, has retreated to the confines of the kingdom, from whence he may quickly retire to his own realm with the relics of his army, in collecting which Latino has returned near to Adria, and has taken the opportunity to meet with Hadriana. In conclusion he offers his sword to his mistress, and places his life in her hands, only regretting that, in killing him, she cannot also destroy all the other witnesses to their love, so that her fair fame may run no danger of ill report hereafter. Hadriana accepts his excuses, and bids him live ; she then calls the Nurse, who has been waiting at the door, into their company, and in her presence they renew their vows of eternal love. The Princess would wish to fly with him ; but prudence forbids this course ; Latino hopes that a peace may soon be concluded between their

fathers, the bond of which shall be their marriage ; and explains that, in the mean time, during his enforced absence, the Mago will afford them the means of communication. Then ensues a tender and tearful leave-taking, and Latino, placing his love in the arms of her Nurse, departs. The Act closes as usual with the Chorus, warning mortals against Love, and displaying their helplessness when once they have fallen into his power.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen, Hadriana and Nurse ; Ladies attending. The Queen tells Hadriana that her father, in order to strengthen the estate of his kingdom, has chosen, as husband for her, the son of the king of the Sabines, his ally. Hadriana refuses to accept him. The Queen is angry. The Nurse intervenes to calm both, and both offer numerous reasons for and against the marriage. The Queen at last admits that for her part she could be willing that Hadriana should choose for herself, even though her choice lighted on the son of Mezentio,

Benche so che nol vuoi, che l'odii a morte,
but that her father is resolved on the match ; and thereupon, in

SCENE 2,

enter to them King Hatrio and the Mago. The King asks if Hadriana consents to the marriage. She refuses. He threatens her with death. The Mago interferes to moderate his ire ; but the King is firm, and departs in great wrath, to divide the spoils among the soldiers, and to bring in the bridegroom, with whom he swears Hadriana shall wed or die. The Queen and her ladies then also go out, leaving to the Mago the duty of persuading Hadriana to consent to the marriage.

SCENE 3.

The Mago asks Hadriana what she proposes to do. Hadriana laments the unhappy state of women ; reviews her own position from every possible point of view, and ends by placing her hope in the Mago. If he cannot help her, she begs he will give her poison, or she will stab herself. The Mago then proposes to her a sleeping potion which shall hold her apparently dead for sixteen hours, during which time she shall be buried ; and he in the mean time will send to Latino to come and take her from the tomb. This course being decided on, the Mago informs the Chorus of the consent of the bride, and bids them invoke with loud shouts the god of marriage.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

During this Act the Chorus is in permanent possession of the stage. Enter Messenger, who tells the Chorus that, while they have been singing hymns of joy, sad events have occurred. He tells of the reconciliation of Hadriana with her parents, of her apparelling as a bride--how

she had then retired to her chamber where, after a few kind words to her maidens, she had dismissed them, and had asked her Nurse for water to quench her thirst, on drinking which she had remarked that her father should give her to no husband that day. The Nurse had heard, but did not comprehend, and left her reposing on her bed. The evening of the spousals drawing on, the chamber had been entered, and she discovered apparently dead—supposed to have poisoned herself—lamented by all. The Messenger then adds that he is charged, first to summon the Mago to perform the funeral rites; then to inform the young Sabine prince that his presence is no longer needed, and that he may return home as soon as he pleases; and then also that he is commissioned by the Nurse to seek out Prince Latino, and tell him what has happened Exit Messenger.

SCENE 2.

Enter Nurse. She laments Hadriana's death; regrets that she should survive her, and, in reply to the demands of the Chorus, tells how the Princess was found dead, and how her parents lament their loss; then,

SCENE 3,

Enter Hatrio and Councillor. The King laments the loss of his children, and gives, in a series of short speeches, reasons for his grief. The Councillor meets him at all points, and, at some length, offers reasons derived from history, philosophy, divinity, etc., showing that he should at least resign himself to, if not actually rejoice at, his loss. Then, in

SCENE 4,

Enter the Mago, the Queen, etc., etc., in procession, with the body of Hadriana, which, with great lamentations, is placed in the tomb, and the Act concludes with the Chorus lamenting the miserable state of man from the cradle to the grave.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Mago solus, congratulates himself on the success of his designs; but wonders that Latino, to whom he had despatched letters by a minister, has not yet arrived.

SCENE 2.

The minister makes his appearance, tells how he had sought out Latino, but had arrived only to hear that another messenger had preceded him, after talking with whom Latino had ridden away in haste, no one knew whither. He returns the Mago's letters to him. The Mago is disturbed by this intelligence, and together they prepare to take Hadriana from the tomb, but hearing approaching footsteps they retire. Then,

SCENE 3,

Enter Latino and Messenger. Latino thanks the Messenger for his

services, gives him his cloak as a reward, bids him thank the Nurse for the news she had sent him, and tell her that she shall soon hear other news of similar import. Exit Messenger.

SCENE 4.

Latino solus, laments the death of Hadriana, opens and enters the tomb.

SCENE 5

Latino seated with the body of Hadriana in his arms, having taken her from the vault. He swallows poison.

SCENE 6.

Hadriana wakes; imagines at first that she is in the arms of the Mago, and reproaches him; recognizes Latino; mutual explanations and grief. Latino expires.

SCENE 7.

Hadriana gives vent to her grief.

SCENE 8.

Enter to her the Mago and minister. They discover what has happened. Hadriana tells them she has poisoned herself, and begs them to bury Latino and her in the same tomb, with an inscription cut in marble, giving an account of their fate, so that in after ages some pitying author finding it, may represent their story to the eyes of faithful lovers. They place the body of Latino in the tomb, and during their absence Hadriana stabs herself. They return to find her dead, and, placing her by the side of Latino, they close the tomb, and fly to the army of Mezentio.

SCENE 9.

The Chorus. Enter to them the Messenger, exhorting all to fly for their lives. Mezentio again threatens, and, in revenge for the disappearance of his son, has found means to bring an inundation on the town. Queen Orontea has died of grief for the loss of her children. The roaring torrent approaches bearing all before it, and thus the Tragedy ends with a scene of great terror and confusion.

It will be seen from this synopsis that, except in some of the main incidents of the story, borrowed by Groto from Da Porto, there is but little resemblance in the conduct of the two tragedies of 'La Hadriana' and 'Romeo and Juliet,' and that the agreement between them, detected by Walker, must be looked for in special passages. These passages are as under. I have, however, discarded Walker's extremely free and florid translations of them in favour of a more literal version, the object being a comparison between Groto's and Shakespeare's lines.

La Hadriana, Act II. Sc. 2. The parting of the lovers. Latino perceives the approach of morning.

Lat. — S'io non erro, è presso il far del giorno.
 Udite il rossignuol, che con noi destò,
 Con noi geme fra i spini, e la rugiada
 Col pianto nostro bagna l'erbe. Ah! lasso,
 Rivolgete la faccia a l'Oriente.
 Ecco incomincia a spuntar l'alba fuori,
 Portando un'altro sol sopra la terra,
 Che però dal mio Sol resterà vinto.

Had. Ahimè, ch'io gelo. Ahimè, ch'io tremo tutta.
 Questa è quell' hora, ch'ogni mia dolcezza
 Affatto stempra. Ahimè, quest'è quell'ora,
 Che m'insegna a saper, che cosa è affanno.
 O del mio ben nemica, avara notte,
 Perché si ratto corri, fuggi, voli,
 A sommerger te stessa, e me nel mare
 Te ne lo Ibero, e nel mar del pianto?

Lat. If I err not, the lamp of day is nigh.
 List to the nightingale, that wakes with us,
 With us laments mid thorns; and now the dew,
 Like our tears, pearls the grass. Ah me, alas,
 Turn towards the east thy face.
 There now begins the morning to break forth,
 Bringing another sun above the earth
 That yet by my sun shall rest vanquished.

Had. Ah, how I freeze! what trembling seizes me!
 This is the hour that all my sweet delights
 At once embitters. Ah me, this is the hour
 That teaches me to know what thing is grief.
 Foe of my happiness, O, envious night
 Why art so swift to run, to rush, to fly,
 To plunge thyself and me into the sea,
 Thee in salt waves, me in a sea of tears?

I must note here that Walker omits the last line of each of these two speeches.

Compare with this in Act III. Sc. 5, the parting of Romeo and Juliet. The mention of the nightingale is believed to be a special point in favour of Walker's theory.

The next passage selected by Walker is from Act III. Sc. 3, where the Mago gives Hadriana the opiate:—

Questa bevendo voi con l'acqua cruda,
 Dara principio à lavorar fra un poco,
 E vi addormentarà sì immota, e fissa,
 E d'ogni senso renderà sì priva:
 Il calor naturale, il color vivo
 E lo spirar vi torrà sì, sì i polsi

(In cui è il testimonio de la vita)
 Immobili staran senza dar colpo ;
 Che alcun per dotto fisico, che sia,
 Non potrà giudicarvi altro, che morta.

You drinking this in water from the spring,
 'Twill in a little time begin to work
 And cast you in a slumber fixed and still,
 And every sense of feeling will deprive :
 The natural heat of life, its vivid hue
 And breathing motion will be rapt ; the pulse
 (In which resides true witness of thy life)
 Will stand quite motionless and give no beat ;
 So that the learnedst doctor that may be
 Not otherwise could deem thee than as dead.

Compare with this the Friar's speech in *R. and J.*, Act IV. Sc. 1, lines 93-103. Here again a greater coincidence of expression has been imagined to exist between Groto and Shakespeare than between Shakespeare and Brooke. See Brooke, 2127-34 and 2149-57.

Walker also selects for comparison with Shakespeare the following passage from the speech of the Mago, Act III. Sc. 3.

Tra tanto manderem fidato messo,
 Occultamente in fretta al vostro amante,
 Che poco ancor da noi lontan camina,
 Con lettere secrete, ad avisarlo
 Di tutto 'l fatto. Il qual senza dimora
 A dietro, l'orme rivolgendo, tosto
 Sarà qui giunto, et egli, ò (se sia tardo
 Alquanto) io vi trarrò de l'arca fuori,
 E travestita andrete fuor con esso.
 E così ne la morte, e nel sepolcro,
 La vita troverete, e il maritaggio.
 Così l'ira paterna fuggirete,
 Le odiate nozze, e con pietà commune
 Senza alcun biasmo, senza alcun periglio,
 Lieta cadrete al vostro amante in mano.

Meantime a trusty messenger we'll send
 In secret wise, in haste unto your love,
 Who yet but little distant from us roams,
 With secret letters advertising him
 Of the whole fact. When he without delay
 Backward will turn his steps and quickly here
 Will join us. And he, or (should he tarry)
 I myself forth from the tomb will take you.
 Then in disguise together shall you fly.

And thus in death and in the sepulchre
 Life you shall find and marriage.
 Thus shall you from your father's wrath escape
 And these loathed nuptials, and with mutual love
 Free from all peril and without reproach,
 With joy you'll fall into your loved one's hands.

Compare with this the Friar's speech, R. and J., Act IV. Sc. 1, lines 113-118. There is here, by the way, in the last two lines a remarkable similarity between Brooke and Grotto. See l. 2172, Brooke,

That daungerles, without reproche, / thou shalt thy loue enioy.

Perhaps, however, Walker's strongest point is in the coincidence in Shakespeare and in Grotto of the consolations offered to the father on the supposed death of the daughter. Neither in Brooke nor any of the Italian or French tales does any comforter appear, nor does the father give any utterance to his grief; but in Shakespeare (Act IV. Sc. v.) Capulet laments his daughter's death, and the Friar recommends resignation to the Divine will, and endeavours to persuade the afflicted father that he ought rather to rejoice at his daughter's escape from this world of care. In Grotto's tragedy (Act IV. Sc. 3) we find King Hatrio's counsellor performing the same pious office.

Mr W. W. Lloyd in his comments on 'Romeo and Juliet' (Singer's ed. of Shakespeare's Works), adds one more extract from Grotto's play, Act I. Sc. 1, the scene in which Hadriana acquaints the Nurse with her love for Latino. In it he finds a remarkable agreement with Romeo's antithetical definition of love (Act I. Sc. 1, l. 171-7, 188-9), due as he believes to something more than casual indulgence in the same common place of the passion. Mr Lloyd does not, however, suppose Shakespeare to have been acquainted with the original play, but rather with some translation of it adapted to the English stage. His extract is as follows:—

Fu il mio male un piacer senza allegrezza ;
 Un voler, che si stringe, ancorche punga.
 Un pensier, che si nutre, ancor che ancida.¹
 Un' affano che'l ciel dà per riposo.
 Un ben supremo, fonte d'o ni male.
 Un male estremo, d'ogni ben radice.
 Una piaga mortal, che mi fec'io.
 Un laccio d'or dov'io stessa m'avvinsi.
 Un velen grato, ch'io bevei per gli occhi.
 Giunto un finire e un cominciar di vita.
 Una febre, che'l gelo, e'l caldo mesce.
 Un fel piu dolce assai, che mele, è Manna.
 Un bel foco, che strugge, e non risolve.
 Un giogo insopportabile, e leggiero.

¹ Mr Lloyd omits this line.

Una pena felice, un dolor caro.
 Una morte immortal piena di vita.
 Un' inferno, che sembra il Paradiso.

My sickness was a pleasure without joy ;
 A will embracing yet repelling still,
 A care which nourisheth, and yet which slays,
 A labour given by heaven as a rest.
 A supreme good the source of every ill,
 An extreme ill the root of every good,
 A mortal wound inflicted by myself,
 A golden snare in which myself I've catch'd.
 A pleasant poison drank in at my eyes ;
 Together ending and beginning life.
 A fever mixed with freezing and with heat,
 A gall than honey and manna sweeter far,
 A beauteous flame that burns yet not destroys,
 An insupportable and lightsome yoke,
 A happy suffering and a cherisht grief,
 A death immortal brimming o'er with life,
 A Hell that seems as 'twere a Paradise.

As Dr Farmer, however, has observed in his 'Essay on the learning of Shakespeare,' "Every sonneteer characterizes Love by contrarieties," and he gives instances which shew that there was no need for Shakespeare, supposing him to have been in want of examples, to travel far afield. (See note in Variorum Sh., ed. 1821, vol. vi. p. 19, and Furness's Variorum edition, p. 22.)

I will add one more extract of two lines only to those given above, not however so much for its similarity of expression as for its parallelism of idea. In none of the Italian, French, or English writers mentioned above who preceded Groto is Romeo made to apostrophise the tomb in which Juliet lies buried. In 'La Hadriana,' Latino exclaims,—

Benche chiamar sepolcro non ti debbo,
 Ma erario, oue s'asconde il mio thesoro. V. 4.
 Yet ought I not to call thee sepulchre
 But casket where my treasure lies concealed.

Romeo placing Paris in the tomb exclaims :

A grave? O, no ; a Lanthorne, slaughtred youth ;
 For here lies Juliet, and her bewtie makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light. V. 3.

In the synopsis of the play, I have also quoted a few lines, of which I here give the translation.

Act I. Sc. 1. Hadriana, addressing the Nurse, says :—

"Thou who so often, whenas I, a child,
Was like to stumble, gav'st to me thy hand,
Give me now counsel that I may not fall."

Is it possible that this may have suggested any part of the Nurse's famous speech in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. 3?—"she could have run and waddled all about: for even the day before, she broke her brow, and then my husband—God be with his soul! a was a merrie man—took up the child."

Again, when Queen Orontea (Act III. Sc. 1) admits that for her part she could be willing that Adriana should choose for herself even though her choice lighted on Latino

Although I know you would not wish for him,
That to the death you hate him.

Here, as in many other places, Groto follows Da Porto, who, alone of the Novel writers, puts a similar sentiment into the mouth of *Giulietta's* mother—"Vedi, figliuola mia dolcissima, non piagnere oramai più; che marito a tua posta ti si darà, se quasi uno de' Montecchi volessi, il che sono certa che non vorrai." Compare with this *Juliet's* speech:—

"I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris."—Act III. Sc. 5.

It may also be noted as a coincidence that the minister entrusted with the letter acquainting Latino with the plot connected with the sleeping-draught returns the undelivered letter to the Mago; so also Friar John returns to Friar Lawrence his undelivered letter.—"*Hadriana*," Act V. Sc. 2; '*Rom. and Jul.*,' Act V. Sc. 2.

Notwithstanding these resemblances, I find it difficult to believe that Shakespeare could have made use of Groto's play. Mr Grant White is apparently of the same opinion; he observes that "Walker has very slender grounds for supposing that Sh. was acquainted with Groto's tragedy." (Note in Furness's *Variorum Shakespeare*, p. 403.) It is certain however that Groto was known in England in Shakespeare's time, though how early I am unable to say. Ben Jonson mentions him in his '*Volpone*,' Act III. Sc. 2, where Lady Poltick Would-be running over the list of Italian Poets she had read, among the rest names '*Cieco di Hadria*.' '*Volpone*' was first brought out at the '*Globe*' (Shakespeare's Theatre) in 1605. John Florio, who, like Shakespeare, was a protégé of the Earl of Southampton, in the list of "Authors and Books that have been read of purpose for the collecting of this *Dictionary*" (his *Italian and English Dictionary*, or '*New World of Words*,' ed. 1611), mentions '*La Adriana Tragedia*,' and other works by Groto. In the list, however, prefixed to Florio's earlier ed. 1598, Groto's name does not occur.¹

¹ For a discussion as to the connection of Shakespeare and Florio, see Notes in *Variorum*, 1821, at the end of '*Love's Labour's Lost*,' vol. iv. pp. 479-483. Quite re-

Miller of Britwell, I have been enabled to examine this extremely rare little piece. It was, as Mr Collier observes, composed in decided imitation of Brooke, whose phraseology Garter in many places adopts : beyond this however it has nothing in common with the story of 'Romeus and Juliet.' The metre also differs in the two poems. Brooke employs rhyming lines of twelve and fourteen syllables, the first divided in 6-6, the second in 8-6. Garter's lines are each of fourteen syllables divided in 8-6. For a specimen take the following :—

“ Now mates the maister cries a pace,
good newes to euery man,
Haw Jack thou scuruy lowsy boye
go tap and fill the can.
Be mery maisters drink a pace,
now make we all good sporte,
Our voyage almost ended is,
I see the wysshed porte,
Wherein by force we meane to land,
as we haue done the like,
by helpe of God, and by the force
of bended bowe and pyke.
Then ioye ech man within the ship,
theire sport is for a king,
And hey, how, ioly rombelowe,
the saylers all do sing.”

No names either of persons or places are mentioned in the poem. The personages are the Lovers, the Father and Mother of the damsel, her Nurse and an old Doctor, a friend of the young gentleman. The story may be summed up in few words :—A youthful couple meet and fall in love ; not knowing how to make their mutual passion known they fall sick. The lover at last confides in his friend the Doctor, to whom also the Nurse comes, to consult with him as to her young mistress's illness. The shrewd old Doctor learning thus the state of affairs, proposes to the parents of the young lady the marriage of the youthful pair. They consent, and the marriage is solemnized with great joy and splendour. Not long after, war with a neighbouring state being declared, the young husband sets sail with his Troops to attack a foreign port. He is successful in his enterprise and gains great renown by his prowess ; peace is proclaimed, and he is about to return home when one of his fellow soldiers maliciously accuses him of treason. Judgment by single combat is appealed to ; he defeats his antagonist, who confesses his villany ; he forgives him and then—slays him. He himself, however, has been grievously wounded in the combat, dies the same night and is buried in the church of the captured town. His ship returns home with the sad intelligence, on hearing which his young wife dies suddenly of heart-break. Her mother follows her as suddenly.

"The father sawe, that he had lost
his daughter sonne and wife,
Would faine haue dyed, but yet doth last
his heauy hated life.

* * * * *

And those that knewe them euery one
and sees the Siers unrest,
Do iudge of both, the wemens hap
in sorowe was the lest.
God graunt him quyet life to lyue
his cares away to pluck,
God send eche loue so true a harte,
yet lorde some better lucke."

Finis. B. G.

¶ Imprinted at London
in Fletestrete within Temple
barre, at the signe of the hande
and starre, by Richard
Tottyll.

Anno. 1565

ON 'WILY BEGUILLED.'

I at one time thought it would have been part of my duty to add to these pages some account of the old play (author unknown) called *Wily Beguiled*; for though the first known edition of that play was printed as late as 1606, Malone's positive assertions as to its early date—and his judgment in matters of this kind is not lightly to be set aside—lead to the inference that Shakespeare made some use of it in preparing his *Romeo and Juliet* for the stage. It is certain that the resemblances between numerous passages in the two plays can only be accounted for on the ground that one poet borrowed from the other, and therefore the determination of the date of the production of *Wily Beguiled* became a matter of great interest. In a note to his life of Shakspeare (p. 169-70, vol. ii. ed. 1821) Malone says :—"The wretched state of the stage in 1589 and 1590 is ascertained by the history and the productions of that period. . . . Of the comedies of this period, very few have come down to us; but *Wily Beguiled*, *Mucedorus*, and the old *Taming of a Shrew*, which were highly admired, may serve to show of what materials those of an inferior quality, which have perished, were made." He offers no proof for thus assigning *Wily Beguiled* to the period 1589-90; but in noting a passage in *Romeo and Juliet* (Act iii. Sc. 5) in which a remarkable similarity exists between the two plays, he states that "*Wily Beguiled* was on the stage before 1596, being mentioned by Nashe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year." This would seem

conclusive; but the fact is that the passage referred to in Nashe's pamphlet does not justify this positive statement. Nash does not mention *the play of Wily Beguiled* at all, and in the phrase which he does use—"tricke of *Wily Beguily*"—it is extremely doubtful whether he meant any allusion to it: in my judgment he did not, for I can see nothing in the passage in question which would render any allusion to the play appropriate. The case is this:—Nashe accuses Dr Gabriel Harvey of endeavouring to enhance praise that had been bestowed on him, by heightening the reputation of the obscure individuals who had bestowed it. This proceeding Nashe calls a "tricke of *Wily Beguily*;" as we might say a wily trick, a shuffling, hankey-pankey trick. The Play takes its title from its plot, a chief feature in which is to show how a *wily* lawyer was *beguiled* of his prey, and it contains nothing which could illustrate the accusation brought against Harvey. Had not the *Wily Beguily* of Nashe been printed with capital initials, and in italic, Malone himself, I fancy, would scarcely have accepted it as an allusion to, much less as a mention of, the play: and what small support this peculiarity in Nashe's tract lends to Malone's theory I leave to the judgment of those who have perused the tract. The original edition is without pagination; the passage in question will be found in p. 118 of Collier's reprint.

[Since the above was written Mr Furnivall, who quite independently of and unknown to me had been investigating this question, has published in "Notes and Queries," 21st August, 1875, a paper which so exactly coincides with and proves my own conclusions on this point that its readers I feel will need no further assurance that Nashe did not, as Malone supposed, allude to the Play of 'Wily Beguiled' in his 'Have with you to Saffron Walden.' See Appendix.]

Recently, in a letter to the *Athenæum* (17 July, 1875), Mr J. W. Hales pointed out that 'Wily Beguiled' contained an allusion to the famous Cadiz expedition;¹ and, accepting Malone's statement that the play is mentioned by Nashe, he was necessarily driven to the conclusion that it was "written in the late autumn of 1596:" he has, however, since seen reason to believe that Malone's statement is erroneous, and therefore that his argument as to the date of *Wily Beguiled* must be abandoned. (See his second letter to *Athenæum*, 4 Sep., 1875.) The allusion to the Cadiz expedition—the truth of which, I imagine, will be universally admitted—is sufficient in itself to settle this point; but there is, I believe, to be found in the play other evidence that it was later than 1596, not earlier than 1597, and probably much later. The clown, Will Cricket, detailing the prompt measures he intends to take for his wedding, says;—

¹ "far-fetched and dear-bought is good for ladies; and I am sure I have been as far as *Cales* to fetch that I have. I have been at Cambridge, a scholar; at *Cales*, a soldier; and now in the country, a lawyer, etc." The Cadiz, Gades or Cales expedition sailed from Plymouth 3 June, 1596, and returned 8 August, 1596. Bishop Hall refers to it in his *Satires*, 1597, and Ben Jonson in his 'Silent Woman,' 1609.

"for, do you mark, I am none of these sneaking fellows that will stand thrumming of caps, and studying upon a matter, *as long as Hunkes with the great head has been about to show his little wit in the second part of his paltry poetry*:" if this is, as I believe it to be, an allusion to Ben Jonson and an instance of the silly accusations, levelled at him, of his slowness in the production of his works, Wily Beguiled could scarcely be earlier than the end of 1597. "Three years they did provoke me," says Jonson, and then in 1601 he retorted with the 'Poetaster'; but I rather incline to a later date for this play, and in the absence of any other production than the Apologetical Dialogue with which Jonson supplemented his 'Poetaster,' to which could be applied the phrase, "second part of his paltry poetry," I should place the date of Wily Beguiled some time in 1602. But first perhaps it is desirable to afford some proof that by "*Hunkes with the great head*" is meant Ben Jonson. In the 'Satiromastix' Cap. Tucca calls Horace jun. (Jonson) "*great Hunkes*," and compares him to the "*Saracen's Head at Newgate*;" the allusion to his alleged slowness in composition requires no proof of its applicability to Jonson. The succession of things as regards the 'Poetaster,' 'Satiromastix,' 'Wily Beguiled,' and the 'Apologetical Dialogue,' I take to be this. After three years of provocation Jonson produced on the stage in 1601 the 'Poetaster'; this brought up 'Satiromastix'; this, in 1602, induced Jonson to *publish* the 'Poetaster,' at the end of which he says, in a note, he intended to add, by way of Epilogue, an Apology with his reasons for "publishing of this book." He was however restrained by authority from doing this, and he therefore requests the reader "to think charitably of what thou hast read, *till thou mayest hear him speak what he hath written*," i. e. the Apology.

And now, I suppose, 'Wily Beguiled' came in, and with the broad hint at the delay in producing the "second part of his paltry poetry" (? The Apology) caused Jonson to fulfil his promise, and speak *once* on the stage his "Apologetical dialogue."^{*}

This "newe exorcisme," coupled no doubt with the publication of the 'Poetaster,' brought 'Satiromastix' into *print*, also in 1602. See what Dekker says in his preface to it:—"neyther should this ghost of Tucca, have walkt up and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd up (in print) by newe Exorcismes." [Is it necessary to observe that 'Satiromastix' was published in Paul's Church-yard?]

If this theory will bear the test of examination the date of the production of Wily Beguiled would be sometime in 1602. At any rate the imitations in it of the 'Merchant of Venice' and, I believe, of 'Twelfth Night,' must, together with the allusion to the Cales expedition pointed out by Mr Hales, upset Malone's positive assertions of its early date and prove that the author of 'Wily Beguiled,' not the author of 'Romeo and Juliet,' was the imitator.

^{*} Jonson tells us in his folio ed. 1616, when he published the Apologetical Dialogue, that it was *once* spoken on the stage.

Wily Beguiled is indeed made up of shreds and patches 'conveyed' from other plays, and some little additional proofs of its lateness may perhaps be derived from its Prologue and its Epilogue: in the former we find, "I'll make him fly swifter than meditation;" compare *Hamlet*, I. v. 29-30, "I, with wings as swift | As meditation, etc.": in the latter is a line which would seem to be imitated from Jonson's *Every man out of his Humour*, 1599.

Jonson, at the end :—"but let them vanish, vapours!"—

'Wily Beguiled':—"And bid them vanish, vapours!"

This Epilogue, by the way, from 1st ed. 1606, is only reprinted in Collier's "History of Dramatic Poetry," Vol. iii. p. 375.

Reprints of the Play of 'Wily Beguiled' will be found in Hawkins' "Origin of the English Drama," 1773, and in Mr Hazlitt's new edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays."

I should add that Mr Hales in his second letter, above mentioned, states that Dr Brinsley Nicholson has placed at his disposal certain notes on this subject, "in which he concludes, on the whole, that the play was written 'in or after 1601.'"

APPENDIX.

Extract from Mr F. J. Furnivall's paper in 'Notes and Queries,' 5th S. iv., Aug. 21, 1875 :—

'Nashe, as is well known, uses the phrase *Wily Beguily* in his *Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596; but, having just read that tract very carefully, I feel certain that Nashe does not, in that phrase, allude to the play of *Wily Beguiled*. In the first place, Nashe gives to the phrase the meaning of "wiliness," "deceit," and not that of "the would-be tricker tricked, or beguiler beguiled," in which "*Wily beguiled*" is used in the play, and which is the original sense, as is shown by Dr John Harvey's use, which I have lately hit on, of "*wily beguile himself*," without italics, in his *Discursive Probleme*, written in 1587, published in 1588 (the play was, in fact, called after a popular saw) :—

"God, they say, sendeth commonly a curst cow short horns: and doth not the diuel, I say, in the winde-vpall, and in fine, oftner play *wilte beguile* him selfe, and crucifie his owne wretched limes, then atchieue his mischieuous and malicious purposes, howsoeuer craftilie conueied, or feately packed either in one fraudulent sort or other?"—1588; Dr John Harvey, *Discursive Probleme*, p. 74.²

Next, Nashe uses a great number of these reduplicated words in his tract;

¹ Mr Hales in his second letter to the *Athenaeum*, mentioned above, quotes from Ray's 'Joculatory Proverbs' *He hath played wily beguiled with himself*.

they are choice weapons in his well-furnished armoury of terms for ridicule and abuse. Here are those I have noted in the *Saffron Walden* :—

"neighbor Quiquiffe," "Gorboduck Huddleduddle" (D 3), "Hibble de beane" (G 4, back), "Brachmanical fuddle-fubs" (H), "Himpenhempen Slampamp," "Cockledemoy" (I, back), "Gurmo Hidruntum," "Archibald Rupenrope" (K 4), "Countes Mountes" (L), "huffty tufty" (L 4, back), "Talamtana," "Tarrantantara" (N), "Wrinkle de crinkledum" (O 2), "Kenimnowo" (R 2), "Whipsidoxy" (R 4, back), "scrimpum scam-pum" (S), "Piggen de wigger" (V), "prinkum prankums" (V, back)—all printed in italics ; or roman, where the context is in italic—besides "hurly-burly," "pell-mell," &c. And in his *Wily Beguily* passage he calls Gabriel Harvey "Graphiel Hagiel" (*Have with You to Saffron Walden*, 1596, T. Nashe, sig. Q 4, back) :—

"But this was our *Graphiel Hagiels* tricke of *Wily Beguily* herein, that whereas he could get no man of worth to cry *Placet* to his workes, or meeter it in his commendation, those worthlesse Whippets and Jack Strawes hee could get [1, Barnabe Barnes, 2, John Thorius, and 3, Anthonie Chute, whom Harvey likened, the 1st to Spenser and Baskerville (a valiant soldier), the 2nd to Bp Andrewes and Bodley, and the 3rd to the orator Dove and the Herald Clarencius], hee would seem to enable and compare with the highest. Hereby hee thought to connycatch the simple world, and make them beleue, that these and these great men, euerie waye sutable to Syr Thomas Baskeruile, Master Bodley, Doctor Andrewes, Doctor Doue, Clarencius and Master Spencer, had seperately contended to outstrip Pindarus in his *Olympicks*, and sty aloft to the highest pitch, to stellifie him aboue the cloudes, and make him shine next to Mercury."

These facts leave no doubt in my mind that Nashe in the above passage made no reference to the play of *Wily Beguiled*.'

*THE TRAGICALL HIS-
torye of Romeus and Iuliet, writ-
ten first in Italian by Bandell,
and nowe in Englishe by
Ar. Br.*

*In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.
Cum Priuilegio.*

To the Reader.

THe God of all glorye created vniuersallye all creatures, to sette forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteeme profitable in vse and pleasure, and also those, whiche we accompte noysome, and lothsome. But principally he hath appointed man, the chieftest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselfe: but aswell in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdom, & power. And in like sort, euerye dooyng of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynges of the good, & the euill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull procedinges of the miserable, doe in diuers sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee: so euery exaample ministreth good lessons, to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man vpon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as haue yelded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to witholde them selues from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans exaample byddeth men to be good, and the euill mans mischefe, warneth men not to be euyll. To this good ende, serue all ill endes, of yll begynnynge. And to this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written, to describe vnto thee a coople of vnfortunate louers, thralling them-

To the Reader.

selues to vn honest desire, neglecting the authoritie and aduise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with drunken gossyppes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of vnchastitie) attemptyng all aduentures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, vsyng auricular confession (the kay of whoredome, and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusing the honorable name of lawefull mariage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of vn honest lyfe, hastyng to most vnhappy deathe. This president (good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the slaues of Lacedemon, oppressed with excesse of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and vse of body, were to the free borne children; so shewed to them by their parentes, to thintent to rayse in them an hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall deliuer my dooing from offence, and profit your selues. Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I haue or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serue to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it. which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is. Ar. Br.

To the Reader.

A Mid the desert rockes, the mountaine beare.
Bringes forth vnformd, vnlyke her selfe her yong :
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe withouten beare,
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geues them such shape, as doth (ere long) delight
The lookers on : Or when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth, the ioyntes too weake to fight.
Or when vpriht he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast,) or wylde in sauage wood,
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth, and stayned iawes with blood,
Or els, when from the farthest heauens, they
The lode starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to hauen the tossed barke.

Right so my muse

Hath (now at length) with trauell long brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her diuers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull trauell, and a longer whyle,
May better shape. The eldest of them loe,
I offer to the stake, my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might ouerthrowe :
The rest (vnlickt as yet) a whyle shall lurke,
Tyll tyme geue strength, to meete and match in fig'ht
with slaunders whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe
Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might,
And shall geue rules of chast and honest lyfe.
The whyle I pray that ye with fauour blame,
Or rather not renroue the laughing game
Of this my muse.

The Argument.

Loue hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight.
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre.
They wed in shrift by counsell of a frier.
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Iuliets bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enioy his cheefe delight.
By Tybalts rage, prouoked vnto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A banisht man he scapes by secret flight.
New mariage is offred to his wyfe.
She drinke a drinke that seemes to reue her breath.
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death.
He drinke his bane. And she with Romeus knyfe,
When she awakes, her selfe (alas) she sleath.

¶ *Romeus and Iuliet.*

[*Fo. x*]

- Here is beyonde the Alps, / a towne of auncient fame
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare, / Verona men it name.
Bylt in an happy time, / bylt on a fertile soyle :
- 4 Mayntained by the heauenly fates, / and by the townish toyle.
The fruitfull hilles aboue, / the pleasant vales belowe,
The siluerstreame with chanell depe, / that through the towne doth flow :
The store of springes that serue / for vse, and eke for ease :
- 8 And other moe comr odities / which profite may and please.
Eke many certaine signes / of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the bounghy eyes of those / that curiously beholde :
Doe make this towne to be / preferde aboue the rest
- 12 Of Lumbard townes, or at the least / compared with the best.
In which while Escalus, / as prince alone dyd raigne,
To reache rewarde vnto the good, / to pay the lewde with payne.
Alas (I rewe to thinke) / an heauy happe befell :
- 16 Which Boccace skant (not my rude tong) / were able forth to tell.
Within my trembling hande, / my penne doth shake for feare :
And on my colde amased head, / vpight doth stand my heare.
But sith she doth commaunde, / whose hest I must obaye,
- 20 In moorning verse, a wofull chaunce / to tell I will assaye.
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe, / ye muses with your arte,
Helpe all ye damned feendes to tell, / of ioyes retourned to smart.
Helpe eke ye sisters three, / my skillesse penne tindyte :
- 24 For you it causd which I (alas) / vnable am to wryte.
There were two auncient stockes, / which Fortune high dyd place
Aboue the rest, indewd with welth, / and nobler of their race,
Loued of the common sort, / loued of the Prince alike :
- 28 And like vnhappy were they both, / when Fortune list to strike.
Whose prayse with equall blast, / fame in her trumpet blew :

- The one was clipped Capelet, / and thother Montagew.
 A wonted vse it is, / that men of likely sorte
- 32 (I wot not by what furye forsd) / enuye eche others porte.
 So these, whose egall state / bred enuye pale of hew,
 And then of grudging enuyes roote, / blacke hate and rancor grewe.
 As of a little sparke, / oft ryseth mighty fyre,
- 36 So of a kyndled sparke of grudge, / in flames flashe out theyr yre.
 And then theyr deadly foode, / first hatchd of trifling stryfe: [Ro. 2]
 Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes, / it reued breth and lyfe.
 No legend lye I tell, / scarce yet theyr eyes be drye:
- 40 That did behold the grisly sight, / with wet and weping eye.
 But when the prudent prince, / who there the scepter helde
 So great a new disorder in / his common weale behelde:
 By ientyll meane he sought, / their choler to assuage:
- 44 And by perswasion to appease, / their blameful furious rage.
 But both his woords and tyne, / the prince hath spent in vayne:
 So rooted was the inward hate, / he lost his buysy payne.
 When frendly sage aduise, / ne ientyll woords auayle:
- 48 By thondring threats, and princely powre / their courage gan he quayle.
 In hope that when he had / the wasting flame suppress,
 In time he should quyte quench the sparks / that boornd within their
 brest.
- Now whilst these kyndreds do / remayne in this estate,
- 52 And eche with outward frendly shew / dooth hyde his inward hate:
 One Romeus, who was / of race a Montague,
 Vpon whose tender chyn, as yet, / no manlyke beard there grewe.
 Whose beauty and whose shape / so farre the rest did stayne:
- 56 That from the cheefe of Veron youth / he greatest fame dyd gayne.
 Hath founde a mayde so fayre / (he found so foule his happe)
 Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, / did so his heart entrappe,
 That from his owne affayres, / his thought she did remoue:
- 60 Onely he sought to honor her, / to serue her, and to loue.
 To her he writeth oft, / oft messengers are sent:
 At length (in hope of better spede) / himselfe the louer went:
 Present to pleade for grace, / which absent was not founde:
- 64 And to discouer to her eye / his new receaued wounde.
 But she that from her youth / was fostred euermore

- With vertues foode, and taught in schole / of wisdomes skilfull lore :
By aunswere did cutte of / thaffections of his loue,
68 That he no more occasion had / so vayne a sute to moue.
So sterne she was of chere, / (for all the payne he tooke)
That in reward of toyle, she would / not geue a frendly looke.
And yet how much she did / with constant mind retyre :
72 So much the more his feruent minde / was prickt fourth by desyre.
But when he many monthes, / hopelesse of his recure, [Fol. 3]
Had serued her, who forced not / what paynes he did endure :
At length he thought to leaue / Verona, and to proue,
76 If chaunge of place might chaunge awaye / his ill bestowed loue.
And speaking to himselfe, / thus gan he make his mone :
What booteth me to loue and serue / a fell vnthankfull one,
Sith that my humble sute / and labour sowede in vayne,
80 Can reape none other fruite at all / but scorne and proude disdayne :
What way she seekes to goe, / the same I seeke to runne :
But she the path wherin I treade, / with spedy flight doth shunne.
I can not liue, except / that nere to her I be :
84 She is ay best content when she / is farthest of from me.
Wherfore henceforth I will / farre from her take my flight :
Perhaps mine eye once banished / by absence from her sight :
This fyre of myne, that by / her pleasant eyne is fed :
88 Shall little and little weare away, / and quite at last be ded.
But whilst he did decree / this purpose still to kepe :
A contrary repugnant thought / sanke in his brest so depe :
That doutefull is he now, / which of the twayne is best :
92 In sighs, in teares, in plainte, in care, / in sorow and vnest.
He mones the daye, he wakes / the long and wery night,
So deepe hath loue with pearcing hand, / ygraud her bewty bright.
Within his brest, and hath / so mastred quite his hart :
96 That he of force must yeld as thrall, / no way is left to start.
He can not staye his steppe, / but forth still must he ronne,
He languisheth and melts awaye, / as snow against the sonne.
His kyndred and alyes / do wonder what he ayles,
100 And eche of them in frendly wise, / his heauy hap bewayles.
But one emong the rest, / the trustiest of his feeres.
Farre more then he with counsel fild, / and rpyer of his yeeres.

- Gan sharply him rebuke, / suche loue to him he bare :
- 104 That he was felow of his smart, / and partner of his care.
 What meanst thou Romeus / (quoth he) what doting rage
 Dooth make thee thus consume away, / the best parte of thine age,
 In seking her that scornes, / and hydes her from thy sight :
- 108 Not forsing all thy great expence, / ne yet thy honor bright.
 Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, / ne thine vnspotted truth : [Fo. 4]
 Which are of force (I weene) to moue / the hardest hart to ruthe.
 Now for our friendships sake, / and for thy health I pray :
- 112 That thou hencefoorth become thyne owne, / O geue no more away.
 Vnto a thankeles wight, / thy precious free estate :
 In that thou louest such a one, / thou seemst thy selfe to hate.
 For she doth loue els where, / (and then thy time is lorne)
- 116 Or els (what booteth thee to sue) / loues court she hath forsworne.
 Both yong thou art of yeres, / and high in Fortunes grace :
 What man is better shapd than thou ? / who hath a sweeter face ?
 By painfull studies meane, / great learning hast thou wonne :
- 120 Thy parentes haue none other heyre, / thou art theyr onely sonne.
 What greater grieve (trowst thou ?) / what wofull dedly smart
 Should so be able to distraine / thy seely fathers hart ?
 As in his age to see / thee plunged deepe in vyce :
- 124 When greatest hope he hath to heare / thy vertues fame arise.
 What shall thy kinsmen thinke, / thou cause of all theyr ruthe ?
 Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne / thy yll employed youth.
 Wherefore my counsell is, / that thou henceforth beginne
- 128 To knowe and flye the errour which / to long thou liuedst in.
 Remoue the veale of loue, / that keepes thine eyes so blynde :
 That thou ne canst the ready path / of thy forefathers fynde.
 But if vnto thy will / so much in thrall thou art :
- 132 Yet in some other place bestowe / thy witles wandring hart.
 Choose out some worthy dame, / her honor thou and serue,
 Who will geue eare to thy complaint / and pittie ere thou sterue.
 But sow no more thy paynes / in such a barrayne soyle :
- 136 As yeldes in haruest time no crop / in recompence of toyle.
 Ere long the townishe dames / together will resort :
 Some one of bewty, fauour, shape, / and of so louely porte :
 With so fast fixed eye, / perhaps thou mayst beholde :

- 140 That thou shalt quite forget thy loue, / and passions past of olde.
The yong mans lystning eare / receiude the holesome sounde,
And reasons truth yplanted so, / within his head had grounde :
That now with healthy coole / ytempred is the heate :
- 144 And piecemeale weares away the greefe / that erst his heart dyd freate.
To his approued frend, / a solemne othe he plight : [Fo. 5]
At euery feast ykept by day, / and banquet made by night :
At pardons in the churche, / at games in open streate :
- 148 And euery where he would resort / where Ladies wont to meete.
Eke should his sauage heart / lyke all indifferently :
For he would view and iudge them all / with vnallured eye.
How happy had he been / had he not been forsworne :
- 152 But twyse as happy had he been / had he been neuer borne.
For ere the Moone could thryse / her wasted hornes renew,
False Fortune cast for him poore wretch, / a myschiefe newe to brewe.
The very winter nightes / restore the Christmas games :
- 156 And now the season doth inuite / to banquet townish dames.
And fyrst in Capels house, / the chiefe of all the kyn :
Sparth for no cost, the wonted vse / of banquets to begyn.
No Lady fayre or fowle / was in Verona towne :
- 160 No knight or gentleman / of high or lowe renowne :
But Capilet himselfe / hath byd vnto his feast :
Or by his name in paper sent, / appoynted as a geast.
Yong damsels thether flocke, / of bachelers a rowte :
- 164 Not so much for the banquets sake, / as bewties to searche out.
But not a Montagew / would enter at his gate :
For as you heard, the Capilets, / and they were at debate.
Saue Romeus, and he / in maske with hidden face :
- 168 The supper done, with other fiue / dyd prease into the place.
When they had maskd a whyle, / with dames in courtly wise :
All dyd vnmaske, the rest dyd shew / them to theyr ladies eyes.
But bashfull Romeus / with shamefast face forsooke
- 172 The open prease, and him withdrew / into the chambers nooke.
But brighter then the sunne, / the waxen torches shone :
That mauger what he could, he was / espyd of euery one.
But of the women cheefe, / theyr gasing eyes that threwe
- 176 To woonder at his sightly shape / and bewties spotles hewe.

- With which the heauens him had / and nature so bedect :
 That Ladies thought the fayrest dames / were fowle in his respect.
 And in theyr head beside, / an other woonder rose,
 180 How he durst put himselfe in throng / among so many foes.
 Of courage stoute they thought / his cumming to procede : [To. 6]
 And women loue an hardy hart / as I in stories rede.
 The Capilets disdayne / the presence of theyr foe :
 184 Yet they suppress the styrrd yre, / the cause I do not knowe.
 Perhaps toffend theyr gestes / the courteous knights are loth,
 Perhaps they stay from sharpe reuenge, / dreading the Princes wroth.
 Perhaps for that they shamd / to exercise theyr rage :
 188 Within their house, gainst one alone / and him of tender age.
 They vse no taunting talke, / ne harme him by theyr deede :
 They neyther say, what makst thou here, / ne yet they say God speede.
 So that he freely might / the Ladies view at ease :
 192 And they also behelding him, / their chaunge of fansies please.
 Which nature had him taught / to doe with such a grace,
 That there was none but ioyed at / his being there in place.
 With vpright beame he wayd / the bewty of eche dame,
 196 And iudgd who best, and who next her, / was wrought in natures frame.
 At length he saw a mayd, / right fayre of perfect shape :
 Which Theseus, or Paris would / haue chosen to their rape.
 Whom erst he neuer sawe, / of all she pleasse him most :
 200 Within himselfe he said to her, / thou iustly mayst thee boste.
 Of perfit shapes renoune, / and Beauties sounding prayse :
 Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, / ne liueth in our dayes.
 And whilest he fixd on her / his partiall perced eye,
 204 His former loue, for which of late / he ready was to dye.
 Is nowe as quite forgotte, / as it had neuer been :
 The prouerbe saith vnminded oft / are they that are vnseene.
 And as out of a planke / a nayle a nayle doth drine :
 208 So nouell loue out of the minde / the auncient loue doth riue.
 This sodain kindled fyre / in time is wox so great :
 That onely death, and both theyr blouds / might quench the fiery heate.
 When Romeus saw himselfe / in this new tempest tost :
 212 Where both was hope of pleasant port, / and daunger to be lost :
 He doubtfull, skasely knew / what countenance to keepe

- In Lethies floud his wonted flames / were quenched and drenched deepe.
 Yea he forgets himselfe, / ne is the wretch so bolde
 216 To aske her name, that without force / hath him in bondage folde.
 Ne how tunloose his bondes / doth the poore foole deuise, [Fo. 7]
 But onely seeketh by her sight / to feede his houngrly eyes
 Through them he swalloweth downe / loues sweete empoysonde baite,
 220 How surely are the wareles wrapt / by those that lye in wayte ?
 So is the poyson spred / throughout his bones and vaines :
 That in a while (alas the while) / it hasteth deadly paines.
 Whilst Iuliet (for so / this gentle damsell hight)
 224 From syde to syde on euery one / dyd cast about her sight :
 At last her floting eyes / were ancored fast on him,
 Who for her sake dyd banishe health / and fredome from eche limme.
 He in her sight did seeme / to passe the rest as farre
 228 As Phoebus shining beames do passe / the brightnes of a starre.
 In wayte laye warlike loue / with golden bowe and shaft,
 And to his eare with steady hand / the bowstring vp he raft.
 Till now she had escapde / his sharpe inflaming darte :
 232 Till now he listed not assaulte / her yong and tender hart.
 His whetted arrow loosde, / so touchd her to the quicke :
 That through the eye it strake the hart, / and there the hedde did sticke.
 It booted not to striue, / for why, she wanted strength :
 236 The weaker aye vnto the strong / of force must yeld at length.
 The poms now of the feast / her heart gyns to despyse :
 And onely ioyeth when her eyen / meete with her louers eyes.
 When theyr new smitten heartes / had fed on louing gleames :
 240 Whilst passing too and fro theyr eyes / ymingled were theyr beames.
 Eche of these louers gan / by others lookes to knowe :
 That frendship in their brest had roote, / and both would haue it grow.
 When thus in both theyr harts / had Cupide made his breache :
 244 And eche of them had sought the meane / to end the warre by speache.
 Dame Fortune did assent / theyr purpose to aduaunce :
 With torche in hand a comly knight / did fetch her forth to daunce.
 She quit her selfe so well, / and with so trim a grace :
 248 That she the cheefe prayse wan that night / from all Verona race.
 The whilst our Romeus, / a place had warely wonne :
 Nye to the seate where she must sit, / the daunce once beyng donne.

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- Fayre Iuliet tourned to, / her chayre with pleasant cheere :
- 252 And glad she was her Romeus / approached was so neere.
 At thone side of her chayre, / her loue Romeo : [Fa. 8]
 And on the other side there sat / one cald Mercutio.
 A courtier that eche where / was highly had in pryce :
- 256 For he was coorteous of his speche, / and pleasant of deuise.
 Euen as a Lyon would / emong the lambes be bolde :
 Such was emong the bashfull maydes, / Mercutio to beholde.
 With frendly gripe he ceasd / fayre Iuliets snowish hand :
- 260 A gyft he had that nature gaue / him in his swathing band.
 That frozen mountayne yse / was neuer halfe so cold
 As were his handes, though nere so neer / the fire he dyd them holde.
 As soone as had the knight / the vyrgins right hand raught :
- 264 Within his trembling hand her left / hath louing Romeus caught.
 For he wist well himselfe / for her abode most payne :
 And well he wist she loued him best, / vnles she list to fayne.
 Then she with tender hand / his tender palme hath prest :
- 268 What ioy, trow you was graffed so / in Romeus clouen brest ?
 The soodain sweete delight / hath stopped quite his tong :
 Ne can he claime of her his right, / ne craue redresse of wrong.
 But she espyd straight waye / by chaunging of his hewe
- 272 From pale to red, from red to pale, / and so from pale anewe :
 That vehment loue was cause, / why so his tong dyd stay :
 And somuch more she longdeto heare / what loue could teache himsaye.
 When she had longed long, / and he long held his peace,
- 276 And her desire of hearing him, / by sylence dyd encrease.
 At last with trembling voyce / and shamefast chere, the mayde
 Vnto her Romeus tournde her selfe, / and thus to him she sayde.
 O blessed be the time / of thy arriual here :
- 280 But ere she could speake forth the rest, / to her loue drewe so nere :
 And so within her mouth, / her tong he glewed fast,
 That no one woord could scape her more, / then what already past.
 In great contented ease / the yong man straight is rapt,
- 284 What chaunce (q' he) vnware to me / O lady myne is hapt ?
 That geues you worthy cause, / my cumming here to blisse :
 Fayre Iuliet was come agayne / vnto her selfe by this.
 Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, / then sayd with smylyng cheere :

- 288 Meruayle no whit my heartes delight, / my onely knight and fere.
Mercutious ysy hande / had all to frosen myne [F. 9]
And of thy goodnes thou agayne / hast warmed it with thine.
Whereto with stayed brow, / gan Romeus to replye
- 292 If so the gods haue graunted me, / suche fauour from the skye,
That by my being here, / some seruice I haue donne
That pleaseth you I am as glad, / as I a realme had wonne,
O wel bestowed tyme. / that hath the happy hyre,
- 296 Which I woulde wysh if I might haue, / my wished harts desire.
For I of God woulde craue, / as pryse of paynes forpast.
To serue, obey, and honor you, / so long as lyfe shall last.
As prooffe shall teache you playne, / if that you like to trye
- 300 His faultes truth, that nill for ought, / vnto his lady lye.
But if my tooched hand, / haue warmed yours some dele
Assure your self the heat is colde, / which in your hand you fele.
Compard to suche quick sparks / and glowing furious gleade
- 304 As from your bewties pleasaunt eyne, / loue caused to proceade.
Which haue so set on fyre, / eche feling parte of myne.
That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye : / my vtwerd parts doe pyne.
And but you helpe all whole, / to ashes shall I toorne :
- 308 Wherefore (alas) haue ruth on him, / whom you do force to boorne.
Euen with his ended tale, / the torches daunce had ende,
And Iuliet of force must part / from her new chosen frend.
His hand she clasped hard, / and all her partes did shake :
- 312 When lay sureles with whispring voyce / thus did she aunswer make.
You are no more your owne / (deare frend) then I am yours
(My honor saued) prest toby / your will, while life endures.
Lo here the lucky lot / that sild true louers finde :
- 316 Eche takes away the others hart, / and leaues the owne behinde.
A happy life is loue / if God graunt from aboue,
That hart with hart by euen waight / doo make exchaunge of loue.
But Romeus gone from her, / his heart for care is colde :
- 320 He hath forgot to aske her name / that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere, / of one he seekes to knowe,
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, / that him enchaunted so.
So hath he learnd her name, / and knowth she is no geast.
- 324 Her father was a Capilet, / and master of the feast.

- Thus hath his foe in choise / to geue him lyfe or death : [Fo. 10]
 That scarcely can his wofull brest / keepe in the liuely breath.
 Wherefore with piteous plaint / feerce Fortune doth he blame :
 328 That in his ruth and wretched plight / doth seeke her laughing game.
 And he reproueth loue, / cheefe cause of his vnrest :
 Who ease and freedome hath exilde / out of his youthfull brest.
 Twyse hath he made him serue, / hopeles of his rewarde :
 332 Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, / I weene the choise were harde.
 Fyrst to a ruthlesse one / he made him sue for grace :
 And now with spurre he forceth him / to runne an endles race.
 Amyd these stormy seas / one ancor doth him holde,
 336 He serueth not a cruell one, / as he had done of olde.
 And therfore is content, / and chooseth still to serue :
 Though hap should sweare that guerdonles / the wretched wight
 should sterue.
 The lot of Tantalus / is Romeus lyke to thine
 340 For want of foode amid his foode, / the myser styll doth pine.
 As carefull was the mayde / what way were best deuise
 To learne his name, that intertaind / her in so gentle wise.
 Of whome her hart receiued / so deepe, so wyde a wounde,
 344 An auncient dame she calde to her, / and in her eare gan rounde.
 This olde dame in her youth, / had nurst her with her mylke,
 With slender nedle taught her sow, / and how to spin with silke.
 What twayne are those (quoth she) / which prease vnto the doore,
 348 Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, / two toorches light before.
 And then as eche of them / had of his houshold name,
 So she him namde yet once agayne / the yong and wyly dame.
 And tell me who is he / with vysor in his hand
 352 That yender doth in masking weede / besyde the window stand.
 His name is Romeus / (said she) a Montegewe.
 Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife / which both your hous-
 holdes rewe.
 The woord of Montegew, / her ioyes did ouerthrow,
 356 And straight in steade of happy hope, / dyspayre began to growe.
 What hap haue I quoth she, / to loue my fathers foe?
 What, am I wery of my wele? / what, doe I wishe my woe?
 But though her grieuous paynes / distraind her tender hart,

- 360 Yet with an outward shewe of ioye / she cloked inward smart.
And of the courtlyke dames / her leaue so courtly tooke, [Fol. 11]
That none dyd gesse the sodain change / by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers hest / to chamber she her hyde
- 364 So well she faynde, mother ne nurce, / the hidden harme descride.
But when she should haue slept / as wont she was, in bed,
Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe / could harber in her hed.
For loe, an hugy heape / of dyuers thoughtes arise
- 368 That rest haue banisht from her hart, / and slumber from her eyes.
And now from side to side / she tosseth and she turnes,
And now for feare she sheuereth, / and now for loue she burnes.
And now she lyketh her choyse, / and now her choyse she blames,
- 372 And now eche houre within her head / a thousand fansies frames
Sometime in mynde to stop, / amynd her course begonne
Sometime she vowes what so betyde, / that attempted race to ronne.
Thus dangers dred and loue, / within the mayden fought,
- 376 The fight was feerce continuynge long / by their contrary thought.
In tournynge mase of loue / she wandreth too and fro,
Then standeth doubtfull what to doe, / last ouerprest with woe.
How so her fansies cease, / her teares dyd neuer blyn,
- 380 With heauy cheere and wringed hands / thus doth her plaint begyn.
Ah sily foole (quoth she) / ycought in soottill snare :
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe, / ah caytife clad with care.
Whence come these wandring thoughtes / to thy vnconstant brest ?
- 384 By straying thus from raysons lore, / that reue thy wonted rest.
What if his suttell brayne / to fayne haue taught his tong,
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse / thy tender hart hath stong ?
What if with frendly speache / the traytor lye in wayte ?
- 388 As oft the poysond hooke is hid, / wrapt in the pleasant bayte ?
Oft vnder cloke of truth / hath falshod serued her lust ;
And toornd theyr honor into shame, / that did so slightly trust.
What, was not Dido so, / a crouned Queene, defamd ?
- 392 And eke, for such an heynous cryme, / haue men not Theseus blamd ?
A thousand stories more, / to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ouids bookes / too playnely written are.
Perhaps, the great reuenge / he cannot worke by strength,
- 396 By suttell sleight (my honor staynde) / he hopes to worke at length.

- So shall I seeke to finde / my fathers foe, his game; [Fo. 12]
 So I befyld Report shall take / her trompe of blacke defame,
 Whence she with puffed cheeke / shall blowe a blast so shrill
 400 Of my dispraise, that with the noyse / Verona shall she fill.
 Then I, a laughing stocke / through all the towne becomeme,
 Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, / within an hollowe toombe.
 Straight vnderneath her foote / she treadeth in the dust
 404 Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, / ybred of fond distrust.
 No, no, by God aboue, / I wot it well, quoth shee,
 Although I rashely spake before, / in no wise can it bee,
 That where such perfet shape / with pleasant bewty restes,
 408 There crooked craft and trayson blacke / should be appoynted gestes.
 Sage writers say, the thoughts / are dwelling in the eyne;
 Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, / that Romeus is myne.
 The tong the messenger / eke call they of the mynd;
 412 So that I see he loueth me, / shall I then be vnkynd?
 His faces rosy hew / I saw full oft to seeke;
 And straight againe it flashed forth, / and spred in eyther cheeke.
 His fyxed heavenly eyne / that through me quite did perce
 416 His thoughts vnto my hart, my thought / they semed to rehearse.
 What ment his foltring tunge / in telling of his tale?
 The trembling of his ioyns, and eke / his cooler waxen pale?
 And whilst I talkt with him, / hym self he hath exylde
 420 Out of him self (as seemed me) / ne was I sure begylde.
 Those arguments of loue / craft wrate not in his face,
 But natures hande, when all deceyte / was banishd out of place.
 What other certayn signes / seke I of his good wil?
 424 These doo suffice; and stedfast I / will loue and serue him still,
 Till Attropos shall cut / my fatall thread of lyfe,
 So that he mynde to make of me / his lawfull wedded wyfe.
 For so perchaunce this new / aliance may procure
 428 Vnto our houses such a peace / as euer shall endure.
 Oh how we can perswade / our self to what we like,
 And how we can diswade our mynd, / if ought our mynd mislyke.
 Weake arguments are stronge, / our fansies streyght to frame
 432 To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, / if we mislike the same.
 The mayde had scarsely yet / ended the wery warre, [Fo. 13]

- Kept in her heart by struing thoughtes, / when euery shining starre
Had payd his borrowed light, / and Phebus spred in skies
436 His golden rayes, which seemd to say, / now time it is to rise.
And Romeus had by this / forsaken his wery bed,
Where restles he a thousand thoughts / had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring step / by Iuliets house he past,
440 And vpward to her windowes high / his gredy eyes did cast :
His loue that looked for him / there gan he straight espie.
With pleasant cheere eche greeted is ; / she followeth with her eye
His parting steppes, and he / oft looketh backe againe,
444 But not so oft as he desyres ; / warely he doth refraine.
What life were lyke to loue, / if dred of ieopardy
Ysowed not the sweete ; if loue / were free from ielosy.
But she more sure within, / vnseene of any wight,
448 When so he comes, lookes after him / till he be out of sight.
In often passing so, / his busy eyes he threw,
That euery pane and tooting hole / the wily louer knew.
In happy houre he doth / a garden plot espye,
452 From which, except he warely walke, / men may his loue descrye ;
For lo, it fronted full / vpon her leaning place,
Where she is woont to shew her heart / by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arbors might / theyr secret loue bewraye,
456 He doth keepe backe his forward foote / from passing there by daye ;
But when on earth the night / her mantel blacke hath spred,
Well armd he walketh foorth alone, / ne dreadfull foes doth dred.
Whom maketh loue not bold, / naye whom makes he not blynde ?
460 He reueth daungers dread oft times / out of the louers minde.
By night he passeth here, / a weeke or two in vayne ;
And for the missing of his marke, / his grieve hath him nye slaine.
And Iuliet that now / doth lacke her hearts releefe :
464 Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I meene) / is almost dead for greefe.
Eche day she chaungeth howres / (for louers keepe an howre)
When they are sure to see theyr loue, / in passing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, / she hapt to leane one night
468 Within her window, and anon / the Moone did shine so bright
That she espyde her loue, / her hart reuiued, sprang ; [Fo. 14]
And now for ioy she clappes her handes, / which erst for woe she wrang.

- Eke Romeus, when he sawe / his long desired sight,
 472 His moorning cloke of mone cast of, / hath clad him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both / that she reioyced more :
 His care was great, hers twice as great / was all the tyme before ;
 For whilst she knew not why / he dyd himselfe absent,
 476 Ay douting both his health and lyfe, / his death she dyd lament.
 For loue is fearefull oft, / where is no cause of feare :
 And what loue feares, that loue laments, / as though it chaunced weare.
 Of greater cause alway / is greater woork ybred :
 480 While he nought douteth of her helth, / she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is / the cause of Romeus smart :
 By happy hope of sight agayne / he feedes his faynting hart.
 What woonder then if he / were wrapt in lesse annoye ?
 484 What maruell if by sodain sight / she fed of greater ioye ?
 His smaller greefe or ioy / no smaller loue doo proue ;
 Ne, for she passed him in both, / did she him passe in loue :
 But eche of them alike / dyd burne in equall flame,
 488 The welbelouing knight, and eke / the welbeloued dame.
 Now whilst with bitter teares / her eyes as fountaynes ronne :
 With whispering voyce, ybroke with sobs, / thus is her tale begonne :
 Oh Romeus (of your lyfe) / too laus sure you are :
 492 That in this place, and at thys tyme / to hasard it you dare.
 What if your dedly foes / my kynsmen, saw you here ?
 Lyke Lyons wyld, your tender partes / asonder would they teare.
 In ruth and in disdayne, / I, weary of my life :
 496 With cruell hand my moorning hart / would perce with bloody knyfe.
 For you, myne owne once dead, / what ioy should I haue heare ?
 And eke my honor staynde which I / then lyfe doe holde more deare.
 Fayre lady myne, dame Iuliet, / my lyfe (quod he)
 500 Euen from my byrth committed was / to fatall sisters three.
 They may in spyte of foes, / draw foorth my liuely threed ;
 And they also, who so sayth nay, / a sonder may it shreed.
 But who to reauue my lyfe, / his rage and force would bende,
 504 Perhaps should trye vnto his payne / how I it could defende.
 Ne yet I loue it so, / but alwayes, for your sake,
 A sacrifice to death I would / my wounded corps betake.
 If my mishappe were such, / that here, before your sight,

- 508 I should restore agayne to death, / of lyfe my borowde light,
This one thing and no more / my parting sprite would rewe :
That part he should, before that you / by certaine triall knew
The loue I owe to you, / the thrall I languish in :
- 512 And how I dread to loose the gayne / which I doe hope to win :
And how I wishe for lyfe, / not for my propre ease :
But that in it, you might I loue, / you honor, serue and please.
Tyll dedly pangs the sprite / out of the corps shall send :
- 516 And therupon he sware an othe, / and so his tale had ende.
Now loue and pittie boyle / in Iuliets ruthfull brest,
In windowe on her leaning arme / her weary hed doth rest
Her bosome bathd in teares, / to witnes inward payne,
- 520 With dreary chere to Romeus / thus aunswerd she agayne
Ah my deere Romeus, / keepe in these woordes (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce, / already maketh me
For pittie and for dred / welnigh to yelde vp breath :
- 524 In euen ballance peysed are / my life and eke my death.
For so my hart is knitte, / yea, made one selfe with yours :
That sure there is no greefe so small, / by which your mynde endures.
But as you suffer payne, / so I doe beare in part :
- 528 (Although it lessens not your greefe) / the halfe of all your smart.
But these things ouerpast, / if of your health and myne
You haue respect, or pittie ought / my teary weping eyen :
In few vnfaigned words / your hidden mynd vnfolde,
- 532 That as I see your pleasant face, / your heart I may beholde.
For if you doe intende / my honor to defile :
In error shall you wander still / as you haue done this whyle,
But if your thought be chaste, / and haue on vertue ground,
- 536 If wedlocke be the ende and marke / which your desire hath found :
Obedience set aside, / vnto my parentes dewe :
The quarell eke that long agoe / betwene our housholdes grewe :
Both me and myne I will / all whole to you betake :
- 540 And following you where so you goe, / my fathers house forsake.
But if by wanton loue, / and by vnlawfull sute. [*For. 16*]
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke / my maydenhods dainty frute :
You are begylded, and now / your Iuliet you be seekes
- 544 To cease your sute, and suffer her / to liue among her likes.

- Then Romeus, whose thought / was free from fowle desyre :
 And to the top of vertues haight / did worthely aspyre :
 Was fild with greater ioy / then can my pen expresse :
 548 Or, till they haue enioyd the like / the hearers hart can gesse.
 And then with ioyned hands / heaud vp into the skies :
 He thanks the Gods, and from the heauens / for vengeance downe
 he cries,
 If he haue other thought, / but as his lady spake :
 552 And then his looke he toornd to her, / and thus did aunswer make.
 Since Lady, that you like / to honor me so much,
 As to accept me for your spouse, / I yeld my selfe for such.
 In true witnes wherof, / because I must depart,
 556 Till that my deede do proue my woord, / I leaue in pawne my hart.
 To morow eke betimes, / before the sunne arise :
 To fryer Lawrence will I wende, / to learne his sage aduise.
 He is my gostly syre, / and oft he hath me taught
 560 What I should doe in things of wayght, / when I his ayde haue sought.
 And at this selfe same houre, / I plyte you here my fayth :
 I wil be here (if you thinke good) / to tell you what he sayth.
 She was contented well, / els fauour found he none
 564 That night, at lady Iuliets hand, / saue pleasant woordes alone.
 This barefoote fryer gyrt / with cord his grayish weede,
 For he of Frauncis order was, / a fryer as I reede.
 Not as the most was he, / a grosse vnlearned foole :
 568 But doctor of diuinitie / proceded he in schoole.
 The secretes eke he knew, / in natures woorkes that loorke :
 By magiks arte most men supposd / that he could wonders woorke.
 Ne doth it ill beseeme / deuines those skills to know :
 572 If on no harmefull deede they do / such skilfulnes bestow.
 For iustly of no arte / can men condemne the vse :
 But right and reasons lore crye out / agaynst the lewd abuse.
 The bounty o the fryer / and wisdom hath so wonne
 576 The townes folks herts, that welnigh all / to fryer Lawrence ronne.
 To shriue them selfe the olde, / the yong, the great and small : [Fol. 17]
 Of all he is beloued well, / and honord much of all.
 And for he did the rest / in wisdome farre exceede :
 580 The prince by him (his counsell craude) / was holpe at time of neede.

- Betwixt the Capilets / and him great frendship grew :
A secret and assured frend / vnto the Montegue.
Loued of this yong man more / then any other gest,
584 The frier eke of Verone youth / aye liked Romeus best.
For whom he euer hath / in time of his distres :
(As erst you heard) by skilfull lore / found out his harmes redresse.
To him is Romeus gonne, / ne stayth he till the morowe :
588 To him he paynteth all his case, / his passed ioy and sorow.
How he hath her espyde / with other dames in daunce,
And how that first to talke with her, / himselfe he did aduaunce ;
Their talke and change of lookes / he gan to him declare :
592 And how so fast by fayth and troth / they both ycoupled are,
That neither hope of lyfe, / nor dreed of cruel death,
Shall make him false his fayth to her / while lyfe shall lend him
breath.
And then with weping eyes / he prayes his gostly syre
596 To further and accomplish all / theyr honest hartes desire.
A thousand doutes and moe / in thold mans hed arose :
A thousand daungers like to come, / the olde man doth disclose,
And from the spousall rites / he readeth him refrayne :
600 Perhaps he shalbe bet aduisde / within a weeke or twayne.
Aduise is banishd quite / from those that followe loue,
Except aduise to what they like / theyr bending mynde do moue.
As well the father might / haue counseld him to stay
604 That from a mountaines top thrown downe, / is falling halfe the way :
As warne his frend to stop, / amynd his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip / enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earnest sute, / the fryer doth graunt at last :
608 And part, because he thinkes the stormes / so lately ouerpast,
Of both the housholdes wrath / this mariage might apeace,
So that they should not rage agayne, / but quite for euer cease.
The respite of a day / he asketh to deuysse :
612 What way were best, vnkowne to ende / so great an enterprise.
The wounded man that now / doth dedly paines endure : [Fol. 18]
Scarce pacient tarieth whilst his leech / doth make the salue to cure.
So Romeus hardly graunts / a short day and a night,
616 Yet nedes he must, els must he want / his onely hearts delight.

- You see that Romeus / no time or payne doth spare :
 Thinke that the whilst fayre Iuliet / is not deuoyde of care.
 Yong Romeus powreth foorth / his hap and his mishap,
 620 Into the friers brest, but where / shall Iuliet vnwrap
 The secretes of her hart ? / to whom shall she vnfolde,
 Her hidden burning loue, and eke / her thought and cares so colde.
 The nurce of whom I spake / within her chaumber laye :
 624 Vpon the mayde she wayteth still, / to her she doth bewray
 Her new receiued wound, / and then her ayde doth craue :
 In her she saith it lyes to spill, / in her, her life to saue.
 Not easely she made / the froward nurce to bowe :
 628 But wonne at length, with promest hyre / she made a solemne vowe.
 To do what she commaundes, / as handmayd of her hest :
 Her mistres secrets hide she will, / within her couert brest.
 To Romeus she goes / of him she doth desyre,
 632 To know the meane of mariage / by counsell of the fryre.
 On Saturday, quod he, / if Iuliet come to shrift,
 She shalbe shriued and married, / how lyke you noorse this drift ?
 Now by my truth (quod she) / gods blessing haue your hart :
 636 For yet in all my life I haue / not heard of such a part.
 Lord, how you yong men can / such crafty wiles deuise,
 If that you loue the daughter well / to bleare the mothers eyes.
 An easy thing it is / with cloke of holines,
 640 To mocke the sely mother that / suspecteth nothing lesse
 But that it pleased you / to tell me of the case.
 For all my many yeres perhaps, / I should have found it scarce.
 Now for the rest let me / and Iuliet alone :
 644 To get her leaue, some feate excuse / I will deuise anone.
 For that her golden lockes / by sloth haue been vnkempt :
 Or for vnwares some wanton dreame / the youthfull damsell drempt,
 Or for in thoughts of loue / her ydel time she spent :
 648 Or otherwise within her hart / deserued to be shent.
 I know her mother will / in no case say her nay : [Fol. 19]
 I warrant you she shall not fayle / to come on Saturday.
 And then she sweares to him, / the mother loues her well :
 652 And how she gaue her sucke in youth / she leaueth not to tell.
 A prety babe (quod she) / it was when it was yong :

- Lord how it could full pretely / haue prated with it tong.
A thousand times and more / I laid her on my lappe,
656 And clapt her on the buttocke soft / and kist where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I / of such a kisse forsooth :
Then I had been to haue a kisse / of some olde lechers mouth.
And thus of Iuliets youth / began this prating noorse,
660 And of her present state to make / a tedious long discoorse.
For though he pleasure tooke / in hearing of his loue :
The message aunswer seemed him / to be of more behoue.
But when these Beldams sit / at ease vpon theyr tayle :
664 The day and eke the candle light / before theyr talke shall fayle.
And part they say is true, / and part they do deuise :
Yet boldly do they chat of both / when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he .vi. crownes of gold / out of his pocket drew :
668 And gaue them her, a slight reward / (quod he) and so adiew.
In seuen yeres twise tolde / she had not bowd so lowe,
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe, / she sweares she will bestowe.
Her crafty wit, her time, / and all her busy payne,
672 To helpe him to his hoped blisse, / and, cowering downe agayne :
She takes her leaue, and home / she hies with speddy pace :
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then / she saith with smyling face.
Good newes for thee, my gyrl, / good tidinges I thee bring :
676 Leaue of thy woonted song of care / and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thy selfe / the happiest vnder sonne :
That in so little while, so well / so worthy a knight hast wonne.
The best yshapde is he, / and hath the fayrest face,
680 Of all this towne, and there is none / hath halfe so good a grace.
So gentle of his speche, / and of his counsell wise :
And still with many prayses more / she heaued him to the skies.
Tell me els what (quod she) / this euermore I thought :
684 But of our mariage say at once, / what aunswer haue you brought ?
Nay, soft, quoth she, I feare, / your hurt by sodain ioye : [P. 20]
I list not play. quoth Iuliet, / although thou list to toye.
How glad, trow you was she, / when she had heard her say :
688 No farther of then Saturday, / differed was the day.
Againe the auncient nurce / doth speake of Romeus,
And then (said she) he spake to me, / and then I spake him thus.

- Nothing was done or said, / that she hath left vntolde,
 692 Saue onely one, that she forgot / the taking of the golde.
 There is no losse, quod she, / (sweete wench) to losse of time :
 Ne in thine age shalt thou repent / so much of any crime.
 For when I call to mynde, / my former passed youth :
- 696 One thing there is which most of all / doth cause my endles ruth.
 At sixtene yeres I first / did choose my louing feere :
 And I was fully ripe before, (I dare well say) a yere.
 The pleasure that I lost, / that yere so ouerpast :
- 700 A thousand times I haue bewept, / and shall while lyfe doth last.
 In fayth it were a shame, / yea sinne it were, ywisse,
 When thou mayst liue in happy ioy / to set light by thy blisse.
 She that this mornynge could / her mistres mynde dissuade,
- 704 Is now become an Oratresse, / her lady to perswade.
 If any man be here / whom loue hath clad with care :
 To him I speake, if thou wilt speede, / thy purse thou must not spare,
 Two sortes of men there are, / seeld welcome in at doore :
- 708 The welthy sparing nigard, and / the sutor that is poore.
 For glittering gold is woont / by kynd to mooue the hart :
 And often times a slight rewarde / doth cause a more desart.
 Ywritten haue I red, / I wot not in what booke,
- 712 There is no better way to fishe, / then with a golden hooke.
 Of Romeus these two, / doe sitte and chat a while,
 And to them selfe they laugh, how they / the mother shall begyle.
 A feate excuse they finde, / but sure I know it not :
- 716 And leaue for her to goe to shrift / on Saterday she got.
 So well this Iuliet, / this wyly wench dyd know
 Her mothers angry houres, and eke / the true bent of her bowe.
 The Saterday betimes / in sober weede yclad,
- 720 She tooke her leaue, and forth she went / with visage graue and sad.
 With her the nurce is sent / as brydle of her lust : [Fo. 21]
 With her the mother sendes a mayde, / almost of equall trust.
 Betwixt her teeth the bytte / the Ienet now hath caught :
- 724 So warely eke the vyrgin walkes / her mayde perceiueth nought.
 She gaseth not in church, / on yong men of the towne :
 Ne wandreth she from place to place, / but straight she kneleth downe
 Vpon an alters step, / where she deuoutly prayes :

- 728 And there vpon her tender knees / the wery lady staves :
Whilst she doth send her mayde / the certain truth to know,
If fryer Lawrence laysure had, / to heare her shrift, or no.
Out of his shriuing place / he commes with pleasant cheere :
- 732 The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow / to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (q' he) / you haue committed late :
Perhaps you haue displeasd your frend, / by geuing him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce, / and to the other mayde :
- 736 Goe heare a masse or two quod he, / which straight way shalbe sayde.
For, her confession heard, / I will vnto you twayne
The charge that I receiud of you, / restore to you agayne.
What, was not Iuliet / trow you, right well apayde?
- 740 That for this trusty fryre hath chaungde / her yong mistrusting mayde?
I dare well say there is / in all Verona none :
But Romeus, with whom she would / so gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell, / they both fourth walked bin :
- 744 He shuts the doore as soone as he / and Iuliet were in.
But Romeus, her frend, / was entred in before :
And there had wayted for his loue, / two howers large and more.
Eche minute seemde an howre, / and euery howre a day :
- 748 Twixt hope he liued and despayre, / of cumming or of stay.
Now wauering hope and feare, / are quite fled out of sight.
For, what he hopde he hath at hande / his pleasant cheefe delight.
And ioyfull Iuliet / is healde of all her smart :
- 752 For now the rest of all her parts, / haue found her straying hart.
Both theyr confessions first / the fryer hath heard them make :
And then to her with lowder voyce / thus fryer Lawrence spake.
Fayre lady Iuliet / my gostly doughter deere :
- 756 As farre as I of Romeus learne / who by you standeth here :
Twixt you it is agreed / that you shalbe his wyfe : [Fo. 22]
And he your spouse in steady truth / till death shall end your life.
Are you both fully bent / to kepe this great behest?
- 760 And both the louers said it was / theyr onely harts request.
When he did see theyr myndes / in linkes of loue so fast :
When in the prayse of wedlocks state / somme skilfull talke was past.

- When he had told at length / the wife what was her due :
- 764 His duety eke by gostly talke / the youthfull husband knew.
 How that the wife in loue / must honor and obey :
 What loue and honor he doth owe, / and dette that he must pay.
 The woords pronouncd were / which holy church of olde
- 768 Appointed hath for mariage ; / and she a ring of golde
 Receiued of Romeus ; / and then they both arose.
 To whom the frier then said, perchaunce / a part you will disclose
 Betwixt your selfe alone / the bottome of your hart :
- 772 Say on at once, for time it is / that hence you should depart.
 Then Romeus said to her, / (both loth to part so soone :)
 Fayre lady send to me agayne / your nurce this after noone.
 Of corde I will bespeake, / a ladder by that time :
- 776 By which, this night, while other sleepe, / I will your window clime.
 Then will we talke of loue, / and of our olde dispayres :
 And then with longer laysure had, / dispose our great affaires.
 These said, they kisse, and then / part to theyr fathers house :
- 780 The ioyfull bryde vnto her home, / to his eke goth the spouse.
 Contented both, and yet / both vncontented still :
 Till night and Venus child, geue leaue / the wedding to fulfill.
 The painfull souldiour sore / ybet with wery warre :
- 784 The merchant eke that nedefull things / doth dred to fetch from farre :
 The plowman that for doute / of feerce inuading foes,
 Rather to sit in ydle ease / then sowe his tilt hath chose :
 Reioyce to heare proclaymd / the tydings of the peace :
- 788 Not pleasurd with the sound so much ; / but, when the warres do cease.
 Then ceased are the harmes / which cruell warre bringes forth.
 The merchant then may boldly fetch / his wares of precious woorth.
 Dredelesse the husband man / doth till his fertile feeld :
- 792 For welth her mate, not for her selfe, / is peace so precious held.
 So louers liue in care, / in dread, and in vnrest : [Fo. 23]
 And dedly warre by striuing thoughts / they kepe within their brest.
 But wedlocke is the peace / wherby is freedome wonne,
- 796 To do a thousand pleasant thinges / that should not els be donne.
 The newes of ended warre / these two haue hard with ioy :
 But now they long the fruite of peace / with pleasure to enioy.
 In stormy wind and waue, / in daunger to be lost :

- 800 Thy stearles ship (O Romeus) / hath been long while betost.
The seas are now appeasd, / and thou by happy starre
Art comme in sight of quiet hauen : / and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with swelling tyde, / boldly thou mayst resort
- 804 Vnto thy wedded ladies bed, / thy long desyred port.
God graunt, no follies mist / so dymme thy inward sight,
That thou do misse the chanell, that / doth leade to thy delight.
God graunt no daungers rocke / ylurking in the darke,
- 808 Before thou win the happy port / wracke thy sea beaten barke.
A seruant Romeus had, / of woord and deede so iust :
That with his life (if nede requierd) / his master would him trust,
His faithfulnes had oft / our Romeus proued of olde
- 812 And therfore all that yet was done / vnto his man he tolde.
Who straight as he was charged, / a corden ladder lookes :
To which he hath made fast two strong / and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to send the nurce / at twylight fayleth not :
- 816 To whom the bridegroome yeuen hath, / the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him / appointeth her an howre :
For whether Fortune smyle on him, / or if she list to lowre,
He will not misse to comme / to his appoynted place,
- 820 Where wont he was to take by stelth / the view of Iuliets face.
How long these louers thought / the lasting of the day,
Let other iudge that woonted are / lyke passions to assay.
For my part, I do gesse / eche howre seemes twenty yere :
- 824 So that I deeme if they might haue / (as of Alcume we heare)
The sunne bond to theyr will, / if they the heauens might gyde :
Black shade of night and doubled darke / should straight all ouer hyde.
Thappointed howre is comme, / he, clad in riche araye,
- 828 Walkes toward his desyred home, / good Fortune gyde his way.
Approching nere the place / from whence his hart had life : [Fo. 24]
So light he wox, he lept the wall, / and there he spyde his wife.
Who in the windowe watcht / the cumming of her lorde :
- 832 Where she so surely had made fast / the ladder made of corde :
That daungerles her spouse / the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wisht himselfe / aboue ten thousand times.
The windowes close are shut, / els looke they for no gest,
- 836 To light the waxen quariers, / the auncient nurce is prest,

- Which Iuliet had before / prepared to be light,
 That she at pleasure might beholde / her husbandes bewty bright.
 A Carchef white as snowe, / ware Iuliet on her hed,
 840 Such as she wonted was to weare, / attyre meete for the bed.
 As soone as she him spyde, / about his necke she clong:
 And by her long and slender armes / a great while there she hong.
 A thousand times she kist, / and him vnkist agayne:
 844 Ne could she speake a woord to him / though would she nere so fayne.
 And like betwixt his armes / to faynt his lady is:
 She fettes a sigh, and clappeth close / her closed mouth to his.
 And ready then to sownde / she looked ruthfully:
 848 That loe, it made him both at once / to liue and eke to dye.
 These piteous painfull panges / were haply ouerpast:
 And she vnto her selfe agayne / retorned home at last.
 Then, through her troubled brest, / euen from the farthest part,
 852 An hollow sigh, a messenger / she sendeth from her hart.
 O Romeus, quoth she, / in whome all vertues shyne:
 Welcome thou art into this place / where from these eyes of myne,
 Such teary streames dyd flowe, / that I suppose welny
 856 The source of all my bitter teares / is altogether drye.
 Absence so pynde my heart, / which on thy presence fed:
 And of thy safetie and thy health / so much I stood in dred.
 But now what is decreed / by fatall desteny:
 860 I force it not let Fortune do / and death their woorst to me.
 Full recompensd am I / for all my passed harmes,
 In that the Gods haue graunted me / to claspe thee in myne armes.
 The christall teares began / to stand in Romeus eyes,
 864 When he vnto his ladies woordes / gan aunswere in this wise.
 Though cruell Fortune be / so much my dedly foe: [Fo. 25]
 That I ne can by liuely prooffe / cause thee (fayre dame) to knowe
 How much I am by loue / enthralled vnto thee:
 868 Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast / by thy desert, on me.
 Ne tormentes that for thee / I did ere this endure:
 Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) / I may thee well assure.
 The least of many paynes / which of thy absence sprong:
 872 More paynefully then death it selfe / my tender hart hath wroong.
 Ere this one death had reft / a thousand deathes away:

- But lyfe prolonged was by hope, / of this desired day.
Which so iust tribute payes / of all my passed mone :
- 876 That I as well contented am / as if my selfe alone
Did from the Ocean reigne / vnto the sea of Inde :
Wherefore now let vs wipe away / old cares out of our mynde.
For as the wretched state / is now redrest at last,
- 880 So is it skill behinde our backe / the cursed care to cast.
Since Fortune of her grace / hath place and time assinde
Where we with pleasure may content / our vncontented minde.
In Lethes hyde we deepe / all greefe and all annoy,
- 884 Whilst we do bath in blisse, and fill / our hungry harts with ioye.
And, for the time to comme, / let be our busy care :
So wisely to direct our loue / as no wight els be ware.
Lest enuious foes by force / despoyle our new delight,
- 888 And vs throwe backe from happy state / to more vnhappy plight.
Fayre Iuliet began / to aunswere what he sayde :
But foorth in hast the olde nurce stept, / and so her aunswere stayde.
Who takes not time (quoth she) / when time well offred is,
- 892 An other time shall seeke for time, / and yet of time shall misse.
And when occasion serues, / who so doth let it slippe,
Is woorthy sure (if I might iudge) / of lashes with a whippe.
Wherefore, if eche of you / hath harmde the other so,
- 896 And eche of you hath been the cause / of others wayled woe,
Loe here a field, (she shewd / a fieilded ready dight)
Where you may, if you list, in armes, / reuenge your selfe by fight.
Wherto these louers both / gan easely assent,
- 900 And to the place of mylde reuenge / with pleasant cheere they went.
Where they were left alone, / the nurce is gone to rest : [Fo. 26]
How can this be? they restles lye, / ne yet they feelee vnrest.
I graunt that I enuie / the blisse they liued in :
- 904 Oh that I might haue found the like, / I wish it for no sin.
But that I might as well / with pen their ioyes depaynt,
As here tofore I haue displayd / their secret hidden playnt.
Of shyuering care and dred, / I haue felt many a fit,
- 908 But Fortune such delight as theyrs / dyd neuer graunt me yet.
By prooffe no certain truth / can I vnhappy write :
But what I gesse by likelihod, / that dare I to endite.

- The blyndfyld goddesse that / with frowning face doth fraye,
 912 And from theyr seate the mighty kinges / throwes downe with hed-
 long sway :
 Begynneth now to turne, / to these her smyling face,
 Nedes must they tast of great delight, / so much in Fortunes grace
 If Cupid, God of loue, / be God of pleasant sport,
 916 I thinck, O Romeus Mars himselfe / enuies thy happy sort.
 Ne Venus iustly might, / (as I suppose) repent,
 If in thy stead (O Iuliet) / this pleasant time she spent.
 Thus passe they forth the night / in sport, in ioly game :
 920 The hastines of Phoebus steeds / in great despyte they blame.
 And now the virgins fort / hath warlike Romeus got,
 In which as yet no breache was made / by force of canon shot,
 And now in ease he doth / possesse the hoped place :
 924 How glad was he, speake you that may / your louers parts embrace ?
 The mariage thus made vp, / and both the parties pleasd :
 The nigh approche of dayes retoorne / these seely foles diseasd.
 And for they might no while / in pleasure passe theyr time,
 928 Ne leysure had they much to blame / the hasty mornings crime :
 With frendly kisse in armes / of her his leaue he takes,
 And euery other night to come, / a solemne othe he makes.
 By one selfe meane, and eke / to come at one selfe howre :
 932 And so he doth till Fortune list / to sawse his sweete, with sowre.
 But who is he that can / his present state assure ?
 And say vnto himselfe, thy ioyes / shall yet a day endure.
 So wauering Fortunes whele / her chaunges be so straunge.
 936 And euery wight ythralled is / by fate vnto her chaunge :
 Who raignes so ouer all, / that eche man hath his part : [Fo. 27]
 (Although not aye perchaunce alike) / of pleasure and of smart.
 For after many ioyes, / some feele but little payne :
 940 And from that little greefe they toorne / to happy ioy againe.
 But other somme there are, / that liuing long in woe,
 At length they be in quiet ease, / but long abide not so ;
 Whose greefe is much increast / by myrth that went before :
 944 Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges / doth make it seeme the more.
 Of this vn lucky sorte / our Romeus is one,
 For all his hap turnes to mishap, / and all his myrth to mone.

- And ioyfull Iuliet / an other leafe must toorne :
948 As wont she was (her ioyes bereft) / she must begin to moorne.
The summer of their blisse, / doth last a month or twayne :
But winters blast with spedy foote / doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious fortune erst / had heaued to the skies :
952 By enuious fortune ouerthrowne / on earth now groueling lyes.
She payd theyr former greefe / with pleasures doubled gayne,
But now for pleasures vsery / ten folde redoubleth payne.
The prince could neuer cause / those households so agree,
956 But that some sparckles of their wrath, / as yet remaining bee.
Which lye this while raakd vp, / in ashes pale and ded,
Till tyme do serue that they agayne / in wasting flame may spred.
At holiest times, men say / most heynous crimes are donne,
960 The morowe after Easter day / the mischief new begonne.
A band of Capilets / did meete (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Pursers gate, / a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe, / a yong man haue chose out :
964 Best exercisd in feates of armes, / and noblest of the rowte,
Our Iulietis vnkles sonne / that cliped was Tibalt :
He was of body tall and strong, / and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet sounde / to byd them geue the charge,
968 So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce / and mouth out stretched
large :
Now, now (quod he) my frends, / our selfe so let vs wreake,
That of this dayes reuenge and vs / our childrens heyres may speake.
Now once for all let vs / their swelling pride asswage,
972 Let none of them escape alieu. / Then he with furious rage
And they with him gaue charge, / vpon theyr present foes, [Fo. 28]
And then forthwith a skyrmishe great / vpon this fray arose.
For, loe, the Montagewes / thought shame away to flye,
976 And rather then to liue with shame, / with prayse did choose to dye.
The woordes that Tybalt vsd / to styre his folke to yre,
Haue in the brestes of Montagewes / kindled a furious fyre.
With Lyons hartes they fight, / warely themselfe defende :
980 To wound his foe, his present wit / and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long, / on eche side stoutly fought,

That whether part had got the woorst, / full doutfull were the
thought.

The noyse hereof anon, / throughout the towne doth flye :

984 And partes are taken on euery side. / both kinreds thether hye.

Here one doth gaspe for breth, / his frend bestrideth him,

And he hath lost a hand, and he / another maymed lim.

His leg is cutte whilst he / strikes at an other full :

988 And whō he would haue thrust quite through / hath cleft his
cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode / theyr foote to geue the grounde,

With vnappauled cheere they tooke / full deepe and doutfull wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, / and shield to shield set fast :

992 One foe doth make another faynt / but makes him not agast.

And whilst this noyse is ryfe / in euery townes mans eare,

Eke walking with his frendes, the noyse / doth wofull Romeus heare.

With spedy foote he ronnes / vnto the fray apace :

996 With him those fewe that were with him / he leadeth to the place.

They pittie much to see / the slaughter made so greate :

That wetshod they might stand in blood / on eyther side the streate.

Part frendes (sayd he) part frendes, / helpe, frendes to part the fray :

1000 And to the rest, enough (he cryes) / now time it is to staye.

Gods farther wrath you styrr, / beside the hurt you feele :

And with this new vpror confounde / all this our common wele.

But they so busy are / in fight, so egar and fee.

1004 That through theyr eares his sage aduise / no leysure had to pearce.

Then lept he in the throng, / to part and barre the blowes

As well of those that were his frendes : / as of his dedly foes.

As soone as Tybalt had / our Romeus espyde :

1008 He threw a thrust at him that would / haue past from side to side.

But Romeus euer went / (douting his foes) well armde : [Fo. 29]

So that the sword (kept out by mayle) / hath nothing Romeus harmde.

Thou doest me wrong (quoth he) / for I but part the fraye,

1012 Not dread, but other waighty cause / my hasty hand doth stay.

Thou art the cheefe of thine, / the noblest eke thou art :

Wherfore leaue of thy malice now, / and helpe these folke to parte.

Many are hurt, some slayne, / and some are like to dye.

1016 No, coward, traytor boy (q' he) / straight way I mynd to trye

- Whether thy sugred talke, / and tong so smothely fylde :
Against the force of this my swerd / shall serue thee for a shyld.
And then at Romeus hed, / a blow he strake so hard,
1020 That might haue cloue him to the brayne / but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to him / that could repay agayne :
And geue him death for interest, / a well forborne gayne :
Right as a forest bore, / that lodged in the thicke,
1024 Pinched with dog, or els with speare / ypricked to the quicke :
His bristles stiffe vpriht / vpon his backe doth set,
And in his fomy mouth, his sharp / and crooked tuskes doth whet.
Or as a Lyon wyld, / that rampeth in his rage,
1028 His whelpes bereft, whose fury can / no weaker beast asswage.
Such seemed Romeus, / in every others sight :
When he him shope, of wrong receaude / tauenge himselfe by fight.
Euen as two thunderboltes, / throwne downe out of the skye,
1032 That through the ayre the massy earth / and seas, haue power to flye :
So met these two, and while / they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte. / and so is Tybalt slayne.
Loe here the ende of those / that styrra a dedly stryfe :
1036 Who thyrsteth after others death, / himselfe hath lost his life.
The Capilets are quaylde, / by Tybalts ouerthrowe :
The courage of the Mountagewes, / by Romeus sight doth growe.
The townes men waxen strong, / the prince doth send his force ;
1040 The fray hath end, the Capilets / do bring the brethles corce,
Before the prince : and craue / that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, / that hath their kinsman slaine.
The Montagewes do pleade, / theyr Romeus voyde of falt :
1044 The lookers on do say, the fight / begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawse, and then / geues sentence in a while, [Fo. 30]
That Romeus, for sleying him / should goe into exyle.
His foes would haue him hangde, / or sterue in prison strong :
1048 His frendes do think (but dare not say) / that Romeus hath wrong.
Both households straight are charged / on payne of losing lyfe :
Theyr bloody weapons layd aside / to cease the styrrd stryfe.
This common plage is spred, / through all the towne anon :
1052 From side to syde the towne is fild / with murmour and with mone.
For Tybalts hasty death, / bewayled was of somme,

- Both for his skill in feates of armes, / and for, in time to come :
 He should (had this not chaunced) / been riche, and of great powre :
 1056 To helpe his frendes, and serue the state, / which hope within an howre
 Was wasted quite, and he / thus yelding vp his breath,
 More then he holpe the towne in lyfe, / hath harmde it by his death.
 And other somme bewayle, / (but ladies most of all)
 1060 The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt, / that is so late befall,
 (Without his falt) vnto / the seely Romeus,
 For whilst that he from natife land / shall liue exyled thus,
 From heauenly bewties light, / and his welshaped parts :
 1064 The sight of which, was wont (faire dames) / to glad your youthfull
 harts,
 Shall you be banishd quite : / and tyll he do retoorne
 What hope haue you to ioy? / what hope to cease to moorne?
 This Romeus was borne / so much in heauens grace,
 1068 Of Fortune and of nature so / beloued, that in his face
 (Beside the heauenly bew/ty glistring ay so bright :
 And seemely grace that wonted so / to glad the seers sight)
 A certain charme was graued / by natures secret arte :
 1072 That vertue had to draw to it, / the loue of many a hart.
 So euery one doth wish, / to beare a part of payne :
 That he released of exyle, / might straight retorne agayne.
 But how doth moorne emong / the moorners Iuliet?
 1076 How doth she bathe her brest in teares? / what depe sighes doth
 she fet?
 How doth she tear her heare? / her weede how doth she rent?
 How fares the louer hearing of / her louers banishment?
 How wayles she Tibalts death, / whom she had loued so well?
 1080 Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, / cunning I want to tell
 For deluing depely now / in depth of depe dispayre : [No. 31]
 With wretched sorowes cruell sound / she fils the empty ayre.
 And to the lowest hell, / downe falles her heavy crye,
 1084 And vp vnto the heauens haight / her piteous plaint doth flye.
 The waters and the woods / of sighes and sobs resounde :
 And from the hard resounding rockes / her sorowes do rebounde.
 Eke from her teary eyne, / downe rayned many a showre :
 1088 That in the garden where she walkd / might water herbe and flowre.

- But when at length she saw / her selfe outraged so :
Vnto her chaumber straight she hide / there, ouerchargd with wo,
Vpon her stately bed, / her painfull parts she threw :
1092 And in so wondrous wise began / her sorowes to renewe :
That sure no hart so hard, / (but it of flint had byn :)
But would haue rude the pitious plaint / that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe, / whilst she on euery side
1096 Did cast her restles eye, at length / the windowe she espide,
Through which she had with ioy / seene Romeus many a time :
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont / for Iuliets sake to clyme.
She cryde, O cursed windowe, / a curst be euery pane,
1100 Through which (alas) to sone I raught / the cause of life and bane.
If by thy meane I haue / some slight delight receaued,
Or els such fading pleasure as / by Fortune straight was reaued :
Hast thou not made me pay / a tribute rigorous ?
1104 Of heaped greefe, and lasting care ? / and sorowes dolorous ?
That these my tender partes, / which nedefull strength do lacke,
To beare so great vnweldy lode / vpon so weake a backe :
Opprest with waight of cares / and with these sorowes rife :
1108 At length must open wide to death, / the gates of lothed lyfe.
That so my wery sprite, / may somme where els vnlode
His deadly lode, and free from thrall / may seeke els where abode :
For pleasant quiet ease / and for assured rest,
1112 Which I as yet could neuer finde, / but for my more vnrest.
O Romeus, when first / we both acquainted were,
When to thy paynted promises / I lent my listning eare :
Which to the brinckes you fild / with many a solemne othe,
1116 And I them iudge empty of gyle, / and fraughted full of troth :
I thought you rather would / continue our good will, [Fol. 32]
And seeke tappease our fathers strife / which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would / haue sought occasion how
1120 By such an heynous act to breake / the peace and eke your vowe
Wherby your bright renoune, / all whole yclipsed is,
And I vnhappy, husbandles, / of cumfort robde, and blisse.
But if you did so much / the blood of Capels thyrst,
1124 Why haue you often spared mine ? / myne might haue quencht it
first.

- Since that so many times, / and in so secret place
 (Where you were wont with veile of loue / to hyde your hatreds face).
 My doutfull lyfe hath hapt / by fatall dome to stand,
- 1128 In mercy of your cruell hart, / and of your bloody hand.
 What? seemd the conquest which / you got of me so small?
 What? seemd it not enough that I / poore wretch, was made your
 thrall?
- But that you must increase / it with that kinsmans blood,
- 1132 Which for his woorth and loue to me / most in my fauour stood?
 Well, goe hencefoorth els where, / and seeke another whyle,
 Some other as vnhappy as I, / by flattery to begyle.
 And, where I comme, see that / you shonne to shew your face:
- 1136 For your excuse within my hart / shall finde no resting place.
 And I that now too late / my former fault repent
 Will so the rest of wery life / with many teares lament:
 That soone my ioyceles corps, / shall yeld vp banishd breath,
- 1140 And where on earth it restles liued, / in earth seeke rest by death.
 These sayde, her tender hart, / by payne oppressed sore:
 Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong / to keepe her talke in store.
 And then as still she was, / as if in sownd she lay:
- 1144 And then agayne, wroth with her selfe, / with feble voyce gan say.
 Ah cruell murdering tong, / murthrer of others fame:
 How durst thou once attempt to tooch / the honor of his name?
 Whose dedly foes doe yelde / him dewe and earned prayse:
- 1148 For though his fredome be bereft, / his honor not decayes.
 Why blamst thou Romeus / for sleying of Tybalt,
 Since he is gyltles quite of all, / and Tybalt beares the falt?
 Whether shall he (alas) / poore banishd man, now flye?
- 1152 What place of succor shall he seeke / beneth the starry skye?
 Synce she pursueth him, / and him defames by wrong: [Fo. 33]
 That in distres should be his fort, / and onely rampier strong.
 Receiue the recompence, / O Romeus, of thy wife:
- 1156 Who for she was vnkind her selfe, / doth offer vp her lyfe.
 In flames of yre, in sighes, / in sorow and in ruth:
 So to reuenge the crime she did / commit against thy truth.
 These said, she could no more, / her senses all gan fayle:
- 1160 And dedly panges began straight way / her tender hart assayle.

- Her limmes she stretched forth, / she drew no more her breath,
Who had been there, might well haue seene / the signes of present death.
The nurce that knew no cause, / why she absented her,
1164 Did doute lest that some sodain greefe / too much tormented her.
Eche where but where she was / the carefull Beldam sought,
Last, of the chamber where she lay, / she haply her bethought.
Where she with piteous eye, / her nurce childe did beholde :
1168 Her limmes stretched out, her vtward parts / as any marble colde.
The nurce supposde that she / had payde to death her det :
And then as she had lost her wittes, / she cryed to Iuliet.
Ah my dere hart (quoth she) / how greenueth me thy death ?
1172 Alas what cause hast thou thus soone / to yelde vp liuing breath ?
But while she handled her, / and chafed euery part,
She knew there was some sparke of life / by beating of her hart.
So that a thousand times / she cald vpon her name,
1176 There is no way to helpe a traunce, / but she hath tryde the same.
She openeth wide her mouth, / she stoppeth close her nose,
She bendeth downe her brest, she wringes / her fingers and her toes,
And on her bosome colde, / she layeth clothes hot,
1180 A warned and a holesome iuyce / she powreth downe her throte.
At length doth Iuliet / heaue fayntly vp her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arme, / and then her nurce she
spyes.
But when she was awakde / from her vnkindly traunce :
1184 Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she) / what draue thee (with
mischaunce)
To come to see my sprite, / forsake my brethles corce ?
Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou / haue on my smart remorse.
For who would see her frend / to liue in dedly payne ?
1188 Alas, I see my greefe begoone, / for euer will remayne.
Or who would seeke to liue, / all pleasure being past ? [F². 34]
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone / for ay is like to last.
Wherfore since that there is / none other remedy,
1192 Comme gentle death, and ryue my hart, / at once, and let me dye.
The nurce with tricling teares, / to witnes inward smart,
With holow sigh fetchd from the depth, / of her appauled hart,
Thus spake to Iuliet, / yclad with ougly care.

- 1196 Good lady myne, I do not know / what makes you thus to fare.
 Ne yet the cause of your / vnmeasurde heauines.
 But of this one I you assure, / for care and sorowes stresse,
 This hower large and more, / I thought (so god me saue)
- 1200 That my dead corps should wayte on yours, / to your vntimely graue.
 Alas my tender nurce, / and trusty frend (quoth she)
 Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye, / thou canst not easely see
 The lawfull cause I haue, / to sorow and to moorne,
- 1204 Since those the which I hyld most deere / I haue at once forlorne?
 Her nurce then aunswerd thus. / Me thinkes it sits you yll,
 To fall in these extremities / that may you gytles spill.
 For when the stormes of care, / and troubles do aryse,
- 1208 Then is the time for men to know, / the foolish from the wise.
 You are accounted wise, / a foole am I your nurce:
 But I see not how in like case / I could be haue me wurse.
 Tibalt your frend is ded, / what, weene you by your teares,
- 1212 To call him backe againe? thinke you / that he your crying heares?
 You shall perceue the falt, / (if it be iustly tryde)
 Of his so sodayn death, was in / his rashnes and his pryde.
 Would you that Romeus, / him selfe had wronged so,
- 1216 To suffer himselfe causeles to be / outraged of his foe?
 To whom in no respect, / he ought a place to geue?
 Let it suffice to thee fayre dame, / that Romeus doth liue,
 And that there is good hope / that he within a while,
- 1220 With greater glory shalbe calde / home from his hard exile.
 How wel yborne he is, / thy selfe I know canst tell:
 By kindred strong, and well ayded, / of all beloued well.
 With patience arme thy selfe, / for though that Fortunes cryme
- 1224 Without your falt, to both your greefes / depart you for a time.
 I dare say, for amendes / of all your present payne [Fo. 35]
 She will restore your owne to you, / within a month or twayne,
 With such contented ease, / as neuer erst you had:
- 1228 Wherefore reioyce a while in hope, / and be ne more so sad.
 And that I may discharge / your hart of heauy care:
 A certaine way I haue found out, / my paynes ne will I spare.
 To learne his present state, / and what in time to comme

1232 He mindes to doe, which knowne by me, / you shall know all and
somme.

But that I dread the whilst / your sorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hie where he doth lurke / to frier Lawrence cell.

But if you gyn eftsones / (as erst you did) to moorne

1236 Wherto goe I, you will be ded / before I thence retoorne.

So I shall spend in wast / my time and busy payne,

So vnto you (your life once lost) / good aunswere commes in vayne.

So shall I ridde my selfe / with this sharpe pointed knife :

1240 So shall you cause your parents deere / wax wery of theyr life.

So shall your Romeus, / (despysing liuely breath,)

With hasty foote (before his tyme) / ronne to vntimely death.

Where if you can a while, / by reason, rage suppresses,

1244 I hope at my retorne to bring / the salue of your distresse.

Now choose to haue me here / a partner of your payne,

Or promesse me, to feede on hope, / till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, / and makes a graue behest,

1248 With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts / that rage within her brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes, / are heapd before her eyes,

Then vanish they by hope of scape, / and thus the lady lyes,

Twixt well assured trust. / and doutfull lewd dispayre,

1252 Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts : / now seeme they white and
fayre.

As oft in summer tide, / blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,

And straight againe in clearest skye / his restles steedes do ronne,

So Iuliets wandring mynd / yclowded is with woe,

1256 And by and by her hasty thought / the woes doth ouergoe.

But now is time to tell / whilst she was tossed thus

What windes did driue or hauen did hold / her loue, Romeus.

When he had slayne his foe, / that gan this dedly strife,

1260 And saw the furious fray had ende, / by ending Tybalts life :

He fled the sharpe reuenge / of those that yet did liue, [Fol. 36]

And douting much what penall doome / the troubled prince myght gyue,

He sought some where vnseene, / to lurke a little space,

1264 And trusty Lawrence secret cell, / he thought the surest place.

In doutfull happe ay best, / a trusty frend is tride,

The frendly fryer in this distresse, / doth graunt his frend to hyde.

A secret place he hath, / well seeled round about,
 1268 The mouth of which, so close is shut, / that none may finde it out.
 But roome there is to walke, / and place to sitte and rest,
 Beside, a bed to sleape vpon, / full soft and trimly drest.
 The flowre is planked so / with mattes, it is so warme,
 1272 That neither wind, nor smoky dampes / have powre him ought to
 harme.

Where he was wont in youth, / his fayre frendes to bestowe,
 There now he hydeth Romeus / whilst forth he goeth to knöwe
 Both what is sayd and donne, / and what appoynted payne,
 1276 Is published by trumpets sound. / then home he hies agayne.
 By this, vnto his cell, / the nurce with spedy pace :
 Was comme the nerest way : she sought, / no ydel resting place.
 The fryer sent home the newes / of Romeus certain helth :
 1280 And promesse made (what so befell) / he should that night by stelth
 Comme to his wonted place / that they in nedefull wise
 Of theyr affayres in time to comme, / might thorowly deuyse.
 Those ioyfull newes, the nurce / brought home with mery ioy :
 1284 And now our Iuliet ioyes to thinke, / she shall her loue enioye.
 The fryer shuts fast his doore, / and then to him beneth,
 That waytes to heare the doutefull newes / of lyfe or els of death :
 Thy hap quoth he, is good, / daunger of death is none :
 1288 But thou shalt liue, and doe full well, / in spite of spitefull fone.
 This onely payne for thee / was erst proclaymde aloude,
 A banishd man, thou mayst thee not / within Verona shroude.

These heauy tydings heard, / his golden lockes he tare :
 1292 And like a frantike man hath torne / the garmentes that he ware.
 And as the smitten deere, / in brakes is waltring found :
 So waltreth he, and with his brest / doth beate the troden grounde.
 He rises eft, and strikes / his head against the wals,
 1296 He falleth downe againe, and lowde / for hasty death he cals.
 Come spedy death (quoth he) / the readiest leache in loue, [Fol. 37]
 Since nought can els beneth the sunne / the ground of grieve remoue.
 Of lothsome life breake downe / the hated staggering stayes,
 1300 Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe / that faintly yet decayes.
 But you (fayre dame) in whome / dame nature dyd deuise,
 With cunning hand to woorke, that might / seeme wondrous in our eyes :

- For you I pray the Gods, / your pleasures to increase,
1304 And all mishap, with this my death, / for euermore to cease.
And mighty loue with speede, / of iustice bring them lowe,
Whose lofty pryde (without our gylt) / our blisse doth ouerblowe.
And Cupide graunt to those / theyr spedy wrongs redresse,
1308 That shall bewayle my cruell death, / and pity her distresse.
Therewith, a cloude of sighes, / he breathd into the skies :
And two great streames of bitter teares, / ran from his swollen eyes.
These thinges, the auncient fryre, / with sorow saw, and heard,
1312 Of such begynning eke, the ende, / the wise man greatly feard.
But loe, he was so weake, / by reason of his age,
That he ne could by force, repress / the rigour of his rage.
His wise and frendly woordes, / he speaketh to the ayre :
1316 For Romeus so vexed is, / with care, and with dispayre,
That no aduise can perce, / his close forstopped eares :
So now the fryer doth take his part, / in shedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale, and wan, / with arnes full hard yfold,
1320 With wofull cheere, his wayling frend, / he standeth to beholde.
And then, our Romeus, / with tender handes ywrong :
With voyce, with plaint made horce, w^t sobs, / and with a foltring tong,
Renewd with nouel mone / the dolours of his hart,
1324 His outward dreery cheere bewrayde, / his store of inward smart,
Fyrst nature did he blame, / the author of his lyfe,
In which his ioyes had been so scant, / and sorowes aye so ryfe :
The time and place of byrth, / he fiersly did reproue,
1328 He cryed out (with open mouth) / against the starres aboue :
The fatall sisters three, / he said, had done him wrong,
The threed that should not haue been sponne / they had drawne
foorth too long.
He wished that he [ne] had / before this time been borne,
1332 Or that as soone as he wan light, / his life he had forlorne.
His nurce he cursed, and / the hand that gaue him pappe, [Fo. 38]
The midwife eke with tender grype / that held him in her lappe :
And then did he complaine, / on Venus cruel sonne
1336 Who led him first vnto the rockes, / which he should warely shonne.
By meane wherof he lost, / both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, / and yet could neuer dye.

- Loues troubles lasten long, / the ioyes he geues are short :
- 1340 He forceth not a louers payne, / theyr earnest is his sport.
 A thousand thinges and more, / I here let passe to write,
 Which vnto loue this wofull man, / dyd speake in great despite.
 On Fortune eke he raylde, / he calde her deafe, and blynde,
- 1344 Vnconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, / vnruthfull, and vnkynd.
 And to him self he layd / a great part of the falt :
 For that he slewe, and was not slayne, / in fighting with Tibalt.
 He blamed all the world, / and all he did defye,
- 1348 But Iuliet, for whom he liued / for whom eke would he dye.
 When after raging fits, / appeased was his rage,
 And when his passions (powred forth) / gan partly to asswage,
 So wisely did the fryre / vnto his tale replye,
- 1352 That he straight cared for his life, / that erst had care to dye.
 Art thou quoth he a man? / thy shape saith, so thou art :
 Thy crying and thy weping eyes, / denote a womans hart.
 For manly reason is / quite from of thy mynd outchased,
- 1356 And in her stead affections lewd, / and fansies highly placed.
 So that I stooode in doute / this howre (at the least)
 If thou a man, or woman wert, / or els a brutish beast.
 A wise man in the midst / of troubles and distres,
- 1360 Still standes not wayling present harme, / but seeks his harmes redres,
 As when the winter flawes, / with dredfull noyse arise,
 And heaue the fomy swelling waues / vp to the starry skies,
 So that the broosed barke / in cruell seas betost,
- 1364 Dispayreth of the happy hauen / in daunger to be lost.
 The pylate bold at helme, / cryes, mates strike now your sayle :
 And tornes her stemme into the waues, / that strongly her assayle.
 Then driuen hard vpon / the bare and wrackfull shore,
- 1368 In greater daunger to be wract, / then he had been before.
 He seeth his ship full right / against the rocke to ronne, [Fo. 39]
 But yet he dooth what lyeth in him / the perilous rocke to shonne.
 Sometimes the beaten boate, / by cunning gouernment,
- 1372 The ancors lost, the cables broke, / and all the tackle spent,
 The roder smitten of, / and ouer boord the mast,
 Doth win the long desyred porte, / the stormy daunger past.
 But if the master dread, / and ouerprest with woe,

- 1376 Begin to wring his handes, and lets / the gyding rodder goe
The ship rents on the rocke, / or sinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is, / So : if thou still be weepe
And seke not how to helpe / the chaunges that do chaunce,
- 1380 Thy cause of sorow shall increase, / thou cause of thy mischaunce.
Other account thee wise, / prooue not thy selfe a foole,
Now put in practise lessons learnd, / of old in wisdomes schoole,
The wise man saith, beware / thou double not thy payne :
- 1384 For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, / but hardly suffer twayne.
As well we ought to seeke / thinges hurtfull to decrease,
As to endeour helping thinges / by study to increase.
The prayse of trew fredom, / in wisdomes bondage lyes
- 1388 He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, / although his woords be
wise.
Sickenes the bodies gayle, / greefe, gayle is of the mynd,
If thou canst scape from heauy greefe, / true fredome shalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing, / so full of hearty greefe,
- 1392 But in the same a constant mynd, / Finds solace and releefe.
Vertue is alwayes thrall, / to troubles and annoye,
But wisdom in aduersitie, / findes cause of quiet ioye.
And they most wretched are, / that know no wretchednes :
- 1396 And after great extremity, / mishaps ay waxen lesse.
Like as there is no weale, / but wastes away sometime,
So euery kind of wayled woe, / will weare away in time.
If thou wilt master quite, / the troubles that the spill,
- 1400 Endeour first by reasons help, / to master witles will.
A sondry medson hath, / eche sondry faynt disease,
But pacience, a common salue, / to euery wound geues ease.
The world is alway full / of chaunces and of chaunge,
- 1404 Wherefore the chaunge of chaunce must not / seeme to a wise man
straunge.
For tickel Fortune doth, / in chaunging, but her kind, [Fo. 40]
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge / a steady constant minde.
Though wauering Fortune toorne / from thee her smyling face,
- 1408 And sorow seeke to set him selfe / in banishd pleasures place,
Yet may thy marred state / be mended in a while,
And she eftsones that frowneth now, / with pleasant cheere shall smyle.

- For as her happy state / no long whyle standeth sure,
 1412 Euen so the heauy plight she brings, / not alwayes doth endure.
 What nede so many woordes / to thee that art so wyse?
 Thou better canst aduise thy selfe, / then I can thee aduise.
 Wisdome, I see, is vayne, / if thus in time of neede
 1416 A wise mans wit vnpractised / doth stand him in no steede.
 I know thou hast some cause / of sorow and of care
 But well I wot thou hast no cause / thus frantikly to fare.
 Affections foggy mist / thy febled sight doth blynde;
 1420 But if that reasons beames agayne / might shine into thy mynde,
 If thou wouldst view thy state / with an indifferent eye,
 I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, / thy sighing, and thy crye.
 With valiant hand thou madest / thy foe yeld vp his breth,
 1424 Thou hast escapt his swerd and eke / the lawes that threaten death.
 By thy escape thy frendes / are fraughted full of ioy,
 And by his death thy deadly foes / are laden with annoy.
 Wilt thou with trusty frendes / of pleasure take some part?
 1428 Or els to please thy hatefull foes / be partner of theyr smart?
 Why cryest thou out on loue? / why doest thou blame thy fate?
 Why dost thou so crye after death? / thy life why dost thou hate?
 Dost thou repent the choyce / that thou so late didst choose?
 1432 Loue is thy Lord; thou oughtst obay / and not thy prince accuse.
 For thou hast found (thou knowst) / great fauour in his sight,
 He graunted thee, at thy request, / thy onely hartes delight.
 So that the Gods enuyde / the blisse thou liuedst in;
 1436 To geue to such vnthankefull men / is folly and a sin.
 Me thinkes I heare thee say, / the cruell banishment
 Is onely cause of thy vnrest; / onely thou dost lament
 That from thy natife land / and frendes thou must depart,
 1440 Enforst to flye from her that hath / the keeping of thy hart: [70. 41]
 And so opprest with waight / of smart that thou dost feele,
 Thou dost complaine of Cupides brand, / and Fortunes turning wheele.
 Vnto a valiant hart / there is no banishment,
 1444 All countreys are his natue soyle / beneath the firmament.
 As to the fishe the sea, / as to the fowle the ayre,
 So is like pleasant to the wise / eche place of his repayre.
 Though froward Fortune chase / thee hence into exyle,

- 1448 With doubled honor shall she call / thee home within a while.
Admyt thou shouldst abyde / abrode a yere or twayne,
Should so short absence cause so long / and eke so greuous payne?
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes / here in Verona see,
- 1452 They are not banishd Mantua, / where safely thou mast be.
Thether they may resort, / though thou resort not hether,
And there in suretie may you talke / of your affayres together
Yea, but this whyle (alas) / thy Iuliet must thou misse,
- 1456 The onely piller of thy helth, / and ancor of thy blisse.
Thy hart thou leauest with her, / when thou dost hence depart,
And in thy brest inclosed bearest / her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew so much / to leaue the rest behinde,
- 1460 With thought of passed ioyes content / thy vncontented mynde;
So shall the mone decrease / wherwith thy mynd doth melt,
Compared to the heauenly ioyes / which thou hast often felt.
He is too nyse a weakeling / that shrinketh at a showre,
- 1464 And he vnworthy of the sweete, / that tasteth not the sowre.
Call now againe to mynde / thy first consuming flame;
How didst thou vainely burne in loue / of an vnlouing dame?
Hadst thou not welnigh wept / quite out thy swelling eyne?
- 1468 Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, / languishe away and pyne?
Those greefes and others like / were happily ouerpast,
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele / well placed at the last:
From whence thou art now falne, / that, raysed vp agayne,
- 1472 With greater ioy a greater while / in pleasure mayst thou raigne.
Compare the present while / with times ypast before,
And thinke that Fortune hath for thee / great pleasure yet in store.
The whilst, this little wrong / receiue thou patiently,
- 1476 And what of force must nedes be done / that doe thou willingly.
Foly it is to feare / that thou canst not auoyde, [Fb. 42]
And madnes to desire it much / that can not be enioyde.
To geue to Fortune place, / not ay deserueth blame,
- 1480 But skill it is, according to / the times thy selfe to frame.
Whilst to this skilfull lore / he lent his listning cares,
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are / the conduits of his teares.
As blackest cloudes are chaced / by winters nimble winde,
- 1484 So haue his reasons chaced care / out of his carefull mynde.

- As of a morning fowle / ensues an euening fayre,
 So banisht hope returneth home / to banish his despayre.
 Now is affections veale / remoued from his eyes,
 1488 He seeth the path that he must walke, / and reson makes him wise.
 For very shame the blood / doth flashe in both his cheekes,
 He thanks the father for his lore, / and farther ayde he seekes,
 He sayth, that skil les youth / for counsell is vnfitte,
 1492 And anger oft with hastines / are ioind to want of witte;
 But sound aduise abounds / in heddes with horishe heares,
 For wisdom is by practise wonne, / and perfect made by yeares.
 But aye from this time forth / his ready bending will
 1496 Shalbe in awe and gouerned / by fryer Lawrence skill.
 The gouernor is now / right carefull of his charge,
 To whom he doth wisely discoorse / of his affaires at large.
 He telles him how he shall / depart the towne vnknowne,
 1500 Both mindfull of his frendes safetie, / and carefull of his owne
 How he shall gyde him selfe, / how he shall seeke to winne
 The friendship of the better sort, / how warely to crepe in
 The fauour of the Mantuan prince, / and how he may
 1504 Appease the wrath of Escalus, / and wipe the fault away;
 The choller of his foes / by gentle meanes tasswage,
 Or els by force and practises / to bridle quite theyr rage:
 And last he chargeth him / at his appointed howre
 1508 To goe with manly mery cheere / vnto his ladies bowre,
 And there with wholesome woordes / to salue her sorowes smart,
 And to reuiue (if nede require) / her faint and dying hart.
 The old mans woords haue fild / with ioy our Romeus brest,
 1512 And eke the olde wiues talke hath set / our Iuliets hart at rest.
 Whereto may I compare / (O louers) this your day? [Fo. 43]
 Like dayes the painefull mariners / are woonted to assay;
 For, beat with tempest great, / when they at length espye
 1516 Some little beame of Phoebus light, / that perceth through the skie,
 To cleare the shadowe earth / by clearenes of his face,
 They hope that dreadles they shall ronne / the remnant of their race;
 Yea they assure them selfe, / and quite behynd theyr backe
 1520 They cast all doute, and thanke the Gods / for scaping of the wracke;
 But straight the boysterous windes / with greater fury blowe,

- And over boord the broken mast / the stormy blastes doe throwe ;
The heauens large are clad / with cloudes as darke as hell,
1524 And twise as hye the striuing waues / begin to roare and swell ;
With greater daungers dred / the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of their lyfe / then they had been before.
The golden sonne was gonne / to lodge him in the west,
1528 The full moone eke in yonder South / had sent most men to rest ;
When restles Romeus / and restles Iuliet
In woonted sort, by woonted meane, / in Iuliets chaumber met.
And from the windowes top / downe had he leaped scarce,
1532 When she with armes outstretched wide / so hard did him embrace,
That welnigh had the sprite / (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne vnto death, before the time / abandoning the corce,
Thus muet stode they both / the eight part of an howre,
1536 And both would speake, but neither had / of speaking any powre ;
But on his brest her hed / doth ioylesse Iuliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn / doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Their scalding sighes ascende, / and by their cheekes downe fall
1540 Their trickling teares, as christall cleare, / but bitterer farre then gall.
Then he, to end the greefe / which both they liued in,
Did kysse his loue, and wisely thus / hys tale he dyd begin :
My Iuliet, my loue, / my onely hope and care,
1544 To you I purpose not as now / with length of woords declare
The diuersenes and eke / the accidents so straunge
Of frayle vnconstant Fortune, that / delyteth still in cnaunge ;
Who in a moment heaues / her frendes vp to the height
1548 Of her swift turning slippery wheele, / then fleetes her frendship
straight.
O wondrous chaunge, euen with / the twinkling of an eye [Fo. 44]
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set / in pleasant place so hye,
The same in great despyte / downe hedlong doth she throwe,
1552 And while she treads, and spurneth at / the lofty state laid lowe,
More sorow doth she shape / within an howers space,
Then pleasure in an hundred yeres ; / so geyson is her grace.
The prooffe wherof in me / (alas) too plaine apperes,
1556 Whom tenderly my carefull frendes / haue fostered with my feers,
In prosperous high degree, / mayntayned so by fate,
ROMEUS.

- That (as your selfe did see) my foes / enuyde my noble state.
 One thing there was I did / about the rest desire,
 1560 To which as to the soueraigne good / by hope I would aspyre.
 That by our mariage meane / we might within a while
 (To worke our perfect happines) / our parentes reconcile :
 That safely so we might, / (not stopt by sturdy strife)
 1564 Vnto the boundes that God hath set, / gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
 But now (alacke) too soone / my blisse is ouerblowne,
 And vpside downe my purpose and / my enterprise are throwne.
 And driuen from my frendes, / of straungers must I craue,
 1568 (O graunt it God) from daungers dread / that I may suertie haue.
 For loe, henceforth I must / wander in landes vnknowne,
 (So hard I finde the princes doome) / exyled from mine owne.
 Which thing I haue thought good, / to set before your eyes,
 1572 And to exhort you now to proue / your selfe a woman wise,
 That patiently you beare / my absent long abod,
 For what about by fatall doomes / decreed is, that God—
 And more then this to say, / it seemed, he was bent,
 1576 But Iuliet in dedly greefe, / with brackish teares besprent,
 Brake of his tale begonne, / and whilst his speche he stayde,
 Theseselfe same wordes, or like to these, / with dreery chere she sayde :
 Why Romeus can it be, / thou hast so hard a hart ?
 1580 So farre remoued from ruth ? so farre / from thinking on my smart ?
 To leaue me thus alone / (thou cause of my distresse)
 Beseged with so great a campe / of mortall wretchednesse,
 That euery hower now, / and moment in a day,
 1584 A thousand times death bragges, as he / would reauce my life away ?
 Yet such is my mishap, / (O cruell desteny) [Fo. 45]
 That still I liue, and wish for death, / but yet can neuer dye :
 So that iust cause I haue / to thinke (as seemeth me)
 1588 That froward Fortune did of late / with cruell death agree
 To lengthen lothed life, / to pleasure in my payne,
 And tryumph in my harme, as in / the greatest hoped gayne.
 And thou the instrument / of Fortunes cruell will,
 1592 Without whose ayde she can no way / her tyrans lust fulfill :
 Art not a whit ashamde / (as farre as I can see)
 To cast me of, when thou hast culd / the better part of me.

- Wherby (alas) to soone, / I, seely wretch, do proue,
1596 That all the auncient sacred lawes / of frendship and of loue
Are quelde and quenched quite, / since he, on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my steady trust / was wonted still to stay,
For whom I am becommme / vnto my selfe a foe,
1600 Disdayneth me, his stedfast frend, / and scornes my frendship so.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst / of two things choose the one,
Either to see thy castaway, / as soone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her selfe / downe from the windowes haight,
1604 And so to breake her slender necke / with all the bodies waight,
Or suffer her to be / companion of thy payne,
Where so thou goe (Fortune thee gyde), / till thou retoorne agayne.
So wholly into thine / transformed is my hart,
1608 That euen as oft as I do thinke / that thou and I shall part,
So oft (me thinkes) my life / withdrawes it selfe awaye,
Which I retayne to no end els / but to the end I may,
In spite of all thy foes, / thy present partes enioye,
1612 And in distres to beare with thee / the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble sort / (Romeus) I make request,
If euer tender pity yet / were lodgde in gentle brest,
O, let it now haue place / to rest within thy hart ;
1616 Receaue me as thy seruant, and / the fellow of thy smart :
Thy absence is my death, / thy sight shal. geue me life.
But if perhaps thou stand in dred / to leade me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counsellasse? / canst thou no shift deuise ?
1620 What letteth but in other weede / I may my selfe disguyse ?
What, shall I be the first? / hath none done so ere this, [Ff. 46]
To scape the bondage of theyr frendes? / thy selfe can aunswer, yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute / that I thy wife ne can
1624 By seruice pleasure thee as much / as may thy hyred man ?
Or is my loyalte / of both accompted lesse?
Perhaps thou fearest lest I for gayne / forsake thee in distresse.
What, hath my bewty now / no powre at all on you,
1628 Whose brightnes, force, and praise, sometime / vp to the skyes you blew ?
My teares, my frendship and / my pleasures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede? / —When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke, / her cooler pale and ded,

- 1632 The woorst of all that might betyde / to her, he gan to dred ;
 And once agayne he dyd / in armes his Iuliet take,
 And kist her with a louing kysse, / And thus to her he spake :
 Ah Iuliet, (quoth he) / the mistres of my hart,
- 1636 For whom (euen now) thy seruant doth / abyde in dedly smart,
 Euen for the happy dayes / which thou desyrest to see,
 And for the feruent frendships sake / that thou dost owe to me,
 At once these fansies vayne / out of thy mynd roote out,
- 1640 Except, perhaps, vnto thy blame, / thou fondly go about
 To hasten forth my death, / and to thine owne to ronne,
 Which Natures law and wisdoms lore / teache euey wight to shonne.
 For, but thou chaunge thy mynde, / (I do foretell the ende)
- 1644 Thou shalt vndoo thy selfe for ay, / and me thy trusty frende.
 For why, thy absence knowne, / thy father wilbe wroth,
 And in his rage no narrowly / he will pursue vs both,
 That we shall trye in vayne / to scape away by flight,
- 1648 And vainely seeke a looking place / to hyde vs from his sight.
 Then we, found out and caught, / quite voyde of strong defence,
 Shall cruelly be punished / for thy departure hence ;
 I as a rauishor, / thou as a careles childe,
- 1652 I as a man who doth defile, / thou as a mayde defilde ;
 Thinking to leade in ease / a long contented life,
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death : / but, if (my louing wife)
 Thou banish from thy mynde / two foes that counsell hath,
- 1656 (That wont to hinder sound aduise) / rashe hastines and wrath ;
 If thou be bent toby / the lore of reasons skill, [Fo. 47]
 And wisely by her princely powre / suppressre rebelling will,
 If thou our safetie seeke, / more then thine owne delight,
- 1660 Since suerty standes in parting, and / thy pleasures growe of sight,
 For beare the cause of ioy, / and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely liue abrode, / and safe torne from exile :
 So shall no slaunders blot / thy spotles life destayne,
- 1664 So shall thy kinsmen be vnstyrd, / and I exempt from payne.
 And thinke thou not, that aye / the cause of care shall last ;
 These stormy broyles shall ouerblow, / much like a winters blast.
 For Fortune chaungeth more / then fickel fantasie ;
- 1668 In nothing Fortune constant is / saue in vnconstancie.

- Her hasty ronning wheele / is of a restles coorse,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, / from better to the woorse,
And these that are beneth / she heaueth vp agayne :
- 1672 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, / out of the pit of payne.
Ere fowre monthes ouerpasse, / such order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes / such meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race / ended shalbe the toyle,
- 1676 And I cald home with honor great / vnto my natie soyle.
But if I be condemd / to wander still in thrall,
I will returne to you (mine owne) / befall what may befall.
And then by strength of frendes, / and with a mighty hand,
- 1680 From Verone will I cary thee / into a forein lande,
Not in mans weede disguisd, / or as one scarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, / in garment of thyne owne.
Wherfore represses at once / the passions of thy hart,
- 1684 And where there is no cause of greefe, / cause hope to heale thy smart.
For of this one thing thou / mayst well assured bee,
That nothing els but onely death / shall sunder me from thee.
The reasons that he made / did seeme of so great waight,
- 1688 And had with her such force, that she / to him gan aunswer straight:
Deere syr, nought els wish I / but to obay your will;
But sure where so you go, your hart / with me shall tary still,
As signe and certaine pledge, / tyll here I shall you see,
- 1692 Of all the powre that ouer you / your selfe did graunt to me;
And in his stead take myne, / the gage of my good will.— [Fo. 48]
One promesse craue I at your hand, / that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me haue, / at fryer Lawrence hand,
- 1696 The tydings of your health, and how / your doutfull case shall stand
And all the very while / that you shall spend abroad,
Cause me from time to time to knowe / the place of your abode
His eyes did gush out teares, / a sigh brake from his brest,
- 1700 When he did graunt and with an othe / did vowe to kepe the hest.
Thus these two louers passe / away the very night,
In payne and plaint, not (as they wont) / in pleasure and delight.
But now (somewhat too soone) / in farthest East arose
- 1704 Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre / that Lady Venus chose;
Whose course appoynted is / with spedy race to ronne,

- A messenger of dawning daye, / and of the rysing sonne.
 Then freshe Aurora with / her pale and siluer glade
 1708 Did clear the skyes, and from the earth / had chased ougly shade.
 When thou ne lookest wide, / ne closely dost thou winke,
 When Phoebus from our hemysphere / in westerne waue doth sinke.
 What cooler then the heauens / do shew vnto thine eyes,
 1712 The same, (or like) saw Romeus / in farthest Esterne skyes.
 As yet he saw no day, / ne could he call it night,
 With equall force decreasing darke / fought with increasing light.
 Then Romeus in armes / his lady gan to folde,
 1716 With frendly kisse, and ruthfully / she gan her knight beholde.
 With solemne othe they both / their sorowfull leaue do take ;
 They sweare no stormy troubles shall / their steady frendship shake.
 Then carefull Romeus / agayne to cell retoornes,
 1720 And in her chamber secretly / our ioyles Iuliet moornes.
 Now hugy cloudes of care, / of sorow, and of dread,
 The clearnes of their gladsome harts / hath wholly ouerspread.
 When golden crested Phoebus / bosteth him in skye,
 1724 And vnder earth, to scape reuenge, / his dedly foe doth flye,
 Then hath these louers day / an ende, their night begonne,
 For eche of them to other is / as to the world the sunne.
 The dawning they shall see, / ne sommer any more,
 1728 But blackfaced night with winter rough / (ah) beaten ouer sore.
 The wery watch discharged / did hye them home to slepe, [Fo. 49]
 The warders, and the skowtes were chargde / their place and coorse
 to keepe,
 And Verone gates awyde / the porters had set open,
 1732 When Romeus had of hys affayres / with frier Lawrence spoken,
 Warely he walked forth, / vnknowne of frend or foe,
 Clad like a merchant venterer, / from top euen to the toe.
 He spurd apace, and came, / withouten stop or stay,
 1736 To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, / he sent his man away
 With words of comfort to / his olde afflicted syre ;
 And straight, in mynd to soiorne there, / a lodgeing doth he hyre,
 And with the nobler sort / he doth himselfe acquaint,
 1740 And of his open wrong receaued / the Duke doth heare his plaint.
 He practiseth by frendes / for pardon of exyle ;

- The whilst, he seeketh euery way / his sorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole / that burneth in his brest ?
- 1744 Alas his cares denye his hart / the sweete desyred rest ;
No time findes he of myrth, / he findes no place of ioye,
But euery thing occasion geues / of sorow and annoye.
For when in toorning skyes / the heauens lampes are light,
- 1748 And from the other hemysphere / fayre Phoebus chaceth night,
When euery man and beast / hath rest from painfull toyle,
Then in the brest of Romeus / his passions gyn to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares / the cowche wheron he lyes,
- 1752 And then his sighes the chamber fill, / and out aloude he cries
Against the restles starres / in rolling skyes that raunge,
Against the fatall sisters three, / and Fortune full of chaunge.
Eche night a thousand times / he calleth for the day,
- 1756 He thinketh Titans restles stedes / of restines do stay ;
Or that at length they haue / some bayting place found out,
Or (gyded yll) haue lost theyr way / and wandred farre about.
Whyle thus in ydel thoughts / the wery time he spendeth,
- 1760 The night hath end, but not with night / the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanied ? / is he in place alone ?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, / a part he maketh mone :
For if his feeres reioyce, / what cause hath he to ioy,
- 1764 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, / while they theyr loues enioy ?
But if with heauy cheere / they shewe their inward greefe, [Fa. 50]
He wayleth most his wretchednes / that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abroad / the praise of ladies blowne,
- 1768 Within his thought he scorneth them, / and doth preferre his owne.
When pleasant songes he heares, / wheile others do reioyce,
The melody of Musike doth / styrre vp his mourning voyce.
But if in secret place / he walke some where alone,
- 1772 The place it selfe and secretnes / redoubleth all his mone.
Then speakes he to the beastes, / to fethered fowles and trees,
Vnto the earth, the cloudes, and to / what so beside he sees.
To them he shewth his smart, / as though they reason had,
- 1776 Eche thing may cause his heauines, / but nought may make him glad,
And (wery of the day) / agayne he calleth night,
The sunne he curseth, and the howre / when fyrst his eyes saw light.

- And as the night and day / their course do enterchaunge,
 1780 So doth our Romeus nightly cares / for cares of day exchange.
 In absence of her knight / the lady no way could
 Kepe trewce betwene her greefes and her, / though nere so fayne she
 would;
 And though with greater payne / she clokod sorowes smart,
 1784 Yet did her paled face disclose / the passions of her hart.
 Her sighing euery howre, / her weping euery where,
 Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, / and wearing of her geare,
 The carefull mother markes; / then of her health afrayde,
 1788 Because the greefes increased still, / thus to her child she sayde:
 Deere daughter, if you shoulde / long languishe in this sort,
 I stand in doute that ouer soone / your sorowes will make short
 Your louing fathers life / and myne, that loue you more
 1792 Then our owne propre breth and life. / Brydel hence forth therefore
 Your greefe and payne, your selfe / on ioy your thought to set,
 For time it is that now you should / our Tybalts death forget.
 Of whom since God hath claymd / the lyfe that was but lent,
 1796 He is in blisse, ne is there cause / why you should thus lament?
 You can not call him backe / with teares and shrikinges shrill:
 It is a falt thus still to grudge / at Gods appoynted will.
 The seely soule had now / no longer powre to fayne,
 1800 No longer could she hyde her harme, / but aunswerd thus agayne,
 With heauy broken sighes, / with visage pale and ded: [Fol. 51]
 Madame, the last of Tybalts teares / a great while since I shed;
 Whose spring hath been ere this / so laded out by me,
 1804 That empty quite and moystureles / I gesse it now to be.
 So that my payned hart / by conduites of the eyne
 No more henceforth (as wont it was) / shall gush forth dropping bryne.
 The wofull mother knew / not what her daughter ment,
 1808 And loth to vexe her childe by woordes, / her peace she waresly hent.
 But when from howre to howre, / from morow to the morow,
 Still more and more she saw increast / her daughters wonted sorow,
 All meanes she sought of her / and howshold folke to know
 1812 The certaine roote whereon her greefe / and booteless mone doth growe.
 But lo, she hath in vayne / her time and labor lore,
 Wherefore without all measure is / her hart tormented sore.

And sith her selfe could not / fynd out the cause of care,
1816 She thought it good to tell the syre / how yll his childe did fare.
And when she saw her time, / thus to her feere she sayde :
Syr, if you marke our daughter well, / the countenance of the mayde,
And how she fareth since / that Tybalt vnto death
1820 (Before his time, forst by his foe) / dyd yeld his liuing breath,
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, / her doynges eke so straunge,
That you will greatly wonder at / so great and sodain chaunge.
Not onely she forbearcs / her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,
1824 But now she tendeth nothing els / but to lament and weepe.
No greater ioy hath she, / nothing contentes her hart
So much, as in the chaumber close / to shut her selfe apart :
Where she doth so torment / her poore afflicted mynde,
1828 That much in daunger standes her lyfe, / except somme helpe we fynde.
But (out alas) I see / not how it may be founde,
Vnlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence / her sorowes thus
abounde.

For though with busy care / I haue employde my wit,
1832 And vsed all the wayes I knew / to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie / ne gentle meanes could boote ;
She hydeth close within her brest / her secret sorowes roote.
This was my fyrst conceite, / that all her ruth arose
1836 Out of her coosin Tybalts death, / late slayne of dedly foes ;
But now my hart doth hold / a new repugnant thought ; [Po. 52]
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death, / this chaunge in her hath
wrought.

Her selfe assured me / that many dayes a goe
1840 She shed the last of Tybalts teares ; / which woord amasd me so
That I then could not gesse / what thing els might her greeue :
But now at length I haue bethought / me ; And I doe beleue
The onely crop and roote / of all my daughters payne
1844 Is grudgeinge enuies faynt disease : / perhaps she doth disdayne
To see in wedlocke yoke / the most part of her feeres,
Whilst onely she vnmarried / doth lose so many yeres.
And more perchaunce she thinkes / you mynd to kepe her so ;
1848 Wherefore dispayring doth she weare / her selfe away with woe.
Therefore (deere syr) in time / take on your daughter ruth ;

- For why, a brickel thing is glasse, / and frayle is frayllesse youth.
 Ioyne her at once to somme / in linke of mariage,
 1852 That may be meete for our degree, / and much about her age :
 So shall you banish care / out of your daughters brest,
 So we her parentes, in our age, / shall liue in quiet rest.
 Wherto gan easely / her husband to agree,
- 1856 And to the mothers skilfull talke / thus straight way aunswerd he.
 Oft haue I thought (deere wife) / of all these thinges ere this,
 But euermore my mynd me gaue, / it should not be amisse
 By farther leysure had / a husband to prouyde;
- 1860 Scarce saw she yet full xvi. yeres : / too yong to be a bryde.
 But since her state doth stande / on termes so perilous,
 And that a mayden daughter is / a treasour daungerous,
 With so great speede I will / endeuour to procure
- 1864 A husband for our daughter yong, / her sickenes faynt to cure,
 That you shall rest content, / (so warely will I choose)
 And she recouer soone enough / the time she seemes to loose.
 The whilst seeke you to learne, / if she in any part
- 1868 Already hath (vnware to vs) / fixed her frendly hart ;
 Lest we haue more respect / to honor and to welth,
 Then to our daughters quiet life, / and to her happy helth :
 Whom I do hold as deere / as thapple o myne eye,
- 1872 And rather wish in poore estate / and daughterles to dye,
 Then leaue my goodes and her / ythrald to such a one, [Fo. 53].
 Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) / should be her cause of mone.
- This pleasant aunswere heard, / the lady partes agayne,
- 1876 And Capilet, the maydens sire, / within a day or twayne,
 Conferreth with his frendes / for mariage of his daughter,
 And many gentlemen there were / with busy care that sough^r her ;
 Both, for the mayden was / well shaped, yong and fayre,
- 1880 As also well brought vp, and wise ; / her fathers onely heyre.
 Emong the rest was one / inflamde with her desire,
 Who County Paris cliped was ; / an Earle he had to syre.
 Of all the suters him / the father liketh best,
- 1884 And easely vnto the Earle / he maketh his behest,
 Both of his owne good will, / and of his frendly ayde,
 To win his wife vnto his will, / and to perswade the mayde.

- The wife dyd ioy to heare / the ioyfull husband say
1888 How happy hap, how meete a match, / he had found out that day ;
Ne did she seeke to hyde / her ioyes within her hart,
But straight she hyeth to Iuliet ; / to her she telles, apart,
What happy talke (by meane / of her) was past no rather
1892 Betwene the woing Paris and / her carefull louing father.
The person of the man, / the fewters of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and / his port, and semely grace,
With curious wordes she payntes / before her daughters eyes,
1896 And then with store of vertues prayse / she heaues him to the skyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes / that Fortune did him geue,
Wherby (she saith) both she and hers / in great delight shall liue.
When Iuliet conceiued / her parentes whole entent,
1900 Wherto both loue and reasons right / forbod her to assent,
Within her selfe she thought / rather then be forsworne,
With horses wilde her tender partes / a sonder should be torne.
Not now, with bashfull brow, / (in wonted wise) she spake,
1904 But with vnwonted boldnes straight / into these woordes she brake :
Madame, I maruell much, / that you so lauasse are.
Of me your childe, (your iewel once, / your onely ioy and care,)
As thus to yelde me vp / at pleasure of another,
1908 Before you know if I doe like / or els mislike my louer.
Doo what you list, but yet / of this assure you still, [No. 54]
If you do as you say you will, / I yelde not there vntill.
For had I choyse of twayne, / farre rather would I choose
1912 My part of all your goodes and eke / my breath and lyfe to lose,
Then graunt that he possesse / of me the smallest part ;
First, weary of my painefull life, / my cares shall kill my hart,
Els will I perce my brest / with sharpe and bloody knife ;
1916 And you, my mother, shall becomene / the murdresse of my life,
In geuing me to him / whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to loue : Wherefore, on knees, / deere mother, I you pray,
To let me liue henceforth, / as I haue liued tofore :
1920 Ceasse all your troubles for my sake, / and care for me no more ;
But suffer Fortune feerce / to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to doe me boote, / in her it lyeth to spill.
For whilst you for the best / desyre to place me so,

- 1924 You hast away my lingring death, / and double all my woe.
 So deepe this aunswere made / the sorowes downe to sinke
 Into the mothers brest, that she / ne knoweth what to thinke
 Of these her daughters woords, / but all appalde she standes,
- 1928 And vp vnto the heauens she throwes / her wondring head and handes,
 And, nigh besyde her selfe, / her husband hath she sought;
 She telles him all; she doth forget / ne yet she hydeth ought.
 The testy old man, wroth, / disdainfull without measure,
- 1932 Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, / and byds them take no leysure:
 Ne on her teares or plaint / at all to haue remorse,
 But (if they can not with her will) / to bring the mayde perforce.
 The message heard, they part, / to fetch that they must fet,
- 1936 And willingly with them walkes forth / obedient Iuliet.
 Arriued in the place, / when she her father saw,
 Of whom (as much as duety would) / the daughter stooode in awe,
 The seruantes sent away / (the mother thought it meete),
- 1940 The wofull daughter all bewept / fell groueling at his feete,
 Which she doth washe with teares / as she thus groueling lyes:
 So fast, and eke so plenteously / distill they from her eyes:
 When she to call for grace / her mouth doth think to open,
- 1944 Muet she is; for sighes and sobs / her fearefull talke haue broken.
 The syre, whose swelling wroth / her teares could not asswage, [Fo. 55]
 With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes / thus spake her in his rage,
 Whilst ruthfully stood by / the maydens mother mylde:
- 1948 Listen (quoth he) vnthankfull and / thou disobedient childe;
 Hast thou so soone let slip / out of thy mynde the woord,
 That thou so often times hast heard / rehearsed at my boord?
 How much the Romaine youth / of parentes stood in awe,
- 1952 And eke what powre vpon theyr seede / the fathers had by lawe?
 Whom they not onely might / pledge, alienate, and sell,
 (When so they stooode in neede) but more, / if children did rebell,
 The parentes had the power / of lyfe and sodayn death.
- 1956 What if those goodmen should agayne / receaue the liuyng breth,
 In how straight bondes would they / thy stubberne body bynde?
 What weapons would they seeke for thee? / what tormentes would
 they fynde?
 To chasten (if they saw) / the lewdnes of thy lyfe,

- 1960 Thy great vnthankfulnes to me, / and shamefull sturdy strife?
Such care thy mother had, / so deere thou wert to me,
That I with long and earnest sute / prouided haue for thee
One of the greatest lordes / that wonnes about this towne,
- 1964 And for his many vertues sake / a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I / vnworthy are too much,
So riche ere long he shalbe left, / his fathers welth is such,
Such is the noblenes / and honor of the race
- 1968 From whence his father came : and yet / thou playest in this case
The dainty foole, and stubberne / gyrle; for want of skill
Thou dost refuse thy offred weale, / and disobay my will.
Euen by his strength I sweare, / that fyrst did geue me lyfe,
- 1972 And gaue me in my youth the strength / to get thee on my wyfe,
On lesse by wensday next / thou bende as I am bent,
And at our castle cald free towne / thou freely doe assent
To Counte Paris sute, / and promise to agree
- 1976 To whatsoever then shall passe / twixt him, my wife, and me,
Not onely will I geue / all that I haue away
From thee, to those that shall me loue, / me honor, and obay,
But also too so close / and to so hard a gayle,
- 1980 I shall thee wed, for all thy life, / that sure thou shalt not fayle
A thousand times a day / to wishe for sodayn death, [Fo. 56]
And curse the day and howre when first / thy lunges did geue thee
breath.
Aduise thee well, and say / that thou art warned now,
- 1984 And thinke not that I speake in sport, / or mynd to breake my vowe.
For were it not that I / to Counte Paris gaue
My fayth, which I must kepe vnfalst, / my honor so to saue,
Ere thou go hence, my selfe / would see thee chastned so,
- 1988 That thou shouldst once for all be taught / thy duetie how to knowe;
And what reuenge of olde / the angry syres did finde
Against theyr children that rebeld, / and shewd them selfe
vnkinde.
These sayd, the olde man straight / is gone in hast away ;
- 1992 Ne for his daughters aunswere would / the testy father stay.
And after him his wife / doth follow out of doore,
And there they leaue theyr chidden chylde / kneeling vpon the floore,

- Then she that oft had seene / the fury of her syre,
 1996 Dreading what might come of his rage, / nould farther styrrre his yre.
 Vnto her chamber she / withdrew her selfe aparte,
 Where she was wonted to vnloode / the sorowes of her hart.
 There did she not so much / busy her eyes in sleping,
 2000 As ouerprest with restles thoughts / in piteous booteless weping.
 The fast falling of teares / make not her teares decrease,
 Ne, by the powring forth of plaint, / the cause of plaint doth cease.
 So that to thend the mone / and sorow may decaye,
 2004 The best is that she seeke some meane / to take the cause away.
 Her wery bed betime / the wofull wight forsakes,
 And to saint Frauncis church to masse / her way deuoutly takes.
 The fryer forth is calde; / she prayes him heare her shrift;
 2008 Deuocion is in so yong yeres / a rare and precious gyft.
 When on her tender knees / the dainty lady kneeles,
 In minde to powre forth all the greefe / that inwardly she feeles,
 With sighes and salted teares / her shryuing doth beginne,
 2012 For she of heaped sorowes hath / to speake, and not of sinne.
 Her voyce with piteous plaint / was made already horce,
 And hasty sobs, when she would speake, / brake of her woordes parforce.
 But as she may, peece meale, / she powreth in his lappe
 2016 The mariage newes, a mischief newe, / prepared by mishappe,
 Her parentes promisse erst / to Counte Paris past, [Fo. 57]
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, / and thus concludes at last:
 Once was I wedded well, / ne will I wed agayne;
 2020 For since I know I may not be / the wedded wyfe of twayne,
 For I am bound to haue / one God, one fayth, one make,
 My purpose is as soone as I / shall hence my iorney take,
 With these two handes, which ioynde / vnto the heauens I stretch,
 2024 The hasty death which I desire, / vnto my selfe to reache.
 This day (O Romeus) / this day, thy wofull wife
 Will bring the end of all her cares / by ending carefull lyfe.
 So my departed sprite / shall witnes to the skye,
 2028 And eke my blood vnto the earth / beare record, how that I
 Haue kept my fayth vnbroke, / stedfast vnto my frende.
 When this her heauy tale was tolde, / her vowe eke at an ende,
 Her gasing here and there, / her feece and staring looke,

- 2032 Did witnes that some lewd attempt / her hart had vnderooke.
Whereat the fryer astonde, / and gastfully afraide
Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, / thus much to her he sayde :
Ah lady Iuliet, / what nede the wordes you spake ?
- 2036 I pray you, graunt me one request, / for blessed Maries sake.
Measure somewhat your greefe, / holde here a while your peace,
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, / your plaint and sorowes cease.
Such comfort will I geue / you, ere you part from hence,
- 2040 And for thassaltes of Fortunes yre / prepare so sure defence,
So wholesome salue will I / for your afflictions finde,
That you shall hence depart agayne / with well contented mynde.
His wordes haue chased straight / out of her hart despayre,
- 2044 Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts / by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now / hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in hast / is to his chaumber gone ;
Where sundry thoughtes within / his carefull head arise ;
- 2048 The old mans foresight diuers doutes / hath set before his eyes.
His conscience one while / condemns it for a sinne
To let her take Paris to spouse, / since he himselfe had byn
The chifest cause, that she / vnknowne to father or mother,
- 2052 Not fīue monthes past, in that selfe place / was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy / heape of daungers dred [Fo. 58]
His restles thought hath heaped vp / within his troubled hed.
Euen of it selfe thattempt / he iudgeth perilous ;
- 2056 The execucion eke he demes / so much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace / he must himselfe commit,
That yong is, simple and vnware, / for waighty affaires vnfit,
For if she fayle in ought, / the matter published,
- 2060 Both she and Romeus were vndonne, / himselfe eke punished.
When too and fro in mynde / he dyuers thoughts had cast,
With tender pity and with ruth / his hart was wonne at last ;
He thought he rather would / in hasard set his fame,
- 2064 Then suffer such adultery. / resolving on the same,
Out of his closet straight / he tooke a litele glasse,
And then with double hast retornde / where wofull Iuliet was ;
Whom he hath found welnigh / in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
- 2068 Attending still to heare the newes / of lyfe or els of death.

- Of whom he did enquire / of the appointed day ;
 On wensday next, (quod Iuliet) / so doth my father say,
 I must geue my consent ; / but (as I do remember)
- 2072 The solemne day of mariage is / the tenth day of September.
 Deere daughter, quoth the fryer / of good chere see thou be,
 For loe, sainct Frauncis of his grace / hath shewde a way to me,
 By which I may both thee / and Romeus together
- 2076 Out of the bondage which you feare / assuredly deliuer.
 Euen from the holy font / thy husband haue I knowne,
 And, since he grew in yeres, haue kept / his counsels as myne owne.
 For from his youth he would / vnfold to me his hart,
- 2080 And often haue I cured him / of anguish and of smart ;
 I know that by desert / his frendship I haue wonne,
 And I him holde as dere as if / he were my propre sonne.
 Wherefore my frendly hart / can not abyde that he
- 2084 Should wrongfully in ought be harmde, / if that it lay in me
 To right or to reuenge / the wrong by my aduise,
 Or timely to preuent the same / in any other wise.
 And sith thou art his wife, / thee am I bound to loue,
- 2088 For Romeus frindships sake, and seeke / thy anguishe to remoue,
 And dreadfull torments, which / thy hart besegen rounde ; [Fo. 59]
 Wherefore, my daughter, geue good eare / vnto my counsels sounde.
 Forget not what I say, / ne tell it any wight,
- 2092 Not to the nurse thou trustest so, / as Romeus is thy knight ;
 For on this threed doth hang / thy death and eke thy lyfe,
 My fame or shame, his weale or woe / that chose thee to his wyfe.
 Thou art not ignorant, / (because of such renowne
- 2096 As euery where is spred of me, / but chiefly in this towne,)
 That in my youthfull dayes / abroad I trauayled,
 Through euery lande found out by men, / by men inhabited ;
 So twenty yeres from home, / in landes vnknowne a gest,
- 2100 I neuer gaue my weary limmes / long time of quiet rest,
 But in the desert woodes, / to beastes of cruell kinde,
 Or on the seas to drenching waues, / at pleasure of the winde,
 I haue committed them, / to ruth of rouers hand,
- 2104 And to a thousand daungers more, / by water and by lande.
 But not, in wayne (my childe) / hath all my wandering byn ;

- Beside the great contentednes / my sprete abydeth in,
That by the pleasant thought / of passed thinges doth grow,
2108 One priuate frute more haue I pluckd, / which thou shalt shortly know :
What force the stones, the plants, / and metals haue to woorke,
And diuers other thinges that in / the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I haue sought out, / with payne I did them proue ;
2112 With them eke can I helpe my selfe / at times of my behoue,
(Although the science be / against the lawes of men)
When sodain daunger forceth me ; / but yet most cheefly when
The worke to doe is least / displeasing vnto God,
2116 Not helping to do any sinne / that wrekefull Ioue forbode.
For since in lyfe no hope / of long abode I haue,
But now am comme vnto the brinke / of my appointed graue,
And that my death drawes nere, / whose stripe I may not shonne,
2120 But shalbe calde to make account / of all that I haue donne,
Now ought I from hence forth / more depely print in mynde
The iudgement of the lord, then when / youtnes folly made me blynde,
When loue and fond desyre / were boyling in my brest,
2124 Whence hope and dred by striuing thoughts / had banishd frendly rest.
Knowe therfore, (daughter) that / with other gyftes which I [Fol. 60]
Haue well attained to, by grace / and fauour of the skye,
Long since I did finde out, / and yet the way I knowe,
2128 Of certain rootes, and sauory herbes / to make a kinde of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet / into a powder fine,
And dronke with conduite water, or / with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre / astonne the taker so,
2132 And mastreth all his sences, that / he feeleth weale nor woe :
And so it burieth vp / the sprite and liuing breath,
That euen the skilfull leche would say, / that he is slayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, / as meruelous as this ;
2136 The taker, by receiuing it, / at all not greeued is ;
But painlesse as a man / that thinketh nought at all,
Into a swete and quiet slepe / immediately doth fall ;
From which, (according to / the quantitie he taketh)
2140 Longer or shorter is the time / before the sleper waketh ;
And thence (theeffect once wrought) / agayne it doth restore
Him that receaued vnto the state / wherin he was before.

- Wherefore, marke well the ende / of this my tale begonne,
 2144 And therby learne what is by thee / hereafter to be donne.
 Cast of from thee at once / the weede of womannish dread,
 With manly courage arme thy selfe / from heele vnto the head;
 For onely on the feare / or boldnes of thy brest
 2148 The happy happe or yll mishappe / of thy affayre doth rest.
 Receiue this vyoll small / and keepe it as thine eye;
 And on thy marriage day, before / the sunne doe cleare the skye,
 Fill it with water full / vp to the very brim,
 2152 Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele / throughout eche vayne and lim
 A pleasant slumber slide, / and quite dispred at length
 On all thy partes, from euery part / reue all thy kindly strength;
 Withouten mouing thus / thy ydle parts shall rest,
 2156 No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate / within thy hollow brest,
 But thou shalt lye as she / that dyeth in a traunce:
 Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes / shall wayle the sodain chaunce;
 Thy corps then will they bring / to graue in this church yarde,
 2160 Where thy forefathers long agoe / a costly tombe preparede,
 Both for them selfe and eke / for those that should come after, [Fo. 6r]
 Both deepe it is, and long and large, / where thou shall rest, my
 daughter,
 Till I to Mantua sende / for Romeus, thy knight;
 2164 Out of the tombe both he and I / will take thee forth that night.
 And when out of thy slepe / thou shalt awake agayne,
 Then mayst thou goe with him from hence; / and, healed of thy payne,
 In Mantua lead with him / vnknowne a pleasant life;
 2168 And yet perhaps in time to come, / when cease shall all the strife,
 And that the peace is made / twixt Romeus and his foes,
 My selfe may finde so fit a time / these secretes to dysclose,
 Both to my prayse, and to / thy tender parentes ioy,
 2172 That daungerles, without reproche, / thou shalt thy loue enioy.
 When of his skilfull tale / the fryer had made an ende,
 To which our Iuliet so well / her eare and wits dyd bend,
 That she hath heard it all / and hath forgotten nought,
 2176 Her fainting hart was comforted / with hope and pleasant thought,
 And then to him she said— / Doubte not but that I will
 With stoute and vnappauled hart / your happy hest fulfill.

Yea, if I wist it were / a venemous dedly drinke,
2180 Rather would I that through my throte / the certaine bane should sinke,
Then I (not drinking it) / into his handes should fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, / ne ought to haue at all.
Much more I ought with bold / and with a willing hart
2184 To greatest daunger yelde my selfe, / and to the dedly smart,
To comme to him on whome / my life doth wholly stay,
That is my onely hartes delight, / and so he shalbe aye.
Then goe (quoth he) my childe, / I pray that God on hye
2188 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand / vpon the way thee gye.
God graunt he so confirme / in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let / thy promesse to fulfill.

A thousand thanks and more / our Iuliet gaue the fryer,
2192 And homeward to her fathers house / ioyfull she doth retyre;
And as with stately gate / she passed through the streete,
She saw her mother in the doore, / that with her there would meete,
In mynd to aske if she / her purpose yet did holde,
2196 In mynd also, a part twixt them, / her duety to haue tolde;
Wherefore with pleasant face, / and with vnwonted chere, [F^o. 62]
As soone as she was vnto her / approached sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake, / thus did she fyrst begin :
2200 Madame, at saint Frauncis church / haue I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode / a longer while (percase)
Then dewty would; yet haue I not / been absent from this place
So long a while, whithout / a great and iust cause why;
2204 This frute haue I receaued there; / my hart, erst lyke to dye,
Is now reuiued agayne, / and my afflicted brest,
Released from affliction, / restored is to rest!
For lo, my troubled gost / (alas too sore diseased)
2208 By gostly counsell and aduise / hath fryer Lawrence easde;
To whome I did at large / discourse my former lyfe,
And in confession did I tell / of all our passed strife;
Of Counte Paris sute, / and how my lord, my syre,
2212 By my vngrate and stubborne stryfe / I styrred vnto yre;
But lo, the holy fryer / hath by his gostly lore
Made me another woman now / then I had been before.
By strength of argumentes / he charged so my mynde,

2216 That (though I sought) no sure defence / my serching thought could
finde.

So forced I was at length / to yelde vp witles will,
And promist to be orderd by / the friers prayeds skill.
Wherefore, albeit I / had rashely, long before,

2220 The bed and rytes of mariage / for many yeres forswore,
Yet mother, now behold / your daughter at your will,
Ready (if you commaunde her ought) / your pleasure to fulfill.
Wherefore in humble wise, / dere madam, I you pray,

2224 To goe vnto my lord and syre, / withouten long delay;
Of him fyrst pardon craue / of faultes already past,
And shew him (if it pleaseth you) / his child is now at last
Obedient to his iust / and to his skilfull best,

2228 And that I will (god lending life) / on wensday next, be prest
To wayte on him and you, / vnto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and / before my fathers face,
Vnto the Counte geue / my fayth and whole assent,

2232 And take him for my lord and spouse; / thus fully am I bent;
And that out of your mynde / I may remoue all doute, [Fol. 63]
Vnto my closet fare I now, / to searche and to choose out
The brauest garmentes and / the richest iewels there,

2236 Which (better him to please) I mynd / on wensday next to weare;
For if I did excell / the famous Gretian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende / my bewty and my shape.
The simple mother was / rapt in to great delight;

2240 Not halfe a word could she bring forth, / but in this ioyfull plight
With nimble foote she ran, / and with vnwonted pace,
Vnto her pensiu husband, and / to him with pleasant face
She tolde what she had heard, / and prayseth much the fryer;

2244 And ioyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes / of this gray-berded syer.
With handes and eyes heaued vp / he thanks God in his hart,
And then he sayth: This is not (wife) / the friers first desert;
Oft hath he shewde to vs / great frendship heretofore,

2248 By helping vs at nedefull times / with wisdomes pretious lore.
In all our common weale / scarce one is to be founde
But is, for somme good torne, vnto / this holy father bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of / my goods (I doe not fayne)

- 2252 But twenty of his passed yeres / might purchase him agayne!
So much in recompence / of frendship would I geue,
So much (in faith) his extreme age / my frendly hart doth greue.
These said, the glad old man / from home goeth straight abrode,
2256 And to the stately palace hyeth / where Paris made abode;
Whom he desyres to be / on wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make / for him a costly feast.
But loe, the Earle saith, / such feasting were but lost,
2260 And counsels him till mariage time / to spare so great a cost,
For then he knoweth well / the charges wilbe great;
The whilst, his hart desyreth still / her sight, and not his meate.
He craues of Capilet / that he may straight go see
2264 Fayre Iuliet; wher to he doth / right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, / her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and she chargeth her / that in no wyse she spare
Her curteous speche, her pleasant / lookes, and commely grace,
2268 But liberally to geue them forth / when Paris commes in place:
Which she as cunningly / could set forth to the shewe, [Fo. 64]
As cunning craftsmen to the sale / do set their wares on rew;
That ere the County did / out of her sight depart,
2272 So secretly vnwares to him / she stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death / the wyly wench hath powre.
And now his longing hart thinkes long / for theyr appoynted howre
And with importune sute / the parentes doth he pray
2276 The wedlocke knot to knit soone vp, / and hast the mariage day.
The woer hath past forth / the first day in this sort,
And many other more then this, / in pleasure and disport.
At length the wished time / of long hoped delight
2280 (As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere / approached heauy plight.
Against the bridall day / the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, such furniture, / such store of dainty fare,
That they which did behold / the same the night before
2284 Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely / wishe for any more.
Nothing did seeme to deere; / the deereest thinges were bought;
And (as the written story saith) / in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, / and honor of his stocke;
2288 But Iuliet, the whilst, her thoughts / within her brest did locke;

- Euen from the trusty nurce, / whose secretnes was tryde,
 The secret counsell of her hart / the nurce childe seekes to hide.
 For sith, to mocke her dame, / she dyd not sticke to lye,
 2292 She thought no sinne with shew of truth / to bleare her nurces eye.
 In chamber secretly / the tale she gan renew,
 That at the doore she tolde her dame, / as though it had been trew.
 The flattring nurce did prayse / the fryer for his skill,
 2296 And said that she had done right well / by wit to order will.
 She setteth foorth at large / the fathers furious rage,
 And eke she prayseth much to her / the second mariage;
 And County Paris now / she praiseth ten times more,
 2300 By wrong, then she her selfe by right / had Romeus praysde before.
 Paris shall dwell there still, / Romeus shall not retourne;
 What shall it boote her life / to languish still and mourne.
 The pleasures past before / she must account as gayne;
 2304 But if he doe retorne, what then? / for one she shall haue twayne.
 The one shall vse her as / his lawfull wedded wyfe, [Fol. 65]
 In wanton loue with equall ioy / the other leade his lyfe;
 And best shall she be sped / of any townish dame,
 2308 Of husband and of paramour / to fynde her chaunge of game.
 These wordes and like the nurce / did speake, in hope to please,
 But greatly did these wicked wordes / the ladies mynde disease;
 But ay she hid her wrath, / and seemed well content,
 2312 When dayly dyd the naughty nurce / new argumentes inuent.
 But when the bryde perceued / her howre approached nere,
 She sought (the best she could) to fayne, / and temperd so her cheere,
 That by her outward looke / no liuing wight could gesse
 2316 Her inward woe; and yet a new / renewde is her distresse.
 Vnto her chaumber doth / the pensiu wight repayre,
 And in her hand a percher light / the nurce beares vp the stayre.
 In Iuliets chamber was / her wonted vse to lye;
 2320 Wherefore her mistres, dreading that / she should her work descrye,
 As sone as she began / her pallet to vnfold,
 Thinking to lye that night where she / was wont to lye of olde,
 Doth gently pray her seeke / her lodging some where els;
 2324 And, lest she crafty should suspect, / a ready reason telles.
 Dere frend (quoth she) you knowe, / to morow is the day

- Of new contract; wherfore, this night, / my purpose is to pray
 Vnto the heauenly myndes / that dwell about the skyes,
- 2328 And order all the course of thinges / as they can best deuise,
 That they so smile vpon / the daynges of To morow,
 That all the remnant of my lyfe / may be exempt from sorow :
 Wherfore, I pray you, leaue / me here alone this night,
- 2332 But see that you to morow comme / before the dawning light,
 For you must coorle my heare, / and set on my attyre.
 And easely the louing nurse / dyd yelde to her desire,
 For she within her hed / dyd cast before no doute;
- 2336 She little knew the close attempt / her nurse childe went about.
 The nurse departed once, / the chamber doore shut close,
 Assured that no liuing wight / her doing myght disclose,
 She powred forth into / the vyale of the fryer,
- 2340 Water, out of a siluer ewer, / that on the boord stode by her.
 The slepy mixture made, / fayre Iuliet doth it hyde [Fol. 66]
 Vnder her bolster soft, and so / vnto her bed she hyed :
 Where diuers nouel thoughts / arise within her hed,
- 2344 And she is so inuironed / about with deadly dred,
 That what before she had / resolued vndoubtedly
 That same she calleth into doute; / and lying doutfully
 Whilst honest loue did strue / with dred of dedly payne,
- 2348 With handes ywrong, and weping eyes, / thus gan she to complaine :—
 What, is there any one, / beneth the heauens hye,
 So much vnfortunate as I? / so much past hope as I?
 What, am not I my selfe, / of all that yet were borne,
- 2352 The depest drenched in dispayre, / and most in Fortunes skorne!
 For loe the world for me / hath nothing els to finde,
 Beside mishap and wretchednes / and anguish of the mynde;
 Since that the cruel cause / of my vnappines
- 2356 Hath put me to this sodaine plunge, / and brought to such distres,
 As (to the end I may / my name and conscience saue)
 I must deuowre the mixed drinke / that by me here I haue,
 Whose woorking and whose force / as yet I doe not know.
- 2360 And of this piteous plaint began / another doute to growe :
 What doe I knowe (quoth she) / if that this powder shall
 Sooner or later then it should / or els not woork at all?

- And then my craft descride / as open as the day,
 2364 The peoples tale and laughing stocke / shall I remayne for aye.
 And what know I (quoth she) / if serpentes odious,
 And other beastes and wormes that are / of nature venemous,
 That wonted are to lurke / in darke caues vnder grounde,
 2368 And commonly, as I haue heard, / in dead mens tombes are found,
 Shall harme me, yea or nay, / where I shall lye as ded?—
 Or how shall I that alway haue / in so freshe ayre been bred,
 Endure the lothsome stinke / of such an heaped store
 2372 Of carkases, not yet consumde, / and bones that long before
 Intombed were, where I / my sleping place shall haue,
 Where all my auncesters doe rest, / my kindreds common graue?
 Shall not the fryer and / my Romeus, when they come,
 2376 Fynd me (if I awake before) / ystified in the tombe?
 And whilst she in these thoughtes / doth dwell somewhat to long,
 The force of her ymaging / anon dyd waxe so strong, [Fo. 67]
 That she surmysde she saw, / out of the hollow vaulte,
 2380 (A griesly thing to looke vpon) / the carkas of Tybalt;
 Right in the selfe same sort / that she few dayes before
 Had seene him in his blood embrewde, / to death eke wounded sore.
 And then when she agayne / within her selfe had wayde
 2384 That quicke she should be buried there, / and by his side be layde,
 All comfortles, for she / shall liuing feere haue none,
 But many a rotten carkas, and / full many a naked bone;
 Her dainty tender partes / gan sheuer all for dred,
 2388 Her golden heares did stand vpriight / vpon her chillish hed.
 Then pressed with the feare / that she there liued in,
 A sweat as colde as mountaine yse / pearst through her tender skin,
 That with the moysture hath / wet euery part of hers:
 2392 And more besides, she vainely thinkes, / whilst vainely thus she feares,
 A thousand bodies dead / haue compast her about,
 And lest they will dismember her / she greatly standes in dout.
 But when she felt her strength / began to weare away,
 2396 By little and little, and in her hart / her feare increased ay,
 Dreading that weakenes might, / or foolish cowardise,
 Hinder the execution of / the purposde enterprise,
 As she had frantike been, / in hast the glasse she cought,

- 2400 And vp she dranke the mixture quite, / withouten farther thought.
Then on her brest she crost / her armes long and small,
And so, her senses fayling her, / into a trauunce did fall.
And when that Phoebus bright / heaued vp his seemly hed,
2404 And from the East in open skies / his glistring rayes dispred,
The nurce vnshut the doore, / for she the key did keepe,
And douting she had slept to long, / she thought to breake her slepe
Fyrst softly dyd she call, / then lowder thus did crye,
2408 Lady, you slepe to long, (the Earle) / will rayse you by and by.
But wele away, in wayne / vnto the deafe she calles,
She thinkes to speake to Iuliet, / but speaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyse / that might on earth be found,
2412 Or on the roaring seas, or if / the dredfull thunders sound,
Had blowne into her eares, / I thinke they could not make [Fol. 68]
The sleping wight before the time / by any meanes awake;
So were the sprites of lyfe / shut vp, and senses thrald;
2416 Wherwith the seely carefull nurce / was wondrously apalde.
She thought to daw her now / as she had donne of olde,
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe / and more then marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor nose / found she recourse of breth;
2420 Two certaine argumentes were these / of her vntimely death.
Wherfore as one distraught / she to her mother ranne,
With scratched face, and heare betorne, / but no woord speake she can,
At last (with much a doe) / dead (quoth she) is my childe.
2424 Now, out alas (the mother cryde) / and as a Tyger wilde,
Whose whelpes, whilst she is gonne / out of her denne to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game / doth kill or cary away;
So raging forth she ranne / vnto her Iuliets bed,
2428 And there she found her derling and / her onely comfort ded.
Then shrieked she out as lowde / as serue her would her breth,
And then (that pity was to heare) / thus cryde she out on death:
Ah cruell death (quoth she) / that thus against all right,
2432 Hast ended my felicitie, / and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worst to me, / once wreake thy wrath for all,
Euen in despite I crye to thee, / thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto stay I (alas) / since Iuliet is gone?
2436 Wherto liue I since she is dead, / except to wayle and mone?

- Alacke, dere chyld, my teares / for thee shall neuer cease ;
 Euen as my dayes of life increase, / so shall my plaint increase .
 Such store of sorow shall / afflict my tender hart,
 2440 That dedly panges, when they assayle / shall not augment my smart.
 Then gan she so to sobbe, / it seemde her hart would brast ;
 And while she crieth thus, behold, / the father at the last,
 The County Paris, and / of gentilmen a route,
 2444 And ladies of Verona towne / and country round about,
 Both kindreds and alies / thether apace haue preast,
 For by theyr presence there they sought / to honor so the feast ;
 But when the heauy newes / the bydden geastes did heare,
 2448 So much they mournd, that who had seene / theyr countnance and
 theyr cheere,
 Might easely haue iudgde / by that that they had seene, [Fz. 69]
 That day the day of wrath and eke / of pity to haue beene.
 But more then all the rest / the fathers hart was so
 2452 Smit with the heauy newes, and so / shut vp with sodain woe,
 That he ne had the powre / his daughter to bewepe,
 Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd / his teares and plaint to kepe.
 In all the hast he hath / for skilfull leaches sent ;
 2456 And, hearyng of her passed life, / they iudge with one assent
 The cause of this her death / was inward care and thought ;
 And then with double force againe / the doubled sorowes wrought.
 If euer there hath been / a lamentable day,
 2460 A day, ruthfull, vnfortunate / and fatal, then I say,
 The same was it in which / through Veron towne was spred
 The wofull newes how Iuliet / was sterued in her bed.
 For so she was bemonde / both of the yong and olde,
 2464 That it might seeme to him that would / the commen plaint behold,
 That all the commen welth / did stand in ieopardy ;
 So vniuersall was the plaint, / so piteous was the crye.
 For lo, beside her shape / and natie bewties hewe,
 2468 With which, like as she grew in age, / her vertues prayses grewe,
 She was also so wise, / so lowly, and so mylde,
 That, euen from the hory head / vnto the witles childe,
 She wan the hartes of all, / so that there was not one,
 2472 Ne great, ne small, but dyd that day / her wretched state bemone.

- Whilst Iuliet slept, and whilst / the other wepen thus,
 Our fryer Lawrence hath by this / sent one to Romeus,
 A frier of his house, / there neuer was a better,
 2476 He trusted him euen as himselfe, / to whom he gaue a letter,
 In which he written had / of euery thing at length,
 That past twixt Iuliet and him, / and of the powders strength;
 The next night after that, / he willeth him to comme
 2480 To helpe to take his Iuliet / out of the hollow toombe,
 For by that time, the drinke, / he saith, will cease to woorke,
 And for one night his wife and he / within his cell shall looke;
 Then shall he cary her / to Mantua away,
 2484 (Till fickle Fortune fauour him,) / disguise in mans aray.
 Thys letter closde he sendes / to Romeus by his brother; [Fol. 70]
 He chargeth him that in no case / he geue it any other.
 Apace our frier Iohn / to Mantua him hys;
 2488 And, for because in Italy / it is a wonted gyse
 That friers in the towne / should seeldome walke alone,
 But of theyr couent ay should be / accompanide with one
 Of his profession, straight / a house he fyndeth out,
 2492 In mynde to take some frier with him, / to walke the towne about.
 But entred once he might / not issue out agayne,
 For that a brother of the house / a day before or twayne
 Dyed of the plague, (a sickenes which / they greatly feare and hate)
 2496 So were the brethren charged to kepe / within theyr couent gate,
 Bard of theyr felowship / that in the towne do wonne;
 The towne folke eke commaunded are / the fryers house to shonne,
 Tyll they that had the care of health / theyr fredome should renew;
 2500 Wherof, as you shall shortly heare, / a mischeefe great there
 grewe.
 The fryer by this restraint, / beset with dred and sorow,
 Not knowing what the letters held, / differd vntill the morowe;
 And then he thought in tyme / to send to Romeus.
 2504 But whilst at Mantua where he was, / these dooinges framed thus,
 The towne of Iuliets byrth / was wholly busied
 About her obsequies, to see / theyr darlyng buried.
 Now is the parentes myrth / quite chaunged into mone,
 2508 And now to sorow is retorne / the ioy of euery one;

- And now the wedding weedes / for mourning weedes they chaunge,
 And Hymene into a Dyrge; / alas! it seemeth straunge:
 In steade of mariage gloues, / now funerall gloues they haue,
 2512 And whom they should see married, / they follow to the graue.
 The feast that should haue been / of pleasure and of ioy,
 Hath euery dish and cup fild full / of sorow and annoye.
 Now throughout Italy / this common vse they haue,
 2516 That all the best of euery stocke / are earthed in one graue;
 For euery houshold, if / it be of any fame;
 Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, / that beares the houtholdes
 name;
 Wherein (if any of / that kindred hap to dye)
 2520 They are bestowde; els in the same / no other corps may lye.
 The Capilets her corps / in such a one dyd lay, [Fo. 71]
 Where Tybalt slayne of Romeus / was layde the other day.
 An other vse there is, / that whosoouer dyes,
 2524 Borne to their church with open face / vpon the beere he lyes,
 In wonted weede attyrde, / not wrapt in winding sheete.
 So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, / our Romeus man dyd meete
 His maisters wyfe; the sight / with sorow straight dyd wounde
 2528 His honest hart; with teares he sawe / her lodged vnder ground.
 And, for he had been sent / to Verone for a spye,
 The doynges of the Capilets / by wisdom to descrye,
 And for he knew her death / dyd tooch his maister most,
 2532 (Alas) too soone, with heauy newes / he hyed away in post;
 And in his house he found / his maister Romeus,
 Where he, besprent with many teares, / began to speake him thus:
 Syr, vnto you of late / is chaunced so great a harme,
 2536 That sure, except with constancy / you seeke your selfe to arme,
 I feare that strayght you will / brethe out your latter breath,
 And I, most wretched wight, shalbe / thoccasion of your death.
 Know syr, that yesterday, / my lady and your wyfe,
 2540 I wot not by what sodain grefe, / hath made exchange of life;
 And for because on earth / she found nought but vnrest,
 In heauen hath she sought to fynde / a place of quiet rest;
 And with these weping eyes / my selfe haue seene her layde,
 2544 Within the tombe of Capilets: / and here withall he stayde.

- This sodayne message sounde, / sent forth with sighes and teares,
 Our Romeus receaued too soone / with open listening eares ;
 And therby hath sonke in / such sorow in his hart,
 2548 That loe, his sprite annoyed sore / with torment and with smart,
 Was like to breake out of / his prison house perforce,
 And that he might flye after hers, / would leaue the massy corce :
 But earnest loue that will / not fayle him till his ende,
 2552 This fond and sodain fantasy / into his head dyd sende :
 That if nere vnto her / he offred up his breath,
 That then an hundred thousand parts / more glorious were his death :
 Eke should his painfull hart / a great deale more be eased,
 2556 And more also (he vainely thought) / his lady better pleased.
 Wherfore when he his face / hath washt with water cleene, [Fol. 72]
 Lest that the staynes of dryed teares / might on his cheekes be seene,
 And so his sorow should / of euery one be spyde,
 2560 Which he with all his care dyd seeke / from euery one to hyde,
 Straight, wery of the house, / he walketh forth abroad :
 His seruant, at the maisters hest, / in chamber styll abode ;
 And then fro streate to streate / he wandreth vp and downe
 2564 To see if he in any place / may fynde, in all the towne,
 A salue meete for his sore, / an oyle fitte for his wounde ;
 And seeking long (alac too soone) / the thing he sought, he founde.
 An Apothecary sate / vnbusied at his doore,
 2568 Whom by his heauy countenance / he gessed to be poore.
 And in his shop he saw / his boxes were but fewe,
 And in his window (of his wares) / there was so small a shew ;
 Wherfore our Romeus / assuredly hath thought,
 2572 What by no frendship could be got, / with money should be bought ;
 For nedy lacke is lyke / the poore man to compell
 To sell that which the cities lawe / forbiddeth him to sell.
 Then by the hand he drew / the nedy man apart,
 2576 And with the sight of glittring gold / inflamed hath his hart :
 Take fiftie crownes of gold / (quoth he) I geue them thee,
 So that, before I part from hence, / thou straight deliuer me
 Somme poyson strong, that may / in lesse then halfe an howre
 2580 Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe / the potion to deuowre.
 The wretch by couetise / is wonne, and doth assent

- To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, / too late, he doth repent.
 In hast he poyson sought, / and closely he it bounde,
 2584 And then began with whispering voyce / thus in his eare to rounde :
 Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure / this is the speeding gere,
 And more there is then you shall nede / for halfe of that is there
 Will serue, I vnder take, / in lesse then half an howre
 2588 To kill the strongest man aliue; / such is the poysons power.
 Then Romeus, somewhat easd / of one part of his care,
 Within his bosome putteth vp / his dere vnthrifty ware.
 Retorning home agayne, / he sent his man away,
 2592 To Verone towne, and chargeth him / that he, without delay,
 Prouyde both instruments / to open wyde the toombe, [Po. 73]
 And lightes to shew him Iuliet; / and stay (till he shall comme)
 Nere to the place whereas / his louing wyfe doth rest,
 2596 And chargeth him not to bewray / the dolours of his brest.
 Peter, these heard, his leaue / doth of his maister take;
 Betyme he commes to towne, such hast / the paynfull man did make :
 And then with busy care / he seeketh to fulfill,
 2600 But doth dysclose vnto no wight / his wofull maisters will.
 Would God, he had herein / broken his maisters hest !
 Would God, that to the fryer he had / dysclosed all hys brest !
 But Romeus the whyle / with many a dedly thought
 2604 Prouoked much, hath caused yuke / and paper to be brought,
 And in few lynes he dyd / of all his loue dyscoorse,
 How by the fryers helpe, and by / the knowledge of the noorse,
 The wedlocke knot was knyht, / and by what meane that night
 2608 And many moe he dyd enioy / his happy hartes delight ;
 Where he the poyson bought, / and how his lyfe should ende ;
 And so his wailefull tragedy / the wretched man hath pend.
 The letters cload and seald, / directed to his syre,
 2612 He locketh in his purse, and then / a post hors doth he hyre.
 When hé approched nere, / he warely lighted downe,
 And euen with the shade of night / he entred Verone towne ;
 Where he hath found his man, / wayting when he should comme,
 2616 With lanterne, and with instruments / to open Iuliets toomme.
 Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, / helpe to remoue the stone,
 And straight when I am gone fro thee, / my Iuliet to bemone,

- See that thou get thee hence, / and on the payne of death
2620 I charge thee that thou comme not nere / whyle I abyde beneath,
Ne seeke thou not to let / thy masters enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed / to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which, / as soone as he shall ryse,
2624 Present it in the morning to / my louing fathers eyes;
Which vnto him perhaps / farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, / or thy grose head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not / the purpose of his hart,
2628 Obediently a little way / withdrew himselfe apart;
And then our Romeus / (the vault stone set vpright) [Po. 74]
Descended downe, and in his hand / he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye / the body of his wyfe
2632 He gan beholde, who surely was / the organ of his lyfe;
For whom vnhappy now / he is, but erst was blyst;
He watred her with teares, and then / a hundred times her kyst;
And in his folded armes / full straightly he her plight,
2636 But no way could his greedy eyes / be filled with her sight:
His fearfull handes he layd / vpon her stomacke colde,
And them on diuers parts besyde / the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd / the signes of lyfe he sought,
2640 Out of his cursed box he drewe / the poyson that he bought;
Wherof he gredely / deuowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh / fetcht from his mourning hart:
Oh Iuliet, of whom / the world vnwoorthy was,
2644 From which, for worldes vnworthines / thy worthy gost dyd
passe,
What death more pleasant could / my hart wish to abyde
Then that which here it suffreth now, / so nere thy frendly syde?
Or els so glorious tombe / how could my youth haue craued,
2648 As in one selfe same vaulte with thee / haply to be ingraued?
What Epitaph more worth, / or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memorie, / could any man inuente,
As this our mutuell and / our piteous sacrifice
2652 Of lyfe, set light for loue?—but while / he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while / his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, / prest with the venoms force;

- Which little and little gan / to ouercommе hys hart,
 2656 And whilst his busy eyne he threwe / about to euery part,
 He saw, hard by the corce / of sleping Iuliet,
 Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was / not all consumed yet.
 To whom (as hauing life) / in this sort speaketh he :
 2660 Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, whereso / thy restles sprite now be,
 With stretched handes to thee / for mercy now I crye,
 For that before thy kindly howre / I forced thee to dye.
 But if with quenched lyfe / not quenched be thine yre,
 2664 But with reuengeing lust as yet / thy hart be set on fyre,
 What more amendes, or cruell / wreke desyrest thou [Fo. 75]
 To see on me, then this which here / is shewd forth to thee now ?
 Who reft by force of armes / from thee thy liuing breath,
 2668 The same with his owne hand (thou seest) / doth poyson himselfe to
 death.
 And for he caused thee / in tombe too soone to lye,
 Too soone also, yonger then thou, / himselfe he layeth by.
 These said, when he gan feele / the poysons force preuayle,
 2672 And little and little mastred lyfe / for aye beganne to fayle,
 Kneeling vpon his knees, / he said with voyce full lowe,—
 Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me / descendedst long agoe
 Out of thy fathers bosome, / and in the virgins wombe
 2676 Didst put on fleshe, Oh let my plaint / out of this hollow toombe,
 Perce through the ayre, and graunt / my sute may fauour finde ;
 Take pity on my sinnefull and / my poore afflicted mynde !
 For well enough I know, / this body is but clay,
 2680 Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, / and subiect to decay.
 Then pressed with extreme greefe / he threw with so great force
 His ouerpressed parts vpon / his ladies wayled corps,
 That now his wekened hart, / weakened with tormentes past,
 2684 Vnable to abyde this pang, / the sharpest and the last,
 Remayned quite deprivied / of sense and kindly strength,
 And so the long imprisond soule / hath freedome wonne at length.
 Ah cruell death, too soone, / too soone was this deuorce,
 2688 Twixt youthfull Romeus heauenly sprite, / and his fayre earthy
 corse.

The fryer that knew what time / the powder had been taken,

Knew eke the very instant when / the sleper should awaken ;
But wondring that he could / no kind of aunswer heare,
2692 Of letters which to Romeus / his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of saint Frauncis church / hymselfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe / meete instrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, / and seeing there the lyght,
2696 Great horror felt he in his hart, / by straunge and sodaine sight ;
Tyll Peter, (Romeus man), / his coward hart made bolde,
When of his masters being there / the certain newes he tolde :
Thère hath he been (quoth he) / this halfe howre at the least, .
2700 And in this time, I dare well say, / his plaint hath still increast.
Then both they entred in, / where they (alas) dyd fynde [Fo. 76]
The bretheles corps of Romeus, / forsaken of the mynde ;
Where they haue made such mone, / as they may best conceue,
2704 That haue with perfect frendship loued, / whose frend feerce death
dyd reue.

But whilst with piteous playnt / they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Iuliet / awaked out of slepe ;
And much amasde to see / in tombe so great a light,
2708 She wist not if she saw a dreame, / or sprite that walkd by night.
But cumming to her selfe / she knew them, and said thus :
What, fryer Lawrence, is it you ? ./ where is my Romeus ?
And then the auncient frier, / that greatly stooode in feare
2712 Lest if they lingred ouer long / they should be taken theare,
In few plaine woordes the whole / that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his fingar shewd his corps / out stretched, stiffe, and colde ;
And then perswaded her / with pacience to abyde
2716 This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth, / that he will soone prouyde
In somme religious house / for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, / and where in time percase
She may with wisdomes meane / measure her mourning brest,
2720 And vnto her tormented soule / call backe exiled rest.
But loe, as soone as she / had cast her ruthfull eye
On Romeus face, that pale and wan / fast by her side dyd lye,
Straight way she dyd vnstop / the conduites of her teares,
2724 And out they gushe ;—with cruell hand / she tare her golden heares.
But when she neither could / her swelling sorow swage,

- Ne yet her tender hart abyde / her sickenes furious rage,
 Falne on his corps she lay / long panting on his face,
 2728 And then with all her force and strength / the ded corps dyd embrace,
 As though with sighes, with sobs, / with force, and busy payne,
 She would him rayse, and him restore / from death to lyfe agayne:
 A thousand times she kist / his mouth, as cold as stone,
 2732 And it vnkist agayne as oft; / then gan she thus to mone:
 Ah pleasant prop of all / my thoughtes, ah onely ground
 Of all the sweete delightes that yet / in all my lyfe I found,
 Did such assured trust / within thy hart repose,
 2736 That in this place and at this time, / thy churchyarde thou hast
 chose,
 Betwixt the armes of me, / thy perfect louing make? [Fo. 77]
 And thus by meanes of me to ende / thy lyfe, and for my sake?
 Euen in the flowring of / thy youth, when vnto thee
 2740 Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) / and pleasant ought to be,
 How could this tender corps / withstand the cruell fight
 Of furious death, that wons to fray / the stoutest with his sight?
 How could thy dainty youth / agree with willing hart
 2744 In this so fowle infected place / (to dwell) where now thou art?
 Where spitefull Fortune hath / appoynted thee to be
 The dainty foode of greedy woormes / vnworthy sure of thee.
 Alas, alas, alas, / what neded now anew
 2748 My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, / agayne thus to renewe?
 Which both the tyme and eke / my patient long abode
 Should now at length haue quenched quite, / and vnder foote haue
 trode?
 Ah wretch and caytiue that / I am, euen when I thought
 2752 To find my painefull passions salue, / I myst the thing I sought;
 And to my mortall harme / the fatall knyfe I grounde,
 That gaue to me so deepe, so wyde / so cruell dedly wounde.
 Ah thou, most fortunate / and most vnhappy tombe!
 2756 For thou shalt beare, from age to age, / witnes in time to comme
 Of the most perfect leage / betwixt a payre of louers,
 That were the most vnfortunate / and fortunate of others
 Receaue the latter sigh, / receaue the latter pang,
 2760 Of the most cruell of cruell slaues / that wrath and death ay wrang.

- And when our Iuliet would / continue still her mone,
The fryer and the seruant fled, / and left her there alone;
For they a sodayne noyse / fast by the place did heare,
2764 And lest they might be taken there, / greatly they stooode in feare.
When Iuliet saw her selfe / left in the vaulte alone,
That freely she might worke her will, / for let or stay was none
Then once for all she tooke / the cause of all her harmes,
2768 The body dead of Romeus, / and claspd it in her armes;
Then she with earnest kisse / sufficiently did proue,
That more then by the feare of death, / she was attaint by loue;
And then past deadly feare, / for lyfe ne had she care,
2772 With hasty hand she did draw out / the dagger that he ware.
O welcome death (quoth she) / end of vnhappines, [Fo. 78]
That also art beginning of / assured happines,
Feare not to darte me nowe, / thy stripe no longer stay,
2776 Prolong no longer now my lyfe, / I hate this long delaye;
For straight my parting sprite, / out of this carkas fled,
At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite / emong so many ded.
And thou my louing lord, / Romeus my trusty fear,
2780 If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, / if thou these woordes dost heer,
Receue thou her, whom thou / didst loue so lawfully,
That causd (alas) thy violent death, / although vnwillingly;
And therefore willingly / offers to thee her gost,
2784 To thend that no wight els but thou / might haue iust cause to boste
Thinioying of my loue, / which ay I haue reserued
Free from the rest, bound vnto thee, / that hast it well deserued:
That so our parted sprites / from light that we see here,
2788 In place of endlesse light and blisse, / may euer liue yfere.
These said, her ruthlesse hand / through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, Ladies, helpe with teares to wayle / the ladies dedly smart!
She grones, she stretcheth out / her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
2792 And from her corps the sprite doth flye; / what should I say? she
dyes.
The watchemen of the towne / the whilst are passed by,
And through the gates the candel light / within the tombe they spye;
Wherby they did suppose / inchaunters to be comme.
2796 That with prepared instrumentes / had opend wide the tombe,

- In purpose to abuse / the bodies of the ded,
 Which by theyr science ayde abusde, / do stand them oft in sted.
 Theyr curious harts desire / the trueth herof to know;
 2800 Then they by certaine steppes descend, / where they do fynd below,
 In clasped armes ywrapt / the husband and the wyfe,
 In whom as yet they seemd to see / somme certaine markes of lyfe.
 But when more curiously / with leysure they did vew,
 2804 The certainty of both theyr deathes / assuredly they knew :
 Then here and there so long / with carefull eye they sought,
 That at the length hidden they found / the murthrers;—so they
 thought.

- In dongeon depe that night / they lodgde them vnder grounde :
 2808 The next day do they tell the prince / the mischefe that they found.
 The newes was by and by / throughout the towne dyspred, [F. 79]
 Both of the takyng of the fryer, / and of the two found ded.
 Thether might you haue seene / whole housholdes forth to ronne,
 2812 For to the tombe where they did heare / this wonder straunge was
 donne,
 The great, the small, the riche, / the poore, the yong, the olde,
 With hasty pace do ronne to see, / but rew when they beholde.
 And that the murtherers / to all men might be knowne,
 2816 Like as the murders brute abrode / through all the towne was
 blowne

- The prince did straight ordaine, / the corses that wer founde
 Should be set forth vpon a stage / hye rayسد from the grounde,
 Right in the selfe same fourme, / (shewde forth to all mens sight)
 2820 That in the hollow valt they had / been found that other night;
 And eke that Romeus man / and fryer Lawrence should
 Be openly examined; / for els the people would
 Haue murmured, or faynd / there were some wayghty cause
 2824 Why openly they were not calde, / and so conuict by lawes.
 The holy fryer now, / and reuerent by his age,
 In great reproche set to the shew / vpon the open stage,
 (A thing that ill beseemde / a man of siluer heares)
 2828 His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes / with great fast-falling teares :
 Whom straight the dredfull Iudge / commaundeth to declare
 Both, how this murther had been donne, / and who the murthrers are;

- For that he nere the tombe / was found at howres vnfitte,
2832 And had with hym those yron tooles / for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of liuely / sprite and free of speche,
The Iudges woordes appald him not, / ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with aduised heed / a while fyrst did he stay,
2836 And then with bold assured voyce / aloude thus gan he say :
My lordes, there is not one / emong you, set togyther,
So that (affection set aside) / by wisdom he consider
My former passed lyfe, / and this my extreme age,
2840 And eke this heauy sight, the wreke / of frantike Fortunes rage,
But that, amased much, / doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befallne, / vnlooked for, and straunge.
For I, that in the space / of lx. yeres and tenne,
2844 Since first I did begin, to soone, / to leade my lyfe with men,
And with the worldes vaine thinges, / my selfe I did acquaint, [*Fo. 80*]
Was neuer yet, in open place, / at any time attaynt
With any cryme, in waight / as heauy as a rushe,
2848 Ne is there any stander by / can make me gylty blushe;
(Although before the face / of God, I doe confesse
My selfe to be the sinfullst wretch / of all this mighty presse.)
When readiest I am / and likeliest to make
2852 My great accompt, which no man els / for me shall vndertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, / doe cyte me euery howre,
Tappeare before the iudgement seate / of euerlasting powre,
And falling ripe, I steppe / vpon my graues brinke,
2856 Euen then, am I, most wretched wight, / (as eche of you doth thinke,)
Through my most haynous deede, / with hedlong sway throwne downe.
In greatest daunger of my lyfe, / and damage of renowne.
The spring, whence in your head / this new conceite doth ryse,
2860 And in your hart increaseth still / your vayne and wrong surmise :
May be the hugenes of / these teares of myne, (percase,)
That so abundantly downe fall / by eyther syde my face;
As though the memory / in scriptures were not kept
2864 That Christ our sauour himselfe / for ruth and pittie wept;
And more, whoso will reade, / ywritten shall he fynde,
That teares are as true messengers / of mans vngyltie mynde.
Or els, (a liker prooffe) / that I am in the cryme,

- 2868 You say these present yrons are, / and the suspected tyme ;
 As though all howres alike / had not been made aboue !
 Did Christ not say, the day had twelue ? / whereby he sought to proue,
 That no respect of howres / ought iustly to be had,
- 2872 But at all times men haue the choyce / of dooing good or bad ;
 Euen as the sprite of God / the hartes of men doth guyde,
 Or as it leaueth them to stray / from Vertues path asyde.
 As for the yrons that / were taken in my hand,
- 2876 As now I deeme, I neede not seeke / to make ye vnderstande
 To what vse yron first / was made, when it began ;
 How of it selfe it helpeth not, / ne yet can helpe a man.
 The thing that hurteth is / the malice of his will,
- 2880 That such indifferent thinges is wont / to vse and order yll
 Thus much I thought to say, / to cause you so to know [Fol. 8r]
 That neither these my piteous teares, / though nere so fast they flowe,
 Ne yet these yron tooles, / nor the suspected time,
- 2884 Can iustly proue the murther donne, / or damne me of the cryme :
 No one of these hath powre, / ne powre haue all the three,
 To make me other then I am, / how so I seeme to be.
 But sure my conscience, / (if so my gylt deserue,)
- 2888 For an appeacher, witnesse, and / a hangman, eke should serue ;
 For through mine age, whose heares / of long time since were hore,
 And credyt greate that I was in, / with you, in time tofore,
 And eke the soiorne short / that I on earth must make,
- 2892 That euery day and howre do loke / my iourney hence to take,
 My conscience inwardly / should more torment me thrise,
 Then all the outward deadly payne / that all you could deuysse.
 But (God I prayse) I feele / no worme that gnaweth me,
- 2896 And from remorses pricking sting / I ioy that I am free :
 I meane, as touching this, / wherwith you troubled are,
 Wherwith you should be troubled still, / if I my speche should spare.
 But to the end I may / set all your hartes at rest,
- 2900 And plucke out all the scrupuls that / are rooted in your brest,
 Which might perhappes henceforth / increasing more and more,
 Within your conscience also / increase your curelesse sore,
 I sweare by yonder heauens, / whither I hope to clym,
- 2904 And for a witness of my woordes / my hart attesteth him,

- Whose mighty hand doth welde / them in their vyolent sway,
And on the rolling stormy seas / the heauy earth doth stay :
That I will make a short / and eke a true dyscourse
- 2908 Of this most wofull Tragedy, / and shew both thend and sourse
Of theyr vnhappy death, / which you perchaunce no lesse
Will wonder at then they (alas) / poore louers in distresse,
Tormented much in mynd, / not forcing liuely breath,
- 2912 With strong and patient hart dyd yelde / themselfe to cruell death :
Such was the mutuall loue / wherin they burned both,
And of their promyst frendshippes fayth / so stedy was the troth.
- And then the auncient frier / began to make dyscourse,
- 2916 Euen from the first, of Romeus / and Iuliets amours ;
How first by sodayn sight / the one the other chose, [Fol. 82]
And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte / which onely death might
lose ;
- And how, within a while, / with hotter loue opprest,
- 2920 Vnder confessions cloke, to him / them selfe they haue adrest,
And how with solemne othes / they haue protested both,
That they in hart are married / by promise and by othe ;
And that except he graunt / the rytes of church to geue,
- 2924 They shalbe forst by earnest loue / in sinnefull state to liue :
Which thing when he had wayde, / and when he vnderstoode
That the agreement twixt them twayn / was lawfull, honest, good,
And all thinges peysed well, / it seemed meete to bee
- 2928 For lyke they were of noblenesse, / age, riches, and degree ;
Hoping that so at length / ended myght be the stryfe,
Of Montagewes and Capelets, / that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to woorke a woorke / well pleasing in Gods sight,
- 2932 In secret shrift he wedded them ; / and they the selfe same night
Made vp the mariage / in house of Capelet,
As well doth know (if she be askt) / the nurce of Iuliet.
He told how Romeus fled / for reuing Tybalts lyfe,
- 2936 And how, the whilst, Paris the Earle / was offred to hys wyfe ;
And how the lady dyd / so great a wrong dysdayne,
And how to shrift vnto his church / she came to him agayne ;
And how she fell flat downe / before his feete aground,
- 2940 And how she sware, her hand / and bloody knife should wound

- Her harmeles hart, except / that he some meane dyd fynde
 To dysappoynt the Earles attempt; / and spotles saue her mynde.
 Wherefore, he doth conclude, / (although that long before)
 2944 By thought of death and age he had / refusse for euermore
 The hidden artes which he / delighted in, in youth,
 Yet wonne by her importunenes, / and by his inward ruth,
 And fearing lest she would / her cruell vowe dyscharge
 2948 His closed conscience he had / opened and set at large;
 And rather did he choose / to suffer for one tyme
 His soule to be spotted somdeale / with small and easy cryme,
 Then that the lady should, / (wery of liuyng breath,)
- 2952 Murther her selfe, and daunger much / her seely soule by death :
 Wherefore his auncient artes / agayne he puttes in vre, [Fo. 83]
 A certaine powder gaue he her, / that made her slepe so sure,
 That they her held for dead; / and how that frier Iohn
- 2956 With letters sent to Romeus / to Mantua is gone;
 Of whom he knoweth not / as yet, what is becomeme;
 And how that dead he found his frend / within her kindreds tombe.
 He thinkes with poyson strong, / for care the yong man sterued,
- 2960 Supposing Iuliet dead; and how / that Iuliet hath carued,
 With Romeus dagger drawne / her hart, and yelded breath,
 Desyrous to accompany / her loue after death;
 And how they could not saue / her, so they were afeard,
- 2964 And hidde them selfe, dreding the noyse / of watchmen, that they
 heard.
 And for the prooue of thys / his tale, he doth desyer
 The Iudge to send forthwith / to Mantua for the fryer,
 To learne his cause of stay, / and eke to reade his letter;
- 2968 And, more beside, to thend that they / might iudge his cause the better,
 He prayeth them depose / the nurce of Iuliet,
 And Romeus man, whom at vnwares / besyde the tombe he met.
 Then Peter, not so much / as erst he was, dysmayd :
- 2972 My lordes, (quoth he) too true is all / that fryer Laurence sayd.
 And when my maister went / into my mystres graue.
 This letter that I offer you, / vnto me then he gaue,
 Which he himselfe dyd write, / as I do vnderstand,
- 2976 And charged me to offer them / vnto his fathers hand.

- The opened packet doth / conteyne in it the same
That erst the skilfull frier said ; / and eke the wretches name
That had at his request / the dedly poyson sold,
2980 The price of it, and why he bought, / his letters playne haue tolde.
The case vnfolded so / and open now it lyes,
That they could wish no better prooffe, / saue seeing it with theyr eyes :
So orderly all thinges / were tolde and tryed out,
2984 That in the prease there was not one / that stode at all in doute.
The wyser sort, to counsell / called by Escalus,
Haue geuen aduyse, and Escalus / sagely decreeth thus :
The nurse of Iuliet / is banisht in her age,
2988 Because that from the parentes she / dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good / had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it / a mischeefe great is growne ; ^[Ro. 84]
And Peter, for he dyd / obey his masters hest,
2992 In woonted freedome had good leaue / to lead his lyfe in rest :
Thapothecary high / is hanged by the throte,
And for the paynes he tooke with him / the hangman had his cote.
But now what shall betyde / of this gray-bearded syre ?
2996 Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, / that good barefooted fryre ?
Because that many times / he woorthely did serue
The commen welth, and in his lyfe / was neuer found to swerue,
He was discharged quyte, / and no marke of defame
3000 Did seeme to blot or touch at all / the honor of his name.
But of him selfe he went / into an Hermitage,
Two myles from Veron towne, where he / in prayers past forth his age ;
Tyll that from earth to heauen / his heauenly sprite dyd flye :
3004 Fyue yeres he liued an Hermite and / an Hermite dyd he dye.
The straungenes of the chaunce, / when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets / hath moued so to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares / theyr choler and theyr rage
3008 Was emptied quite ; and they, whose wrath / no wisdom could asswage,
Nor threatning of the priñce, / ne mynd of murthers donne,
At length, (so mighty Ioue it would) / by pitye they are wonne.
And lest that length of time / might from our myndes remoue
3112 The memory of so perfect, sound / and so approued loue,
The bodies dead, remoued / from vaulte where they did dye,

In stately tombe, on pillers great / of marble, rayse they hye.
 On euery syde aboue / were set, and eke beneath,
 3016 Great store of cunning Epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
 And euen at this day / the tombe is to be seene;
 So that among the monumentes / that in Verona been,
 There is no monument / more worthy of the sight,
 3020 Then is the tombe of Iuliet / and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in
 Flete strete within Temble barre, at
 the signe of the hand and starre, by
 Richard Tottill the xix day of
 Nouember, An. do. 1562.
 (. . .)

LIST OF VARIOUS READINGS

GATHERED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION, 1562, AND FROM MALONE'S,
COLLIER'S, AND HALLIWELL'S REPRINTS.

116. *booteth*] *bootest* M, C, H.
 118. *sweeter*] *swetter* original, C, H.
 174. *mauger*] *maugre* M, C, H.
 267. *tender hand*] *slender hand* M, C, H.
 269. *hath*] *had* M, C, H.
 305. *so*] *to* M, C, H.
 316. *the owne*] *their* or *his owne* Ed. conj.
 374. *thattempted*] *that tempted* M, C, H.
 398. *befylde*] *defylde* M.
 416. *my thought*] *my thoughts* M, C, H. *methought* Ed. conj.
 419. *talkt*] Ed. *talke* original, M, C, H.
 460. *reueth*] *drveth* M.
 louers] *loues* original, C, H.
 463. *doth*] *both* original.
 466. *boure*] *howre* original.
 476. *Ay*] *In* M.
 557. *betimes*] *bestimes* M, C, H.
 666. *chat*] *that* original.
 777. *will we*] *we will* C, H.
 856. *all*] om. C, H.
 883. *hyde*] *tyde* Ed. conj.
 919. *Thus*] *This* original, C, H.
 985. *gaspe*] *graspe* M, C, H.
 1003. *and*] om. M.
 1010. *hath*] *had* M, C, H.
 1110. *abode*] *abrode* original, C, H.
 1188. *begooone*] *begonne* M.
 1192. *me*] *my* original.
 1205. *sits*] *fits* C, H.
 1258. *lower*] *louer*, *lower* original.
 1331. *he* [*ne*] *had*] Ed. *he had* original, M, C, H.
 this time] *his time* M.
 1339. *lasten*] *hasten* M, C, H.
 1344. *Vnconstant*] *Vinconstant* original, C, H.
 1396. *after*] *asther* original, C, H.
 1432. *oughtst*] *oughtest* original. *oughst* C, H.
 1452. *mast*] *mayst* M.
 1561. *That*] *Thol* original, C, H.
 1574. *doomes*] *dome* M.

1592. *tyrans*] *tyrant* C, H.
 1657. *bent*] *bend* original, C, H.
 lore] *love* M, C, H.
 1684. *no*] *now* Ed. conj.
 1693. *his*] *hip* original.
 1769. *heares*] *beares* original.
 1782. *trewece*] *treuse* C, H. *trewe* original.
 1799. *had*] *hath* M, C, H.
 1850. *frayllesse*] *skillesse* M.
 1893. *fewters*] *features* M.
 1945. *wroth*] *worth* original.
 1954. *so they*] *they* so C, H.
 1957. *thy*] *the* M, C, H.
 2050. *had*] *hath* M, C, H.
 2059. *she*] *the* original.
 2101. *beastes*] *beaste* original.
 2157. *dyeth*] *lyeth* Ed. conj.
 2159. *Thy*] *The* M, C, H.
 2161. *them selfe*] *himselfe* original, C, H.
 2239. *in to*] *into* M. *in so* Ed. conj.
 2270. *their*] *theyr* M. *theie* original.
 2313. *approched*] *aprosched* M. *opproched* original.
 2314. *temperd*] *tempered* M. *tempted* original, C, H.
 2324. *she*] *the* original, M.
 2339. *She*] *So* M, C, H.
 2351. *not I*] *I not* M, C, H.
 2390. *tender*] *slender* M, C, H.
 2450. *to*] om. original.
 2629. *upright*] *up upright* M, C, H.
 2736. *thy churchyarde*] *this churchyarde* original.
 chose] *chose* ? original, C, H.
 2811. *might you*] *you might* M, C, H.
 2860. *still*] *till* C, H.
 2921. *they*] *thy* C, H.
 2926. *them*] *rhem* M, C.
 2959. *for*] *or* Ed. conj.
 2971. *as erst*] *as erst* as original. *erst* as C, H.
 3008. *Was*] *Has* M, C, H. [Note. This correction obtained from Mr H. Huth's copy of the ed. 1562. The copy in the Bodleian Library from which Malone (followed by Collier and Halliwell) printed his edition, is defaced in this place, the *s* only of the word remaining distinct.]

"The goodly Hyftory of the true and constant
Loue betweene

RHOMEO AND JULIETTA."

Translated by William Painter from the French paraphrase,
by Pierre Boaistuau, of Bandello's version of
"Romeo e Giulietta."



(Reprinted from the second edition [N. D.] of the second
volume of Painter's "Palace of Pleasure,"
collated with the first edition, 1567, and with the Reprints by
Haslewood, Collier, and Halliwell.)

NOTE.

THE passages from Boaistuau quoted immediately below Painter's text are numbered consecutively to the end. The passages in the text with which they are to be compared are comprised between a corresponding number and a star. When no star follows the number in the text it is to be understood that only the single word immediately following the number is referred to. After each quotation from Boaistuau, I have, when possible, noted within brackets the corresponding lines of Brooke's Poem.

The collations of the several editions at the foot of each page are numbered in accordance with the numbers of the lines on that page. Only those editions are noted which differ from the text. *Has.*, *C.*, *Hal.* indicate respectively the editions by Haslewood, Collier, and Halliwell.

P. A. D.

Rhomeo and Iulietta.

¶ *The goodly Hystory of the true, and constant Loue betweene RHOMEO and IULIETTA, the one of whom died of Poyson, and the other of sorrow, and heuineſſe: wherein be compryſed many aduentures of Loue, and other deuifes touchinge the ſame.*

The XXV. Nouell.

I AM ſure that they which meaſure the Greatneſſe of Goddes workes accordinge to the capacity of their Rude, and ſimple underſtandinge, wyll not lightly adhibite credite unto thys Hiſtory, ſo wel for the variety of ſtraunge Accidents which be therein deſcribed, as for the nouelty of ſo rare, and perfect amity.¹ ² But they that haue read *Plinie, Valerius Maximus, Plutarche*, and diuers other Writers, do finde, that in olde time a great number of Men and Women haue died, ſome of exceſſiue ioy, ſome of ouermutch ſorrow, and ſome of other paſſions: and amongs the ſame, Loue is not the leaſt,* whych when it ſeazeth uppon any kynde and gentle Subject, and findeth no reſiſtaunce to ſerue for a rampart to ſtay the violence of his courſe, by little, & little vndermineth, melteth and conſumeth the vertues ³ of naturall powers, in ſutch wyſe as the ſpyrite yealdinge to the burden, abandoneth the place of lyfe: Which is verified by the pitifull, and infortunate death of two Louers that ſurrendered their laſt Breath in one Tounge at *Verona* a Citty of *Italy*, wherein reſoſe yet to thys day (with great maruell) the Bones, and remnauntes of their late

¹ Painter here omits the following paſſage of Boaiſtuan:—"Si eſt-ce que ie puis acertener vne fois pour toutes que ie ne inſereray aucune hiſtoire fabuleuſe en tout ceſt œuvre, de laquel ie ne face foy par annales et croniques, où par comune approbation de ceux qui l'ont veu, ou par autoritez de quelque fameux historiograph, Italien ou Latin."

² "Ceux qui ont leu en Pline, Valere, Plutarque & pluſieurs autres que anciennement il s'eſt retroué grand nombre d'hommes & de femmes qui ſont morts par vne trop exceſſive ioye, ne feront doute qu'on ne puiſſe mourir par les furieuſes flammes du trop ardent amour."

³ "et"

louing bodies: An hyftory no leffe wonderfull than true.⁴ ⁵ If then
 perticular affection * which of good right euery man ought to beare
 to the place where he was borne, ⁶ doe not deceyue thofe that trauallye,*
 4 I thincke ⁷ they will confeffe wyth me, that few Citties in *Italy*, can
 furpaffe the fayd City of *Verona*, aswell for the Nauigable riuier
 called *Adiffa*, which paffeth almoft through the midft of the fame,
 and thereby a great trafique into *Almayne*, as alfo for the profpect
 8 towards the Fertile Mountaynes, and pleafant Valeys whych do
 enuiron the fame, with a great number of very clere and lyuely Fount-
 aynes, that ferue for the eafe and commodity of the place. Omit-
 tinge (bifides many other fingularities) foure Bridges, and an infinite
 12 number of other honourable Antiquities dayly apparaunt vnto thofe,
 that be to curious to viewe and looke vpon them. Which places I
 have fomewhat touched, bycaufe thys moft true Hiftory which I pur-
 pofe hereafter to recite, dependeth thereupon, the memory whereof
 16 to thys day is fo wel known at *Verona*, as vnneths their blubbred Eyes,
 be yet dry, that faw & beheld that lamentable fight.

When the *Senior Efcala* was Lorde of *Verona*, there were two
 families in the City, of farre greater fame than the reft, aswell for
 20 riches as Nobility: the one called the *Montefches*, and the other the
Capellets: But lyke as moft commonly there is difcorde amongs
 theym which be of femblable degree in honour, euen fo there hapned
 a certayne enmity betweene them: ⁸ and for fo much as the begin-
 24 ning thereof was vnlawfull, and of ill foundation, fo lykewyfe in
 proceffe of time it kindled to futch flame, as by diuers and fundry
 deuyfes practifed on both fides, many loft their lyues.* The Lord
Bartholmevv of *Efcala*, (of whom we haue already fpoken) being
 28 Lord of *Verona*, and feeing futch diforder iu his cōmon weale, affayed

⁴ Boastuan here inserts the title of the story, given above by Painter in an
 - amplified form :—" HISTOIRE TROISIEME, De deux amans, dont l'un mourut de
 venin, l'autre de tristesse."

⁵ " Si l'affection particuliere "

⁶ " ne vous deçoit "

⁷ " vous "

⁸ " & combien que l'origine en fust leger & assez malfondé, si est-ce que par
 interualle de temps il s'enflamma si bien qu'en diuerses menées qui se dresserent
 d'une part & d'autre, plusieurs y laisserent la vie."

diuers and sundry waies to reconcile those two houses but all in wayne: for their hatred had taken futch roote, as the same could not be moderated by any wyfe counsell or good aduice: betweene whom
 4 no other thing could be accorded, but geving ouer Armour and Weapon for the time, attending some other season more conuenient, and with better leysure to appease the rest. In the time that these things were adoin, one of the family of *Montesches* called *Rhomeo*,
 8 of the age of .20. or .21. yeares, the comliest and best conditioned Gentleman that was amonges the *Veronian* youth, fell in love with a young Gentlewoman of *Verona*, and in few dayes was so attached with hir Beauty, and good behauiour, as he abadoned all other
 12 affaires, & busines to serue, & honour hir. And after many Letters, Ambassades, and presents, he determined in the ende to speake vnto hir, and to disclose hys passions,⁹ which he did without any other practise. But * she which was vertuously brought vp, knew how to
 16 make him so good answere to cut of his amorous affections, as he had no lust after that time to returne any more, and shewed hir selfe so austere, and sharpe of Speech, as she vouchsafed not with one looke to behold him. But how much the young Gentleman saw hir whist,
 20 and silent, the more he was inflamed: And after he had continued certayne months in that seruice wythout remedy of his grieve, he determined in the ende to depart *Verona*, for prooffe if by chaunge of the place he might alter his affection, saying to himselfe. "What do
 24 I meane to loue one that is so vnkinde, and thus doth disdayn me, I am all hir owne, & yet she flieth from me. I can no longer liue, except hir prefence I doe enioy: and she hath no contented mynde, but when she is furthest from me. I will then from henceforth
 28 Estrange my selfe from hir, for it may so come to passe by not beholding hir, that thys fire in me which taketh increase and nourishment by hir fayre Eyes, by little, and little may dy and quench." But minding to put in prooffe what he thought, at one instant hee was
 32 reduced to the contrary, who not knowing whereupon to resolute,

⁹ "ce qu'il fist sans rien practiquer car"

8. comliest] fairest ed. 1.
 10. so] om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.
 11. Beauty, and] comely and ed. 1.

19. how much] the more ed. 1.
 23. saying] and sayd ed. 1.

passed dayes and nights in marueilous Playnts, and Lamentations.
 For Loue vexed him so neare, and had so well fixed the gentle-
 womans Beauty within the Bowels of his heart, and mynde, as not
 4 able to resist, hee faynted with the charge, and consumed by little,
 and little as the Snow agaynst the Sunne. Whereof hys Parenttes,
 and Kinred did maruayle greatly, bewaylinge hys misfortune, but
 about all other one of hys Companions of riper Age and Counsell
 8 than hee, began sharply to rebuke him. For the love that he bare
 him was so great as hee felt hys Martirdome, and was pertaker of hys
 passion: which caused him by ofte viewyng his friends disquietnesse
 in amorous panges, to say thus vnto him: "*Rhomeo* I maruell much
 12 that thou spendest the best time of thine age, in pursute of 'a thing,
 from which thou seeest thy self despised and banished, wythout respecte
 either to thy prodigall dispense, to thine honor, to thy teares, or to
 thy myserable lyfe, which be able to moue the most constant to pity.
 16 Wherefore I pray thee for the Loue of our auncient amity, and for
 thyne health sake, that thou wilt learn to be thine owne man, and
 not to alienat thy lyberty to any so ingrate as she is: for so farre as I
 can coniecture by things that are passed betwene you, either she is in
 20 loue wyth some other, or else determineth neuer to loue any. Thou
 arte yong, rich in goods and fortune, and more excellent in beauty
 than any Gentleman in thys Cyty: thou art well learned, and the
 onely sonne of the house wherof thou comest. What gryef would
 24 it bee to thy poore olde Father and other thy parentes, to see the so
 drowned in this dongeon of Vyce, specially at that age wherein thou
 oughtest rather to put them in some Hope of thy Vertue? Begyn
 then from henceforth to acknowledge thyne Error, wherein thou hast
 28 hitherto lyued, doe away that amorous vale or couerture whych
 blyndeth thyne Eyes and letteth thee to folow the ryghte path,
 wherein thine auncestors haue walked: or else if thou do feele thy
 selfe so subiect to thyne owne wyll, yelde thy hearte to some other
 32 place, and chose some Mistresse accordyng to thy worthynesse, and
 henceforth doe not sow thy Paynes in a Soyle so barrayne whereof
 thou reapest no Fruycte: the tyme approacheth when al the Dames of

19. *can*] om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.
 20. *determineth*] *determined* ed. 1.

34. *reapest*] *receiuest* ed. 1.

the Cyty shal assemble, where thou mayst behold sutch one as shall make the forget thy former Gryefs." Thys younge Gentleman attentyuely hearyng all the perswadyng reasons of hys Fryend, began
4 somewhat to moderate that Heate and to acknowledge all the exhortations which hee had made to be directed to good purpose. And then determined to put them in prooffe, and to be present indifferently at al the feasts and assemblies of the City, without bearing affection
8 more to one Woman than to an other. And continued in thys manner of lyfe .ii. or .iii. Monthes, thinking by that meanes to quench the sparks of auncient flames. It chaunced the within few dayes after, about the feast of Chrystmasse, when feasts and bankets most
12 commonly be used, and makkes accordinge to the custome frequented: that *Anthonie Capellet* being the Chief of that Familie, and one of the Principall Lords of the City too, made a banket, and for the better Solempnization thereof, inuited all the Noble men and dames,
16 to which Feast resorted the moste parte of the youth of *Verona*. The family of the *Capellets* (as we haue declared in the beginnunge of thys Hystory) was at variance with the *Montesches*, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that Banket, but onelye the yong
20 Gentleman *Rhomeo*, who came in a Maske after supper with certayne other yong Gentlemen. And after they had remained a certayne space with their Visards on, at length they did put of the same, and *Rhomeo* very shamefast, withdrew himself into a Corner of
24 the Hall: but by reason of the light of the Torchis which burned very bright, he was by and by knowen and loked vpon of the whole Company, but specially of the Ladies: for besides his Natue Beauty wherewyth Nature had adorned him, they maruelled at his audacity
28 how hee durst presume to enter so secretly into the House of that Famyllye which had litle cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the *Capellets* dissembling their mallice, either for the honor of the company, or else for respect of his Age, did not misuse him eyther

6-7. *prooffe . . . indifferently at*] om. most *Principall Lords of the city*, he ed. 2. made a banket ed. 1.

13-14. *that Anthonie . . . banket*] And 15. *thereof*] of the same ed. 1.

bicause *that Anthonie Capellet was the chief of that Familie and one of the* 16. *to which Feast resorted*] at what time ther was ed. 1.

28-29. *that Famyllye*] those ed. 1.

in Worde or Deede. By meanes whereof wyth free liberty he behelde and viewed the Ladies at hys Pleasure, which hee dyd so well, and wyth grace so good, as there was none but did very well
 4 lyke the presence of his person. And after hee had particularly giuen Iudgement vppon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, hee sawe one Gentlewoman amonges the reste of surpasseing Beautye who (althoughe hee had never seene hir tofore) pleased him
 8 aboue the rest, and attributed vnto hir in heart the Chyefest place for all perfection in Beautye. And feastyng hir incessantlye with piteous lookes, the Loue whych hee bare to his first Gentlewoman, was ouercomen with this newe fire, that tooke futch norisshement and vigor in
 12 his hart, as he was not able neuer, to quench the same but by Death onely: as you may vnderstande by one of the strangest discourses, that euer any mortall man deuised. The yong *Rhomeo* then felyng himfelfe thus tossed wyth thys newe Tempest, could not tell what
 16 countenance to use, but was so surprised and chaunged with these last flames, as he had almost forgotten himfelfe, in futch wise as he had not audacity to enquire what shee was, and wholly bente himself to feede hys Eyes with hir fighte,¹⁰ wherewyth hee moystened * the
 20 sweete amorous venome, which dyd so empyson him, as hee ended hys Dayes with a kinde of most cruell Death. The Gentlewoman that dydde put *Rhomeo* to futch payne, was called *Iulietta*, and was the Daughter of *Capellet*, the mayster of the house wher that assembly
 24 was, who as hir Eyes did rolle and wander too and fro, by chaunce espied *Rhomeo*, which vnto hir seemed to be the goodliest personage that euer shee sawe. And Loue (which lay in wayte neuer untill that time) assayling the tender heart of that yong Gentlewoman,
 28 touched hir so at the quicke, as for any resistance she coulde make, was not able to defende his Forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in hir heart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiuing some fight or looke of
 32 *Rhomeo*. And after they had contented eche others troubled heart with millions of amorous lookes which oftentimes interchangeably

¹⁰ "par lesqueles il humoit" [Painter confounds *humoit* with *humectoit*. See Brooke, 219—he swalloweth downe].

encountred and met together, the burning Beames gave sufficient testimony of loues priuy onfettes.

Loue hauing made the heartes breache of those two louers, as
4 they two fought meanes to speake together, Fortune offered them a
very meete and apt occasion. A certayne Lord of that Troupe and
Companye tooke *Iulietta* by the Hande ¹¹ to Daunce,* wherein shee
behaued hir selfe so well, and wyth so excellent grace, as shee wanne
8 that Daye the prise of Honour from all the Damofels of *Verona*.
Rhomeo, havyng foreseene the Place wherevnto shee mynded to
retire, approched the same, and so dyscretely vsed the matter, as hee
founde the meanes at hir returne to sit beside hir. *Iulietta* when the
12 daunce was finished, returned to the very place where she was set
before, and was placed betwene *Rhomeo* and an other Gentleman
called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlyke Gentleman, very well be
loued of all men, and by reason of his pleasaunt and curteous
16 behaiour was in euery company wel intertayned. *Mercutio* that was
of audacity among Maydens, as a Lyon is among Lambes, seized
incontynently upon the Hande of *Iulietta*, whose hands wontedly
were so cold both in Wynter and Sommer as the Mountayne yce,
20 although the fires heat did warm the same. *Rhomeo* whych sat vpon
the left side of *Iulietta*, seyng that *Mercutio* held hir by the right
hand, toke hir by the other ¹² that he myght not be deceived of his
purpose,* and straying the same a little, he felt himself so prest wyth
24 that newe fauor, as he remayned mute, not able to aunswer. But
she perceyvyng by his chaunge of color, that the fault proceded of
the vehemence of Loue, desyryng ¹³ to speake vnto hym,* turned hir
selfe towards hym, and wyth tremblyng voyce ioyned with Virginal
28 shamefastnesse, intermedled with a certayn bashfulnesse, sayd to hym :
"Blessed be the Houre of your neare approche:" but mynding to
procede in further talke, loue had so closed vp hir mouth, as she was
not able to end hir Tale.

32 Wherunto the yong Gentleman all rauished with ioy and contenta-

¹¹ "pour la faire danser au bal de la torche" [Brooke, 246].

¹² "afin de ne faillir à son devoir"

¹³ "de l'ouyr parler" [Brooke, 274, 276].

16. *euery company*] *all cōpanies*
ed. 1.

26. *the vehemence of Loue*] *very vehemēt Loue* ed. 1.

tion, fighting, asked hir what was the cause of that ryght Fortunate
 blessing. *Iulietta* somewhat more emboldened, with pytyful loke and
 smyling countenance, said vnto him: "Syr do not maruell yf I do
 4 blesse your comminge hither, bicause, fir *Mercutio* a good tyme wyth
 frosty hand hath wholly frozen mine, and you of your curtesy have
 warmed the same agayne." Wherunto immediatly *Rhomeo* replied:
 "Madame if the heauens haue ben so fauorable to employe me to do
 8 you some agreeable seruice, being repaired hither by chance amongs
 other Gentlemen, I esteeme the same well bestowed, crauing no
 greater Benefite for satisfaction of all my contentations receiued in this
 World, than to serue obey and honor you so long as my lyfe doth
 12 last, as experience shall yeld more ample prooffe when it shall please
 you to geve further assaye. Moreouer, if you have receiued any Heat
 by touche of my Hand, you may be well assured that those flames be
 dead in respect of the lyvely Sparkes & violent fire which sorteth from
 16 your fayre Eyes, which fire hath so fiercely inflamed all the most
 sensible parts of my body, as If I be not succored by the fauoure of
 your good graces, I do attend the time to be consumed to dust,"
 Scarfe had he made an ende of those last Words but the daunce of
 20 the Torche was at an end. Whereby *Iulietta* which wholly burnt in
 loue, straightly claspynge her Hand wyth his, had no leysure to make
 other aunswer, but softly thus to say: "My deare frend, I know not
 what other assured wytnesse you desire of Loue, but that I let you
 24 understand that you be no more your own, that I am yours, beyng
 ready and dysposed to obey you so farre as honour shal permyt, be-
 seechynge you for the present tyme to content your selfe wyth thys aun-
 swere, vntyll some other season meeter to Communicate more secretly
 28 of our Affaires." *Rhomeo* seeing himselfe pressed to part of the Com-
 pany, and for that hee knew not by what meanes he myght see hir
 agayne that was hys Life and Death, demaunded of one of his Friends
 what shee was, who made aunswer that she was the daughter of
 32 *Capellet*, the lord of the house, and Mayster of that dayes feast (who
 wroth beyonde measure that fortune had set him to so daungerous a
 place, thought it impossible to bring to end his enterpryse begon.)

11. *so long*] *as long* C., Hal.18. *good graces*] *diuine graces* ed. 1.20-21. *in loue*] *with loue* ed. 1.28. *part of*] *part with* ed. 1.

Iulietta couetous on the other fide, to know what yong gentlemā he was which had so curteously intertayned hir that Nyght, and of whome thee felt the new wound in hir heart, called an olde Gentle-
 4 woman of honor which had nurffed hir and brought hir vp, vnto whom she sayd leaning vpon hir shoulder: "Mother, what two yong Gentlemen be they which first goe forth with the two Torchcs before them." Vnto whome the old Gentlewomā told the name of the
 8 Houfes wherof they came. Then she asked hir againe, what young Gentleman that was which holdeth the visarde in his Hand, wyth the Damaske cloke about him: "It is" (quod she) "*Romeo Montefche*, the sonne of youre Fathers capytall Enimy and deadly foe to all your
 12 kinne." But the Mayden at the onely Name of *Montefche* was alto- gyther amazed, despayrynge for euer to attayne to Husband hir great affectyoned fryend *Rhomeo*, for the aunycient hatreds betweene those two Families. Neverthelesse she knewe so well how to dissemble hir
 16 grief and discontented Minde, as the olde Gentlewoman perceiued nothing, who then began to persuaide hir to retire into hir Chamber: whom she obeyed: and being in bed, thinking to take hir wonted rest, a great tēpest of diuers thoughtes began to enuiron and trouble
 20 hir Mynde, in futch wyse as shee was not able to close hir Eyes, but turninge heere and there, fantasied diuers things in hir thought, sometimes purposed to cut of the whole attempte of that amorous practise, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poore puscil vexed
 24 with two contraries, the one comforted hir to pursue hir intent, the other propofed the immynente Perill wherevnto vndyscretly she headlong threwe hir self. And after she had wandred of long time in this amorous Laberinth, she knew not whereuppon to resolute, but wept
 28 incessantly, and accused hir self, saying: "Ah Caitife and myserable Creature, from whence do rise these vnaccustomed Travayles which I feele in Mynde, prouokynge mee to loose my reste: but infortunate Wretch, what doe I know if that yong Gentleman doe loue mee as
 32 hee sayeth. It may be vnder the vaile of fygred woordes he goeth about to steale away mine honore, to be reuenged of my Parentes whych haue offended his, and by that meanes to my everlastyng reproche to make me the fable of the *Verona* people."

15. *two*] to ed. 2.

18. *in bed*] in hir bed ed. 1.

23. *puscil*] *puscill* ed. 1, Has., C., Hal.

Afterwardes sodainly as she condemned that which she suspected in the beginning, sayd: "Is it possible that vnder futch beautye and rare comelynesse, dyfloyaltye and Treason may haue theyr Syedge and Lodgyng? If it bee true that the Face is the faythfull Meisfanger of the Myndes Conceypte, I may bee assured that hee doeth love mee: for I marked so many chaunged Colours in his Face in time of his talke with me, and sawe hym so transported and besides himselfe, as I cannot wythe any other more certayne ¹⁴ lucke of Loue,* wherein I wyll perfytt immutable to the laste gaspe of Lyfe, ¹⁵ to the intente I may have hym to bee my hutband,* for it maye so come to passe, as this newe aliaunce shall engender a perpetuall peace and Amity ¹² betweene hys House and mine." Arrestinge then vpon this determination styll, as she saw *Rhomeo* passyng before hir Fathers Gate, she shewed hir self with merry Countenance, and followed him so with loke of Eye, vntill she had lost his sight. And continuing this ¹⁶ manner of Lyfe for certaine Dayes, *Rhomeo* not able to content himself with lookes, daily did behold and marke the situation of the house, and one day amongs others hee espyed *Iulietta* at hir Chamber Window, bouiding vpon a narrow Lane, ryght ouer against which ²⁰ Chamber ¹⁶ he had a Gardein,* which was the cause that *Rhomeo* fearing discouery of their loue, began the day time to passe no more before the Gate, but so soone as the Night with his browne Mantell had couered the Earth, hee walked alone ¹⁷ vp and downe that little ²⁴ streat. And after he had bene there many times, missing the chiefeest cause of his comming, *Iulietta* impacient of hir euill, one night repaired to hir window, & perceiued throughe the bryghtnesse of the Moone hir Friend *Rhomeo* vnder hir Window, no lesse attended for, ²⁸ than hee hymselfe was waighting. Then she secretly with Teares in hir Eyes, & wyth voyce interrupted by fighes, sayd: "*Signior Rhomeo*, me thinke that you hazarde your person to mutch, and commyt the same into great Daunger, at thys time of the Nyght to protrude your ³² self to the Mercy of them which meane you little good. Who yf

¹⁴ "angure de son amitié" [Brooke, 423].

¹⁵ "moiennant qu'il m'espouse" [Brooke, 426].

¹⁶ "y auoit vn iardin" [Brooke, 451].

¹⁷ "avec ses armes" [Brooke, 458].

they had take would haue cut you in pieces, and mine honor (which I esteeme dearer than my Lyfe,) hindred and suspected for ever." "Madame" aunfwered *Rhomeo*, "my Lyfe is in the Hand of God, 4 who only can dispose the same: howbeyt yf any Man had foughte menes to beryeue mee of my Lyfe, I should (in the prefence of you) haue made him knowen what mine ability had ben to defend the same. Notwythstandyng Lyfe is not so deare, and of futch estimation 8 wyth me, but that I coulde vouchsafe to sacryfice the same for your sake: and although my myfhappe had bene so greate, as to bee dyspatched in that Place, yet had I no cause to be sorrye therefore, excepte it had bene by losynge the meanes, and way how to make 12 you vnderstande the good wyll and duety which I beare you, defyringe not to conserue the same for anye commodytye that I hope to haue thereby, nor for anye other respecte, but onely to Loue, Serue, and Honor you, so long as breath shal remaine in me." So soone as he 16 had made an end of his talke, loue and pity began to seaze vpon the heart of *Iulietta*, & leaning hir head vpon hir hand, hauing hir face all besprent wyth teares, she said vnto *Rhomeo*: "Syr *Rhomeo*, I pray you not to renue that grief agayne: for the onely 18 Memory of futch inconuenyence, maketh me to counterpoyse betwene death and Lyfe, my heart being so vnited with yours, as you cannot receyue the least Injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a Partaker as your self: beseechyng you for conclusion, that if you desire your owne 24 health and mine, to declare vnto me in fewe Wordes what youre determynation is to attaine: for if you couet any other secrete thing at my Handes, more than myne Honoure can well allowe, you are maruelously deceiued: but if your desire be godly, and that the 28 frendship which you protest to beare mee, be founded vppon Vertue, and to bee concluded by Maryage, receiuing me for your wyfe and lawfull Spouse, you shall haue futch part in me, as whereof without any regard to the obedience and reuerence that I owe to my Parentes, 32 or to the auncient Enimity of oure Famylyes, I wyll make you the

18 "apprehension" [Brooke, 522].

1. take] taken you ed. 1.	meanes, the same to forgoe, the wayed. 1.
5. my Lyfe] my om. ed. 1.	19. that grief] those things ed. 1.
8. wyth me] vnto me ed. 1.	24. mine] mind ed. 1.
11. losynge . . . way] loosing of	30. whereof] om. ed. 1.

onely Lord and Mayfter over me, and of all the thyngs that I
 poffeffe, being preft and ready in all poyntes to folow your com-
 maundement: But if your intent be otherwyfe, and thinke to reape
 4 the Fruycte of my Virginity, vnder pretenfe of wanton Amity, you be
 greatly deceiued, and doe pray you to auoide and fuffer me from
 henceforth to lyue in reft amongs myne equals." *Rhomo* whych
 looked for none other thyng, holding up his Handes to the Heauens,
 8 wyth incredible ioy and contentation, aunfwered "Madame for fo
 much as it hath pleafed you to doe me that honour to accepte me
 for futch a one, I accorde and consent to your request, and do offer
 vnto you the beft part of my heart, which fhall remayn with you for
 12 guage and fure teftimony of my faying, vntill fuch time as god fhall
 give me leaue to make you the entier owner and poffeffor of the
 fame: And to the intent I may begyn mine enterpryfe, to morrow I
 will to the frier *Laurence* for counfell in the fame, who befides that
 16 he is my ghofly father, is accuftomed to giue me inftruction in al my
 other fecret affaires, and fayle not (if you pleafe) to meete me agayne
 in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may giue you to vnder-
 ftand the deuce betwene him and me." Which fhe lyked very
 20 well, and ended their talke for that time. *Rhomo* receyuing none
 other fauour at hir hands for that night, but only Wordes. Thys
 Fryer *Laurence* of whom hereafter wee fhall make more ample
 mention, was an auncient Doctor of Diuinity, of the order of the
 24 Fryers Minors, who befides the happy profefion which he had made
 in ftudy of holy writ, was very fkilful in Philofophy, and a great
 fearcher of natures Secrets, ¹⁹and exceeding famous in Magike know-
 ledge,* and other hidden & fecret fcienes, which nothing diminifhed
 28 his reputation, bicaufe hee did not abufe the fame. And this Frier
 through his vertue and piety, had fo well won the citizens hearts of
Verona, as he was almoft the Confeffor to them all, and of all men
 generally reuerenced and beloued: And many tymes for his great
 32 prudence was called by the lords of ye City, to the hearing of their
 weighty caufes. And amonges other he was greatly fauored by the

¹⁹ "mesmes renommé d'auoir intelligēce de la Magie" [Brooke, 570].

15. *the frier*] *the om.* ed. 1.

32-33. *hearing . . . causes*] *weightie
affaires of the same* ed. 1.

Lorde of *Escale*, that tyme the principall gouernor of *Verona*, and of all the Family of *Montesches*, and of the *Capellets*, and of many other. The young *Rhomeo* (as we haue already declared) from his tender
4 age, bare a certayne particuler amity to Frier *Laurence*, & departed to him his secrets, by meanes whereof so soone as he was gone from *Iulietta*, went strayght to the Fryers *Franciscians*, where frō point to point he discoursed the successe of his loue to that good Father, and
8 the conclusion of mariage betwene him and *Iulietta*, adding vpon the ende of talke, that hee woulde rather choose shamefull death, than to fayle hir of his promise. To whom the good Frier after he had debated diuers matters, and proposed al the inconueniences of that
12 secret mariage, exhorted hym to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstandinge, all the alleged perswasions were not able to reuoke his promyse. Wherefore the Frier vanquished with his stubbornesse, & also forecasting in his mynde yt the mariage might be some
16 meanes of reconciliation of those two houses, in th'end agreed to his request, intreating him, yt he myght haue one dayes respit for leysure to excogitate what was best to be done. But if *Rhomeo* for his part was carefull to prouide for his affayres, *Iulietta* lykewise did her
20 indeuour. For seeing that shee had none about her to whom she might discover hir passions, shee deuised to impart the whole to hir Nurse which lay in her Chamber, appoynted to wayte vpon hir, to whom she committed the intier secrets of the loue betwene
24 *Rhomeo* and hir. And although the olde Woman in the beginninge refisted *Iulietta* hir intent, yet in the ende she knew so wel how to persuaide and win hir, that she promised in all that she was able to do, to be at her cōmaundement. And then she sent hir with all diligence
28 to speake to *Rhomeo*, and to know of him by what meanes they might be married, and that he would do hir to vnderstand the determination betwene Fryre *Laurence* and him. Whom *Rhomeo* aunswered, how the first day wherein he had informed Fryre *Laurence* of the matter,
32 the sayde Fryre deferred aunswere vntil the next, which was the very same, and that it was not past one houre sithens he returned with finall resolution, and that Frier *Laurence* and he had deuised, that she the Saterday following, should craue leave of hir mother to go to

4. *particuler*] *particle* ed. 1.

7. *that*] *y^e* or *y^t* ed. 1, doubtful.

17. *dayes respit*] *delayed day* ed. 1.

20-21. *whom she might*] *om.* ed. 1.

confession, and to repayre to the Church of Saynct *Francis*, where in
 a certayne Chappell secretly they should be married, praying hir in any
 wyfe not to fayle to be there.† Which thinge she brought to passe
 4 with futch discretion, as hir mother agreed to hir request: and
 accompanied onely wyth hir governeffe, and a young mayden, she
 repayed thither at the determined day and tyme. And so soone as
 she was entred the Church, she called for the good Doctor Fryer
 8 *Laurence*, vnto whom answere was made that he was in the thriving
 Chappell, and forthwith aduertisement was giuen him of hir com-
 ming. So soone as Fryer *Laurence* was certified of *Iulietta*, hee went
 into the body of the Church, and willed the olde Woman and yong
 12 mayden to go heare seruice, and that when hee had heard the con-
 fession of *Iulietta*, he would send for them agayn to waite vpon hir.
Iulietta beinge entred a little Cell wyth Frier *Laurence*, he shut fast
 the dore as he was wont to do, where *Rhomeo* & he had bin together
 16 shut fast in, the space of one whole hour before. Then Frier *Lau-*
rence after that he had shruied them, sayd to *Iulietta*: "Daughter, as
Rhomeo here present hath certified me, you be agreed & contented to
 take him to husband, and he likewise you for his Espouse and Wyfe.
 20 Do you now still persist and continue in that mynde?" The Louers
 aunswered that they desired none other thing. The Fryer seeing
 they conformed & agreeable willes, after he had discoursed some-
 what vppon the commendation of mariage dignity, pronounced the
 24 vsuall woordes of the Church, and she hauing receyued the Ring
 from *Rhomeo*, they rose vp before the Fryer, who sayd vnto them:
 "If you haue any other thing to conferre together, do the same
 wyth speede: For I purpose that *Rhomeo* shall goe from hence
 28 so secretly as he can." *Rhomeo* fory to goe from *Iulietta* sayde
 secretly vnto hir, that shee shoulde send vnto hym after diner the old
 Woman, and that he would cause to be made a corded Ladder the

† Here Brooke introduces scenes between Romeo and the Nurse and after-
 wards between the Nurse and Juliet which probably gave the hint for much of
 Sc. iii. Act I., and Sc. iv. & v. Act. II. of Shakespeare's Play. See Brooke,
 631-714.

7. *she called*] *she* om. ed. 1.

13. *to waite vpon hir.*] om. ed. 2,

8. *was made*] *were made* Has., C., Hal.

Hal.

17. *after that*] *that after* C., Hal.

fame euening, thereby to climbe vp to her Chäber window, where at
 more leifure they would deuife of their affaires. Things determined
 betwene them, either of them retyred to their houle wt incredible
 4 contētation, attending the happy houre for confūmation of their
 mariage. Whē *Rhomeo* was come home to his houle, he declared
 wholly what had paffed betwen him and *Iulietta*, vnto a Seruaunt of
 his called *Pietro*, whoſe fidelity he had ſo greatly tryed, as he durſt
 8 haue truſted him with hys lyfe, and commaunded him wyth expedition
 to prouide a Ladder of Cordes wyth 2. ſtrong Hookes of Iron faſtned
 to both endes, which hee eaſily did, becauſe they were much vſed in
Italy. *Iulietta* did not forget in the Euening about ſiue of the Clocke,
 12 to ſend the olde Woman to *Rhomeo*, who hauing prepared all things
 neceſſary, cauſed the Ladder to be deliuered vnto her, and prayed hir
 20 to require *Iulietta* the ſame euening not to fayle to bee at the
 accuſtomed place.* But if this Iorney ſeemed long to theſe two
 16 paſſioned Louers, let other Iudge, that haue at other tymes aſſayed the
 lyke : for euery minute of an houre ſeemed to them a Thouſande yeares,
 ſo that if they had had power to commaund the Heauens (as *Iosua*
 did the Sunne) the Earth had incontinently bene ſhadowed wyth
 20 darkeſt Cloudes. The appoynted houre come, *Rhomeo* put on the
 moſt ſumptuous apparell hee had, and conducted by good fortune
 neere to the place where his heart tooke lyfe, was ſo fully determined
 of hys purpoſe, as eaſily hee clymed up the Garden wall. Beinge
 24 arriued hard to the Wyndow, he perceyued *Iulietta*, who had already
 ſo well faſtned the corded Ladder to draw him vp, as without any
 daunger at all, he entred hir chambre, which was ſo clere as the day,
 by reaſon of the Tapers of virgin Wax, which *Iulietta* had cauſed to
 28 be lighted, that ſhe might the better beholde hir *Rhomeo*. *Iulietta*
 for hir part, was but in hir night kerchief: Who ſo ſoone as ſhe per-
 ceuyed him colled him about the Neck, & after ſhe had kiſſed and
 rekiſſed hym a million of times, began to imbrace hym betwene hir
 32 armes, hauing no power to ſpeake vnto him, but by Sighes onely,
 holding hir mouth cloſe againſt his, and being in this traunce beheld

²⁰ "asseurer Juliette que ce soir mesme il ne faudroit au premier ſomme de ſe
 trouuer au lieu accouſtumé" [Brooke, 817—819].

him with pitifull eye, which made him to liue and die together. And afterwards somewhat come to hir felfe, she fayd wt fighes deeply fetched from the bottom of hir heart: "Ah *Rhomeo*, the exampler
 4 of al vertue & gentlenes, most hartely welcome to this place, wherein for your lacke, & abfence, & for feare of your perfon, I haue gushed forth fo many Teares as ye fpring is almoft dry: But now that I hold you between my armes, let death & fortune doe what they list.
 8 For I count my felfe more than fatified of all my forrowes pafte, by the fauour alone of your prefence:" Whom *Rhomeo* with weeping eye, giuing over filence aunfwered: "Madame for fomutch as I neuer receyued fo mutch of fortunes grace, as to make you feele by
 12 liuely experience what power you had ouer me, and the torment every minute of the day fufained for your occafion, I do affure you the leaft grief that vexeth me for your abfence, is a thoufand times more paynefull than death, which long time or this had cut of the
 16 threede of my lyfe, if the hope of this happy Iourney had not bene, which paying mee now the iuft Tribute of my weepings pafte, maketh me better cōtent, and more glad, than if the whole Worlde were at my commaundement, befeeching you (without further memory of
 20 auncient grieffe) to take aduice in tyme to come how we may content our paffionate hearts, and to fort our affayres with futch Wyfedom and difcretion, as our enimies without aduantage may let vs continue the remnant of our dayes in reft and quiet." And as
 24 *Iulietta* was about to make anfwere, the Olde woman came in the meane time, & fayd vnto them: "He that wafteeth time in talke, recouereth the fame to late. But for fo mutch ²¹as eyther of you hath endured futch mutuall paynes,* behold (quoth fhee) a campe which
 28 I haue made ready," (fhewing them the Fielde bed which fhee had prepared and furnifhed,) ²²whereunto they eafily agreed, and being then betwene the Sheets in priuy bed, after they had gladded and cherifhed themfelues with al kinde of delicate embracemēts which
 32 loue was able to deuife, *Rhomeo* vnloofing the holy lines of virginity, tooke poffeffion of the place, which was not yet befieged wt futch ioy

²¹ "que vous auez tant fait endurer de mal l'un à l'autre" [Brooke, 896].

²² "prenez voz armes, & en iouz desormais la vāgeāce" [Brooke, 898].

and cōtentation as they can iudge which haue assayed like delites. Their marriage thus consumate, *Rhomeo* perceyuing the morning make to hasty approach, tooke his leaue, making promise that he
 4 would not fayle wythin a day or two to resort agayne to the place by lyke meanes, and semblable time, vntil Fortune had prouided sure occasion vnfearefully to manyfest their marriage to the whole Worlde. And thus a month or twayne, they continued their ioyful mindes, to
 8 their incredible satisfiſſation, vntil Lady fortune enuious of their prosperity, turned hir Wheele to tumble thē into ſutch a bottomleſſe pit, as they payed hir vſury for their pleaſures paſt, by a certayne moſt cruell and pitifull death, as you ſhal vnderſtand hereafter by the diſ-
 12 courſe that followeth. Now as we haue before declared, the *Capellets* and the *Monteſches* were not ſo well reconciled by the Lord of *Verona*, but that there reſted in them ſutch ſparks of auncient diſpleaſures, as either partes waited but for ſome light occaſion to draw
 16 together, which they did in the Eaſter holy dayes, (as bloudy men commonly be moſt willingly diſpoſed after a good time to commit ſome nefarious deede) beſides the Gate of *Bourſarie* leading to the olde caſtel of *Verona*, a troupe of *Capellets* rencountred with certayne of
 20 the *Monteſches*, and without other woordes began to ſet vpon them. And the *Capellets* had for Chiefe of their Glorious enterpriſe one called *Thibault* coſin Germaine to *Iulietta*, a yong man ſtrongly made, & of good experiēce in armes, who exhorted his Companions
 24 with ſtout ſtomakes to repreſſe the boldnes of the *Monteſches*, that ther might from that time forth no memory of them be left at all.
 28 The rumoure of this fray was diſperſſed throughout al the corners of *Verona*, that ſuccour might come from all partes of the City to depart the ſame.* Whereof *Rhomeo* aduertized, who walked alonges the City with certayne of his Companions, haſted him ſpeedily to the place where the ſlaughter of his Parents and alies were committed : and after he had well aduiſed and beholden many wounded and hurt
 32 on both fides, he ſayd to hys Companions : “ My frēds let vs part

* “et s’augmenta la rumeur de telle sorte par tous les cōtōns de Veronne qu’il y ſuruenoit du ſecours de toutes parts” [Brooke, 983-4].

25. *might*] *should* ed. I.

26. *The*] *And the* ed. I.

26. *disperſſed*] *increased* ed. I.

27. *might*] *should* ed. I.

them, for they be so flesht one upō an other, as they will all be hewed to pieces before the game be done." And saying so, he thrust himselfe amidst the troupe, and did no more but part the blowes on eyther
 4 side, crying upon them aloud. "My freends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarel cease. For besides ye prouocation of Gods iust wrath, our two families be flaunderous to the whole World, and are the cause that this common wealth doth grow vnto disorder."
 8 But they were so egre and furious one agaynst the other, as they gaue no audiēce to *Rhomeo* his counsel and bent theymselues too kyll dysmember and teare eche other in pieces. And the fyght was so cruell and outragious betweene them as they which looked on, were
 12 amased to see theym endure those blowes, for the grounde was all couered with armes, legges thighes, and bloude, wherein no signe of cowardnes appeared, and mayntayned their feyghte so longe, that none was able to iudge who hadde the better, vntill that *Thibault*
 16 Cousin to *Iulietta* inflamed with ire and rage, turned towardes *Rhomeo* thinkinge with a foine to runne him through. But he was so wel armed and defended with a priuye coate whiche he wore ordinarily for the doubt he had of the *Capellets*, as the pricke re-
 20 bounded: vnto whom *Rhomeo* made answere: "*Thibault* thou maiest know by the pacience which I haue had vntill this present tyme, that I came not hether to fyght with thee or thyne, but to seeke peace & attonement betweene vs, and if thou thinkest that for
 24 default of courage I have fayled myne endeour, thou doest greate wronge to my reputacion. And impute thys my suffrance to some other perticular respecte, rather than to wante of stomacke. Wherefore abuse mee not but be content with this greate effusion of Bloude
 28 and murders already cōmitted, And prouoke mee not I beseeche thee to passe the boundes of my good will and mynde." "Ah Traitor" sayd *Thibaulte* "thou thinkest to saue thy selfe by ²⁴the plotte of thy pleasaunt tounge,* but see that thou defende thy selfe, els presently I
 32 will make thee feelee that thy tounge shal not gard thy corps, nor yet

²⁴ "le plat de ta langue" [Bailler du plat de la langue. *To sooth, smooth, flatter, etc.*—Cotgrave. Brooke, 1017].

1. *they will*] *they* om. ed. 2, Has.,
 C., Hal.

7. *doth grow*] *to grow* ed. 1.

17. *foine*] *pricke* ed. 2, Has., C.,

6-7. *and . . . this*] *and cause this* ed. 1. Hal.

be the Buckler to defende the fame from present death." And saying
 so he gaue him a blow with such furye, as hadde not other warded
 the fame hee had cutte of his heade from his shoulders, and the one
 4 was no readyer to lende, but the other incontinentlye was able to paye
 agayne, for hee being not onelye wroth with the blowe that hee had
 receiued, but offended with the iniury which the other had don,
 began to pursue his ennemy with suche courage and viuacity, as at
 8 the third blowe with his fwerd hee caused him to fall backwarde
 starke deade vpon the ground with a pricke vehementlye thruste into
 his throte, whiche hee followed till hys Sworde appeared through
 the hynder parte of the fame, by reason wherof the conflicte ceafted.
 12 For besides that *Thibault* was the chiefe of his companye he was also
 borne of one of the Noblest houses within the Citty, which caused
 the Poteftate to assemble his Souldiers with diligence for the apprehen-
 sion and imprisonment of *Rhomeo*, who seyeng yl fortune at hand,
 16 in secrete wife conuayed him selfe to Fryer *Laurence* at the Friars
Franciscanes. And the Fryer vnderstandinge of his fafte, kepte him
 in a certayne secret place of his couente vntil fortune did otherwyse
 proude for his safe goinge abroad. The bruite spred throughout
 20 the citty, of this chaunce don vpon the lorde *Thibault*, the *Capellets*
 in mourning weedes caused the deade bodye to be caryed before the
 sygnory of *Verona*, so well to moue them to pytty, as to demaunde
 iustice for the murder: before whom came also the *Montefches*
 24 declaryng the innocencye of *Rhomeo*, and the wilfull assault of the
 other. The counsell assembled and witneses heard on both partes a
 straight commaundemente was geuen by the Lorde of the Citty to
 geeue ouer their weapons, and touchinge the offence of *Rhomeo*,
 28 because he hadde killed the other in his owne defence, he was
 banished *Verona* for euer. This cōmō misfortune published through-
 out the Citty, was generally forowed and lamented. Som complayned
 the death of ye Lorde *Thibault* so well for his dexteritye in armes as
 32 for the hope ²⁵ of his great good seruice in time to come,* if hee hadde
 not bene prevented by futch cruell Death. Other bewailed (specially

²⁵ "qu'on auoit vn iour de luy, & des grands biens qui luy estoient preparez"
 [Brooke, 1054-56].

the Ladies and Gentlewomen) the overthrow of yong *Rhomeo*, who
besides his beauty and good grace wherwith he was enriched, had a
certayne naturall allurement, by vertue whereof he drew vnto him the
4 hearts of eche man, like as the stony Adamante doth the cancred iron,
in futch wife as the whole nation and people of *Verona* lamented his
mischaunce: But aboue all infortunate *Iulietta*, who aduertised both
of the death of hir cofin *Thibault*, and of the banishment of hir
8 husband, made the Ayre sound with infinite number of mornefull
playnts and miserable lamentations. Then feeling himselfe to mutch
outraged with extreeme passion, she went into hir chamber, and ouer-
come with sorrowe threwe hir selfe vpon hir bed, where she began to
12 reinforce hir dolor after so straunge fashion, as the most constant
would haue bene moued to pittie. Thē like one out of hir wits, she
gazed heere and there, and by Fortune beholding the Window whereat
Rhomeo was wont to enter into hir chamber, cried out: "Oh vnhappy
16 Windowe, Oh entry most vnlucky, ²⁶ wherein were wouen the bitter
toyle of my former mishaps,* if by thy meanes I haue receyued at
other times some light pleasure or transitory contentation, thou now
makest me pay a tribute so rigorous and paynefull, as my tender body
20 not able any longer to support the same, shall henceforth open the
Gate to that lyfe where the ghost discharged from this mortal burden,
shal seeke in some place els more assured rest. Ah *Rhomeo*, *Rhomeo*
when acquayntaunce first began betweene vs, and I reclined myne
24 eares vnto thy suborned promisses, confirmed with so many othes
I would neuer haue beleueed that in place of our continued amyty,
and in appeasing of ye hatred of our houses, thou wouldest haue sought
occasion to breake the same by an acte so shamefull, whereby thy
28 fame shall be spotted for euer, and I miserable wretch desolate of
Spouse, and Companion. But if thou haddest beene so greedy after
the *Cappelletts* blood, wherefore didst thou spare the deare blood of
mine owne heart when so many tymes, and in futch secret place the
32 same was at the mercy of thy cruell handes? ²⁷The victory which

²⁶ "par laquelle furent ourdies les ameres trames de mes premiers malheurs"
[Brooke, 1100].

²⁷ "La victoire que vous auiez eue sur moy ne vous sembloit elle assez glori-

23. *I reclined*] I om. ed. 2, Has., C.,
Hal.

27. *shamefull*] *vituperious and shame-
full* ed. 1.

thou shouldest haue gotten ouer me, had it not bene glorious inough
for thine ambitious minde, but for more triumphant solempnity to
bee crowned wyth the bloude of my dearest kinsman? * Now get
4 thee hence therefore into some other place to deceiue some other, so
vnhappy as my selfe. Neuer come agayne in place where I am, for
no excuse shall heereafter take holde to affwage mine offended minde.
In the meane tyme I shall lament the rest of my heauy lyfe, with
8 futch store of teares, as my body ²⁸ dried vp from all humidity, shall
shortly searce reliefe in Earth." * And hauing made an ende of
those hir wordes, hir heart was so grievously strayned, as shee coulde
neyther weepe nor speake, and stoode so immoueable, as if she had
12 bene in a traunce. Then being somewhat come agayne vnto hirselfe,
with feeble voyce shee sayd: "Ah murderous tongue of other mens
honor, how darest thou so infamously to speake of him whom his
very enimies doe commēd and prayse? How presumeest thou to
16 impute the blame vpon *Rhomeo*, whose vnguiltines and innocent
deede euery man alloweth? Where from henceforth shall be hys
refuge? sith she which ought to bee the onely Bulwarke, and assured
rampire of his distresse, doth pursue and defame him? Receyue,
20 receyue then *Rhomeo* the satisfaction of mine ingratitude by the
sacrifice which I shal make of my proper lyfe, and so the faulte
whiche I have committed agaynste thy loyaltye, shall bee made open
to the Worlde, thou being reuenged and my selfe punished." And
24 thinking to vse some further talke, all the powers of hir body fayled
hir wyth signes of present death. But the good olde Woman whych
could not imagine the cause of *Iulietta* hir longe absence, doubted
very much that she suffred some passion, and sought hir vp and
28 downe in euery place wythin hir Fathers Pallace, vntill at length
shee founde her lying a long vpon hir Bed, all the outwarde parts of
hir body so colde as Marble. But the good Olde woman which
thought hir to bee deade, began to cry like one out of hir Wittes,
32 saying: "Ah, deare Daughter, and Nourishechylde, howe much doeth
euse, si pour la mieux solenniser elle n'estoit couronnée de sang, du plus cher de
tous mes cousins?" [Brooke, 1129-32].
²⁸ espuisé de toute humidité cherchera en brief son refriger en terre"
[Brooke, 1139-40].

24. *further*] *further* ed. 1.

29. *a long*] om. C., Hal.

thy death now grieue mee at the very heart?" And as she was feeling all the partes of hir body, shee perceyued some sparke of Lyfe to bee yet within the same, whych caused hir to call hir many tymes by
 4 her name til at length she brought her oute of her founde. Then sayde vnto her: "Why *Iulietta* myne owne deare darelyng, what meane you by this tormoylinge of your selfe? I cannot tel from whence this youre behaiour & that immoderate heauines doe proceede, but
 8 wel I wot that within this houre I thought to haue accompanied you to the graue." "Alas good mother" aunswered woful *Iulietta* "do you not most euidently perceiue and see what iust cause I haue to forrow and complayne, loofyng at one instante two persons of the
 12 world which wer vnto mee most deare?" "Methinke" aunswereed the good woman, "that it is not seemely for a Gentlewoman of your degree to fall into such extremetye. For in tyme of tribulation wyfedom should most preuaile. And if the lord *Thibault* be deade
 16 do you thinke to get him agayn by teares? What is he that doth not accuse his ouermutch presuption: woulde you that *Rhomo* hadd done that wronge to him, and hys house, to suffer himselfe outraged and affayled by one to whom in manhoode and prowesse he is not
 20 inferioure? Sufficeth you that *Rhomo* is alyve, and his affayres in futehe estate whoe in tyme may be called home agayne from banishmente, for he is a greate lorde, and as you know well allied and fauored of all men: wherefore arme your selfe from henceforth with
 24 pacyence. For albeit that Fortune doth esfraunge him from you for a tyme, yet sure I am, that hereafter shee will restore him vnto you agayne wyth greater ioye and Contentatyon than before. And to the Ende that wee bee better assured in what state he is, yf you wyll
 28 promyse me to gyue ouer your heauness, I wyll to Daye knowe of Fryer *Laurence* whether he is gone." To which request *Iulietta* agreed & then the good womā repayed to *S. Frauncis*, wher shee founde Fryer *Laurence* who tolde her that the same nyghte *Rhomo*
 32 would not fayle at hys accustomed houre to visite *Iulietta*, and there to do hir to vnderstande what he purposed to doe in tyme to come.†

† Brooke here introduces the scene of Romeo's despair in the Friar's cell. See Brooke, 1285—1510.

6. *tormoylinge*] *turmoiling* ed. 1.
 10. *to*] *too* ed. 2.

21. *whoe*] , *who* ed. 1.

This iorney then fared like the voiaiges of Mariners, who after they haue ben toft by greate and troublous tempeft feeyng fome Sunne beame pearce the heauens to lyghten the lande, affure themfelues
 4 agayne, and thinkinge to haue avoyded fhipwracke, and fodaynlye the feas begynne to fwell, the waues do roare, with futch vehemence and noyfe, as if they were fallen agayne into greater danger than before. The affigned hour come, *Rhomeo* fayled not accordinge to hys promife
 8 ²⁹to bee in his Garden,* where he found his furniture preft to mount the Chamber of *Iulietta*, who with difplayed armes, began fo ffrayghtly to imbrace hym, as it feemed that the foule would haue abandoned hir body. And they two more than a large quarter of an
 12 hour were in futch agony, as they were not able to pronounce one word, ³⁰and wetting ech others Face faft clofed together, the teares trickeled downe in futch abundance as they feemed to be throughly bathed therin,* which *Rhomeo* perceyuing, thinking to ftay thofe im-
 16 moderate teares, fayd vnto hir: "Myne owne deareft freend *Iulietta*, I am not now determind to recite the particulars of the ftraung happes of frayle and inconfaunte Fortune, who in a moment hoifteth a man vp to the hygheft degree of hir wheele, and by, and by, in leffe fpace
 20 than in the twynckeling of an eye, fhe throweth hym downe agayne fo lowe, as more mifery is prepared for him in one day, than fauour in one hundred yeares: Whych I now proue, & haue experience in my felfe, which haue bene nourifhed delicately amonges my friends,
 24 and maynteyned in futch prosperous ftate, ³¹as you doe little know,* hoping (for the full perfection of my felicity) by meanes of our mariage to haue reconciled our Parents, and friends, and to conduēt the refidue of my lyfe, ³²according to the fcope and lot determind by
 28 Almighty God:* And neuertheleffe all myne enterprifes be put backe, and my purpofes tourned cleane contrary, in futch wife as from henceforth I muft wander lyke a vagabonde through diuers Pro- uinces, and fequestrate my felfe from my Friends, wythout affured place

²⁹ "de se rendre au iardin."

³⁰ "Et ayans leurs faces serrées l'une cōtre l'autre, humoiēt ensemble auecques leurs baisers les grosses larmes, qui tombioient de leurs yeux" [Brooke, 1537-42].

³¹ "que vous auez peu cognoistre" [—as yourselfe dyd see—Brooke, 1558].

³² "à son periode determiné de dieu" [Brooke, 1564].

of myne abode, whych I desire to let you weete, to the intent you may be exhorted, in tyme to come, patiently to beare so well myne ablenche, as that whych it shal please God to appoint." But *Iulietta*,
 4 al ³³ affrighted wyth teares and mortal agonies, would not suffer hym to passe any further, but interruptinge his purpose, sayd vnto hym :
 " *Rhomeo*, how canst thou be so harde hearted and voyde of all pity, to leaue mee heere alone, besieged with so manye deadlye myseries ?
 8 There is neyther houre nor Minute, wherein death doth not appeare a thousand tymes before mee, and yet my missehappe is sutch, as I can not dye, and therefore doe manifestlye perceyue, that the same death preserveth my lyfe, of purpose to delight in my gryefes, and
 12 tryumphe ouer my euyls. And thou lyke the mynister and tyrante of hir cruelty, doest make no conscience (for ought that I can see) hauing atchieued the Summe of thy desyres and pleasures on me, to abandon and forsake me. Whereby I well perceyue, that all the lawes of
 16 Amity are deade and vtterly extinguyshed, forsomuch as he in whom I had greatest hope and confidence, and for whose sake I am become an enemy to my self, doth disdayne and contemne me. No no *Rhomeo*, thou must fully resolute thy selfe vppon one of these .ii. points,
 20 either to see me incontinently throwen down headlong from this high Window after thee : or else to suffer me to accompany thee into that Countrey or Place whither Fortune shall guide thee : for my heart is so much transformed into thine, that so soone as I shall vnderstande
 24 of thy departure, presently my lyfe will depart this wofull body : the continuance whereof I doe not desire for any other purpose, but only to delight my selfe in thy presence, and to bee pertaker of thy misfortunes, And therefore if euer there lodged any pity in the heart of
 28 gentleman, I beseeche the *Rhomeo* with al humility, that it may now finde place in thee, and that thou wilt vouchsafe to receyue me for thy seruauant, and the faithful companion of thy mishaps. And if thou thinke that thou canst not conueniently receyue me in the estate and
 32 habite of a Wyfe, who shall let me to chaunge myne apparell ? Shall I be the first that haue vsed lyke shifts, to escape the tyranny of parentes ? Doste thou doubt that my seruice will not bee so good

³³ "confite" [= steeped in. Brooke, 1576].

7. *alone*] *lone* ed. 2.

26. *and to bee*] *and om.* ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

vnto thee as that of *Petre* thy seruante? Wyll my loyaltye and fidelity be lesse than his? My beauty which at other tymes thou hast so greatly commended, ³⁴is it not esteemed of thee? * My teares, my
4 loue, and the aunciente pleasures and delights that you haue taken in mee shal they be in obliuion?" *Rhomo* ³⁵feing hir in these alterations,* fearing that worffe inconuenience would chaunce, tooke hir agayne betweene hys armes, and kissing hir amorously, sayd: "*Iulietta*,
8 the onely mistresse of my heart, I pray thee in the Name of God, and for the feruent Loue whych thou bearest vnto me, to doe away those vayne cogitations, excepte thou meane to seeke and hazard the destruction of vs both: for yf thou perseuer in this purpose, there is
12 no remedye but wee muste both perishe: for so soone as thyne absence shalbe knowen, thy father will make sutch earnest pursute after vs, that we cannot chosse but be discried and taken, and in the ende cruelly punished, I as a theefe and stealer of thee, and thou as a
16 dysobedyent Daughter to thy Father: and so instead of pleasaunt and quiet Lyfe, our Dayes shalbe abridged by most shamefull Death. But if thou wylt recline thy self to reason, (the ryght rule of humane Lyfe,) and for ye tyme abandon our mutuall delygths, I will take
20 sutch order in the time of my banishment, as within three or foure Months wythoute any delay, I shalbe reuoked home agayne. But if it fall out otherwyse (as I trust not,) howsoeuer it happen, I wyll come agayne vnto thee, and with the helpe of my Fryendes wyll fetch thee
24 from *Verona* by strong Hand, not in Counterfeit Apparell as a straunger, but lyke my spouse and perpetuall companion. In the meane time quyet your selfe, and be sure that nothing else but Death shall diuide and put vs a sunder." The reasons of *Rhomo* so much
28 preuailed with *Iulietta*, as shee made hym thys aunswere: "My deare Fryend, I wyll doe nothing contrary to your wyll and pleasure. And to what place so euer you repayre, my hearte shall bee your owne, in like sorte as you haue giuen yours to be mine. In the meane while
32 I pray you not to faile oftentimes to aduertise me by Frier *Lawrence*,

³⁴ "n'aura elle aucun pouuoir sur vous?" [Brooke, 1627].

³⁵ "la voyant entrer en ses alteres" [Alteres. *Vehement passions of the mind*.—Cotgrave. Brooke, 1630-31].

3. is it] it is ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.
9. to doe] to extirpate and doe ed. 1.

11. purpose] determination ed. 1.
16. thy] hir ed. 1.

in what state your affaires be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two pore louers passed the Night together, vntil the day began to appeare which did dyuyde them, to their extreame sorrow 4 and greefe. *Rhomeo* hauinge taken leaue of *Iulietta*, went to *S. Fraunces*, and after he hadde aduertysed *Frier Laurence* of his affaires, departed from *Verona* in the habit of a Marchaunt straunger, and vsed futch expedytyon, as without hurt he arriued at Mantua, (ac- 8 companied onely wyth *Petre* his Seruaunt, whome hee hastily sente backe agayne to *Verona*, to serue his Father) where he tooke a House: and luyng in honorable Companye, assayed certayne Monthes to put away the greefe whych so tormented him. But during the tyme of 12 his absence, miserable *Iulietta*³⁶ could not so cloke hir sorrow,* but that through the euyl colour of hir Face, hir inwarde passion was discryed. By reason whereof hir Mother, who heard hir oftentimes sighing, and incessantly complayning, coule not forbear to say vnto hir: 16 "Daughter if you continue long after thys sort, you wyll hasten the Death of your good Father and me, who loue you so dearely as our owne lyues: wherefore henceforth moderate your heauynesse, and endeuer your self to be mery: think no more vpon the Death of your 20 cofin *Thibault*, whome (sith it pleased God to cal away) do you thinke to reuoke wyth Teares, and so withstande his Almightye will?" But the pore Gentlewoman not able to dyssemble hir greefe, sayd vnto hir: "Madame long time it is sithens the last Teares for *Thibault* 24 were poured forth, and I beleue that the fountayne is so well foked and dried vp, as no more will spryng in that place." The mother which could not tell to what effect those Woords were spoken held hir peace, for feare she should trouble hir Daughter: and certayne 28 Dayes after seeing hir to continue in heauynesse and continuall griefs, assaid by al meanes possible to know, aswell of hir, as of other the housholde Seruauntes, the occasion of hir sorrow: but al in Vayne: wherwith the pore mother vexed beyonde measure, purposed to let 32 the Lord *Antonio* hir Husband to vnderstand the case of hir Daughter.

³⁶ "ne sceut donner si bonnes trefues à son dueil" [Brooke, 1782].

3. *dyuyde*] *separate* ed. 1.

21. *and so*] *and to* ed. 1.

7. *Mantua*] Has. *Mantua* ed. 1.
Mantua ed. 2. *Mantua* C. *Man-*
tua Hal.

30. *hir sorrow*] *their sorrow* ed. 2,
 Has., C., Hal.

31. *purposed*] *proposed* Has., C., Hal.

And vppon a Day seeing him at conuenient leifure, she sayd vnto him: "My Lord, if you haue marked the Countenaunce of our Daughter, and hir kinde of behauior fithens the Death of the Lord
 4 *Thibault* hir Cofyn, you fhall perceiue fo ftraunge mutation in hir, as it will make you to maruell: for she is not onely contented to forgoe meate, drinke and flepe, but she fpendeth her tyme in nothing elfe then in Weeping and Lamentatyon, delighting to kepe hir felfe
 8 folytarye wythin hir Chamber, where she tormenteth hir felfe fo outragiously as yf wee take not heede, hir Lyfe is to be doubted, and not able to knowe the Oryginall of hir Payne, the more difficulte fhall bee the remedye: for albeit that I haue fought meanes by all extremity,
 12 yet cannot I learne the caufe of hir fickneffe. And where I thought in the beginning, that it proceded vpon the Death of hir Cofin, now I doe manifently perceiue the contrary, fpecially when she hir felfe did affure me that she had already wept and fhed the laft teares for him
 16 that she was mynded to doe. And vncertayne whereuppon to refolue, I do thinke verily that she mourneth for fome defpite, to fee the moft part of hir Companions married, and she yet vnprouyded, perfuading with hir felfe (it may be) that wee hir Parents do not care for hir.
 20 Wherefore deare Husband, I heartely befeech you for our reft and hir quiet, that hereafter ye be carefull to prouyde for hir fome maryage worthy of our ftate:" whereunto the Lord *Antonio*, willingly agreed, faying vnto hir: "Wyfe, I haue many times thought vppon that
 24 whereof you fpeake, notwythftandyng fith as yet she is not attayned to the age of .xviii. yeares, I thought to prouide a husband at leyfure. Neuertheleffe things beinge come to thefe Termes, and knowing yt Virgins chaftity is a daungerous Treasure,³⁷ I wyll be mindfull of the
 28 fame to your contentation, and she matched in futch wyfe, as she fhall thynke the tyme hitherto well delayed.* In the meane while marke dylygently whyther she bee in loue wyth any, to the end that we haue not fo greate regard to goodes, or to the Nobylity of the

³⁷ "j'y pouruoiray si promptement, que vous aurez occasion de vous en contenter, & elle de recouurer son en bon point, qui se perd à veuë d'œil"
 [Painter in his translation of this passage would seem to have consulted Brooke, 1866].

7. *then*] but ed. 1.
 18. *hir*] *theyr* ed. 2.

26. *yf*] *the* ed. 2.
 31. *or to the*] to om. C.

house wherein we mean to bestow hir, as to the Lyfe and Health of
 our Daughter who is to me so deare as I had rather die a Begger
 without Landes or goods, than to bestow hir vpon one which shall vse
 4 and intreat hir il." Certayne dayes after that the Lorde *Antonio* had
 bruted the maryage of his daughter, many Gentlemen were futers, so
 wel for the excellency of hir Beauty, as for hir great Rycheffe and
 reuenue. But aboue all others the alyaunce of a young Earle named
 8 *Paris*, the Counte of *Lodronne*, lyked the Lord *Antonio*: vnto whom
 lyberally he gaue his consent, and told his Wyfe the party vpon
 whom he dyd mean to bestow his Daughter. The mother very ioy-
 ful that they had found so honest a Gentleman for theyr Daughter,
 12 caused hir secretly to be called before hir, doyng hir to vnderstande
 what things had passed betwen hir father & ye Coūte *Paris*, discourfing
 vnto hir ye beauty & good grace of ye yōg Coūte, the vertues for
 which he was commended of al men, ioyning therevnto for con-
 16 clusion the great richesse and fauor which he had in the goods of
 fortune, by means whereof she and hir Fryends should liue in eternal
 honor. But *Iulietta* which had rather to haue ben torne in pieces
 than to agree to that maryage, answered hir mother with a more
 20 than accustomed stoutnesse: "Madame, I mutch maruel, and there-
 withal am astonned that you being a Lady discrete and honorable,
 wil be so liberal ouer your Daughter as to commit hir to the pleasure
 and wil of an other, before you do know how hir mind is bent: you
 24 may do as it pleaseth you, but of one thing I do wel assure you,
 that if you bring it to passe, it shal be against my wil. And touching
 the regard and estimation of Coūte *Paris*, I shal first lose my Lyfe
 before he shal haue power to touch any part of my body: which
 28 being done, it is you that shal be counted the murderer, by deliuering
 me into the handes of him, whome I neyther can, wil, or know
 whiche way to loue. Wherefore I pray you to suffer me henceforth
 thus to lyue, wythout taking any further care of me, for so mutche as
 32 my cruell fortune hath otherwyse disposed of me."

The dolorous Mother which knewe not what Iudgement to fixe
 vpon hir Daughters aunswere, lyke a Woman confused and besides
 hir selfe went to seeke the Lord *Antonio*, vnto whom without con-
 36 ceyling any part of hir Daughters aunswer, she dyd him vnderstand

the whole. The good olde man offended beyonde measure,
cōmaunded her incontinently by Force to be brought before him, if
of hir own good will she would not come. So soone as she came
4 before hir Father, hir eyes full of tears, fel down at his fete, which she
bathed with the luke warme drops yt distilled from hir Eyes in great
abundance, and thynkyng to open hir mouth to crye him mercy, the
sobbes and sighes many times stopt hir speach, that shee remained
8 dumbe not able to frame a Woorde. But the olde man nothing
moued with his Daughters Teares, sayd vnto hir in great rage: "Come
hither thou vnkynd and dyfobedient Daughter, hast thou forgotten
how many tymes thou hast hearde spoken at the Table, of the puif-
12 fance and authority our aunicyente *Romane* Fathers had ouer their
Chyldren? vnto whome it was not onelye lawfull to sell, guage, and
otherwyse dyspose them (in theyr necessity) at their pleasure, but also
which is more, they had absolute power ouer their Death and Lyfe?
16 With what yrons, with what torments, with what racks would those
good Fathers chasten and correct thee if they were a liue againe, to
see that ingratitude, misbehavior and disobedience which thou vset
towards thy Father, who with many prayers and requestes hath
20 provided one of the greatest Lords of this prouince to be thy husband,
a Gentleman of best renoume, and indued wyth all kynde of Vertues,
of whom thou and I be vnworthy, both for the notable masse of
goods and substance wherewith he is enriched, as also for the Honoure
24 and generositie of the house whereof hee is descended and yet thou
playest the parte of an obstinate and rebellyous Chyld agaynst thy
Fathers will: I take the omnipotency of that Almightye God to wit-
nesse, ³⁸ which hath vouchsafed to bryng thee forth into this world*
28 that if vpon Tuesday nexte thou failest to prepare thy selfe to be at
my Castell of *Villafranco*, where the Counte *Paris* purposeth to
meete vs, and there giue thy consent to that whych thy Mother and
I haue agreed vppon, I will not onely deprive thee of my worldly
32 goodes, but also will make the espouse & marrie a pryson so straight
and sharpe, as a thousande times thou shalt curse the Day & tyme
wherein thou wast borne. Wherefore from henceforth take aduise-
ment

³⁸ "qui m'a fait la grace de te produire sur terre" [Brooke, 1972].

what thou doeſt, for excepte the promiſe be kept which I haue made to the Counte *Paris*, I will make the feele how greate ye iuſt choler of an offended Father is againſt a Chylde vnkynde." And without
 4 ſtaying for other anſwer of his Daughter, the olde man departed the Chamber, and lefte hir vppon hir knees. *Iulietta* knowing the fury of hir Father, fearing to incurre his indignation, or to prouoke his further wrath, retired for yt day into hir Chāber,³⁹ and contriued yt
 8 whole Nyght more in weeping then ſlepyng.* And the next Morn- ing fayning to goe heare ſeruice, ſhe went forth with the Woman of hir Chamber to the Fryers, where ſhe cauſed father *Laurence* to be called vnto hir, and prayed him to heare hir confeſſion. And when
 12 ſhe was vpon hir knees before hym, ſhee began hir Confeſſion wyth Teares, telling him the greate miſchyeſe that was prepared for hir, by the maryage accorded betweene hir Father, and the Counte *Paris*. And for concluſion ſaid vnto him: "Sir, for ſo mutch as you know
 16 that I can not by Gods Law bee married twice, and that I haue but one God, one huſband and one faith, I am determined when I am from hence, with theſe two hands which you ſee ioyned before you, this Day to end my ſorowful lyfe, that my ſoule may beare wytneſſe
 20 in the Heauens, and my bloude vppon the Earth of my faith and loyalty preferred." Then hauyng ended hir talke, ſhee looked about hir, and ſeemed by hir wylde countenance, as though ſhe had deuifed ſome ſiniſter purpoſe. Wherefore Frier *Laurence*, aſtonned
 24 beyonde meaſure, fearyng leaſt ſhe would haue executed that which ſhe was determynd, ſayd vnto hir: "Miſtreſſe *Iulietta*, I pray you in the name of god by little and little to moderate youre conceiued grieſe, and to content your ſelf whilſt you bee heere,⁴⁰ vntill I haue
 28 prouided what is beſt for you to doe,* for before you part from hence, I will giue you ſutch conſolation and remedy for your afflictions, as you ſhall remaine ſatyſfied and contented." And reſolued vppon thys good minde, he ſpeedily wente out of the Church vnto his chamber,
 32 where he began to conſider of many things, his conſcience beyng

³⁹ "et exerça toute la nuict plus ſes yeulx à plorer qu'a dormir" [Brooke, 1999].

⁴⁰ "iuſques à ce que i'aye pourueu à voſtre affaire" [Brooke, 2038].

7. *yt day*] *that day* ed. 1. *the day* 7-8. *yt whole*] *the whole* ed. 1. Has., C., Hal.

moued to hinder the marriage betwene the Counte *Paris* and hir,
 knowing that by his meanes she had espoused an other, and callinge
 to remembraunce what a daungerous enterprife he had begonne by
 4 committynge hymself to the mercy of a symple damosell, and that if
 shee fayled to bee wyfe and secrete, all theyr doyngs should be
 discried, he defamed, and *Rhomeo* hir spouse punished. Hee then
 after he had well debated vpon an infinite numbere of deuises, was in
 8 the end ouercome with pity, and determined rather to hazarde his
 honour, than to suffer the Adultery of the Counte *Paris* with *Iulietta*.
 And being determined herevpon, opened his closet, and takynge a
 vyall in his Hande, retourned agayne to *Iulietta*, whom he founde lyke
 12 one that was in a Traunce, wayghtinge for Newes, eyther of Lyfe or
 Death. Of whome the good olde Father demaunded vppon what
 Day hir maryage was appoynted. "The firste Daye of that appoynt-
 ment" (quod shee) "is vppon Wednesdays, whych is the Daye ordeyned
 16 for my Consente of Maryage accorded betweene my father and
 Counte *Paris*, but the Nuptiall Solemnitye is not before the .x. day
 of September." "Wel then" (quod the religious Father) "be of
 good cheere daughter, for our Lord God hath opened a way vnto me
 20 both to deliuer you and *Rhomeo* from the prepared thralldom. I haue
 knowne your husband from his cradle, and hee hath daily committed
 vnto me the greatest secretes of hys Conscience, and I haue so dearely
 loued him agayne, as if hee had ben mine owne sonne. Wherefore
 24 my heart can not abide that anye man should do him wrong in that
 specially wherein my Counsell may stande him in ftede. And for
 somuch as you are his wyfe, I ought lykewyse to loue you, and seke
 meanes to delyuer you fro the martyrdom and Anguish wherewith
 28 I see your heart besieged. Understande then (good Daughter) of a
 secrete which I purpose to manifest vnto you, and take heede aboue
 all things that you declare it to no liuing creature, for therein con-
 sisteth your life and Death. Ye be not ignorant by the common re-
 32 port of the Cityzens of this City, and by the same published of me,
 that I haue trauailed through all the Prouinces of the babytable
 Earthe, wherby duryng the continuall tyme of .xx. yeres, I haue

2. *that by*] *that* om. ed. 2, Has., C.,
 Hal.

7. *an infinite*] *an* om. ed. 2, Has.,
 C., Hal.

33. *through*] *thorough* ed. 1.

foughte no rest for my wearied body, but rather haue many times
 protruded the same to the mercy of brute beafts in the Wyldernesse, and
 many times also to the mercileffe Waues of the Seas, and to the pity of
 4 common Pirates, together with a thousand other Daungers and shipwracks
 vppon Sea and Land. So it is good Daughter that all my wandering
 Voyages haue not bene altogether vnprofitable. For besides the
 incredible contētation receiued ordinarily in mind, I haue gathered
 8 some particular fruyct, whereof by the grace of god you shall shortly
 feele some experience. I haue proued the secrete properties of
 Stones, of Plants, Metals, and other thinges hydden within the Bowels
 of the Earth, wherewith I am able to helpe my selfe againste the
 12 common Lawe of Men, when necessity doth serue: specyally in
 thynges wherein I know mine eternal god to be least offended. For
 as thou knowest I beyng approached as it were, euen to the Brymme
 of my Graue, and that the Tyme draweth neare for yeldynge of myne
 16 Accompte before the Audytor of all Audytors, I oughte therefore to
 haue some deepe knowledge and apprehension of Gods iudgement
 more thā I had when the heat of inconsidered youth did boyle within
 my luffy body. Know you therefore good daughter, that with those
 20 graces, and fauours which the heauens prodigally haue bestowed vpon
 me, I haue learned and proued of long time the composition of a
 certayne Paafte, which I make of diuers soporiferous simples, which
 beaten afterwards to Pouder, and dronke wyth a quantyty of Water,
 24 within a quarter of an houre after, bringeth the receiuer into such a
 sleepe, and burieth so deeply the senses and other sprites of life, that
 the cunningest Phisitian will iudge the party dead: and besides that it
 hath a more maruellous effect, for the person which vseth the same
 28 feeleth no kinde of grieve, and according to the quantity of the dough,
 the pacient remayneth in a sweete sleepe, but when the operation is
 wrought & done, hee returneth into his first estate. Now then
Iulietta receiue myne instruction, and put of all Feminine affection ⁴¹ by
 32 taking * vppon you a manly stomacke, for by the only courage of

⁴¹ "& prends" [Brooke, 2146].

18. *inconsidered*] *considered* ed. 2.

20-21. *heauens* . . . *I haue*] om. ed. 2.

25. *sprites*] *sprits* ed. 2.

30. *wrought*] *perfect* ed. 1.

31. *and put*] *and* om. ed. 2, Has.,
 C., Hal.

your minde consisteth the hap or mishap of your affayres. Beholde here I geue you a Vyale which you shall keepe as your owne propre heart, and the night before your mariage, or in the morninge before
 4 day, you shal fil the same vp with water, and drink so much as is containd therein. And then you shall feele a certayne kynde of pleasaunt sleepe, ⁴²which incrochinge by litle and litle all the partes of your body,* wil constrayne them in futch wyfe, as vnmoueable
 8 they shal remayne: and by not doing their accustomed dueties, shall loofe theirⁿ naturall feelinges, and you abide in futch extasie the space of .40. houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as
 12 they will iudge you to be deade, & accordinge to the custome of our Citty, you shal be caried to the Churchyarde hard by our Church, where you shal be Intoumbed in the common monument of the *Capellets* your auncestors, & in the meane tyme we will send word to
 16 the Lord *Rhomeo* by a speciall messanger of the effect of our deuce, who now abideth at *Mantua*. And the night following I am sure he will not fayle to be heere, then he and I together will open the graue, and lift vp your body, and after the operation of the Pouder is past, hee
 20 shall conuey you secretly to *Mantua*, vnknownen to all your Parents and frends. Afterwards (it may be) Tyme, the mother of Truth, shall cause concord betwene the offended City of *Verona* and *Rhomeo*. At which time your common cause may be made open to the generall
 24 contentacion of all your frends." The words of the good father ended, new ioy surprisid the heart of *Iulietta*, who was so attentiu to his talke as she forgat no one poynt of hir lesson. Then she sayd unto him: "Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall fayle in perform-
 28 aunce of your commaundement: For were it the strongest Poyson, or most pestiferous Venome, rather woulde I thrust it into my body, than to consent to fall in the hands of him, whom I vtterly mislike: With a right strong reason then may I fortifie my selfe, and offer my
 32 body to any kinde of mortall daunger, to approch and draw neare to him, vpon whom wholly dependeth my Life and all the solace I haue

⁴² "lequel glissant peu à peu par toutes les parties de ton corps" [Brooke, 2153].

16. *the Lord*] *the om.* ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

30. *in*] *into* C., Hal.
 33. *solace*] *contentacion* ed. 1.

in this World." "Go your wayes then my daughter" (quod the Frier) "the mighty hand of God keepe you, and hys surpaffing power defende you, and confirme that will and good mynde of yours, for the 4 accomplishment of this worke." *Iulietta* departed from Frier *Laurence*, and returned home to hir fathers Pallace about .11. of the clock, where she found hir mother at the Gate attending for hir: ⁴³And in good deuotion demaunded * if shee continued still in hir former follies? 8 But *Iulietta* with more gladfome cheere than she was wont to vse, ⁴⁴not suffering hir mother to aske agayne,* sayd vnto hir: "Madame I come from *S. Frauncis* Church, where I haue taried longer peradventure than my duty requireth: How be it not without fruit and 12 great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly perswasions of our ghosly Father Frier *Laurence*, vnto whom I haue made a large declaration of my life. And chiefly haue communicated vnto him in confession, that which hath past betwene my Lord my father 16 and you, upon the mariage of Countee *Paris* and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by his holy words, and commendable exhortations, that where I had minde neuer to mary, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasure and commaundement. Wherefore 20 Madame I beseech you to recouer the fauor and good wyll of my father, aske pardon in my behalfe, and say vnto him (if it please you) that by obeying his Fatherly request, I am ready to meete the Countee *Paris* at *Villafranco*, and there in your presence to accept him for my 24 Lorde and husband: In assurance whereof, by your pacience, I meane to repayre into my Closet, to make choise of my most pretious Iewels, that I being richly adorned, and decked, may appeare before him more agreeable to his mynde, and pleasure." The good mother rapt 28 with exceeding great ioy, was not able to aunswere a word, but rather made speede to seeke out hir husband the Lord *Antonio*, vnto whom she reported the good will of hir daughter, and how by meanes of Frier *Laurence* hir minde was chaunged. Whereof the good olde 32 man maruellous ioyfull, prayfed God in heart, saying: "Wife this is not the firste good turne which we haue receiued of that holy man,

⁴³ "en bõne deuotion de luy demãder" [Brooke, 2195].

⁴⁴ "sans auoir patience que sa mere l'interrogast" [Brooke, 2199].

vnto whom euery Cittizen of this Common wealth is dearely bounde.
 I would to God that I had redeemed .20. of his yeares with the third
 parte of my goods, so grievous is to me his extreme olde age." The
 4 selfe same houre the Lord *Antonio* went to seeke the Countee *Paris*,
 whom hee thought to perswade to goe to *Villafranco*. But the
 Countee told him agayne, that the charge would be to great, and that
 better it were to reserue that cost to the mariage day, for the better
 8 celebration of the same. Notwithstanding if it were his pleasure, he
 would himselfe goe visite *Iulietta*: And so they went together. The
 Mother aduertised of his comming, ⁴⁵ caused hir Daughter to make hir
 selfe ready, and to spare no costly Iewels for adorning of hir beauty
 12 agaynst the Countees comming, which she bestowed so well for garnish-
 ing of hir Personage,* that before the Countee parted from the house,
 shee had so stolne away his heart, as he liued not from that time forth,
 but vpon meditation of hir beauty, and slacked no time for acceleration
 16 of the mariage day, ceasing not to be importunate vpon father and
 mother for th'ende and cōsummation thereof: And thus with ioy inough
 passed forth this day and many others vntil the day before the mariage,
 against which time the mother of *Iulietta* did so well prouide, that
 20 there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobility of
 their house. † *Villafranco* whereof we haue made mention, was a
 place of pleasure, where the Lord *Antonio* was wont many tymes to
 recreate himselfe a mile or two from *Verona*, there the Dynner was
 24 prepared, ⁴⁶ for so-mutch as the ordinary solemnity of necessity muste be
 done at *Verona*.* *Iulietta* perceyuing hir time to approche dyf-
 fembled the matter so well as shee coulde: and when tyme forced hir
 to retire to hir Chamber, hir Woman would haue waited vpon hir,
 28 and haue lyen in hir Chambre, as hir custome was: But *Iulietta* sayd
 vnto hir: " Good and faithfull mother, you know that to morrow is
 my maryage Day, and for that I would spend the most parte of the
 Nyght in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and to

⁴⁵ " fist preparer sa fille, à laquelle elle commanda de n'espargner ses bonnes graces à la venue du Conte, lesquelles elle sceut si bien desployer " [Brooke, 2265—69].

† Brooke in place of these four lines—" *Villafranco* . . . at *Verona* "—here introduces the passage in which the Nurse counsels Juliet to marry Paris. Brooke, 2288—2312.

⁴⁶ " combien que les solennitez requises deussent estre faictes à Veronne."

morrow in the Mornnyng about .vi. of the clocke come to me agayne
 to helpe make mee readie." The good olde woman willing to follow
 hir minde, suffred hir alone, and doubted nothyng of that which she
 4 did meane to do. *Iulietta* beinge within hir Chambre hauing an
 eawer ful of Water standing vppon the Table filled the viole which
 the Frier gaue her : and after she had made the mixture, she set it by
 hir bed side, and went to Bed. And being layde, new Thoughtes
 8 began to affaile hir, with a concept of grievous Death, which brought
 hir into futch cafe as she could not tell what to doe, but playning
 incessantly fayd. "Am not I the most vnhappy and desperat creature,
 that euer was borne of Woman? for mee there is nothyng left in this
 12 wretched Worlde but mishap, misery, and mortall woe, my distresse
 hath brought me to futch extremity, as to saue mine honor and con-
 science, I am forced to deuoure the drynke whereof I know not the
 vertue: but what know I (sayd she) whether the Operatyon of thys
 16 Pouder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due
 tyme, and that my fault being discouered, I shall remayne a iesting
 stocke and Fable to the People? What know I moreouer, if the Ser-
 pents & other venomous and crauling Wormes, whych commonly
 20 frequent the Graues and pittes of the Earth wyll hurt me, thynkyng
 that I am deade? But howe shall I indure the stynche of so many
 carions and Bones of myne auncestors whych rest in the Graue, yf by
 Fortune I do awake before *Rhomeo* and Fryer *Laurence* doe come to
 24 help me?" And as shee was thus plunged in the deepe contem-
 platyon of thynges, she thought that she saw a certayn vision or fan-
 sie of her Cousin *Thibault*, in the very same sort as shee sawe him
 wounded and imbrued wyth Bloud, and musing how that she must be
 28 buried quick amongs so many dead Carcasses and deadly naked bones,
 hir tender and delycate body began to shake and tremble and hir
 yellowe lockes to stare for feare, in futch wyse as fryghtened with
 terroure a cold sweate beganne to pierce hir ⁴⁷heart, and bedewe the

⁴⁷ "cuir" [skin.—Brooke, 2390. Painter confounds *cuir* with *cueur*.]

2. *helpe*] *helpe me* ed. 1.

2. *The*] *Then* ed. 2.

12. *Workle*] *Worm* ed. 2.

16. *will*] om. ed. 2.

17-18. *iesting stocke and*] om. ed. 2,
 Has., C., Hal.

30. *fryghtened*] *frighted* ed. 1.

31. *terroure*] *a terroure* C., Hal.

reste of al her membres, in futch wife as she thought that ⁴⁸an hundred thousand Deathes * did stande about hir, haling her on euery side, and plucking her in pieces, and feelyng that hir forces dimynyshed by
 4 lyttle and lyttle, fearing that through to great debilyty she was not able to do hir enterpryse, like a furious and insenfate Woman, with out further care, gulped vp the Water wythin the Voyal, then crossing hir armes vpon hir stomacke, she lost at that instante all the powers of hir
 8 Body, restyng in a Traunce. And when the morning lyght began to thrust his head out of his Oryent, hir Chaumber Woman which had lockte hir in with the Key, did open the doore, and thynkyng to awake hir, called her many tymes, and sayde vnto hir: "Mistresse,
 12 you sleepe to long, the Counte *Paris* will come to raise you." ⁴⁹The poore olde Woman spake vnto the Wall, and sage a song vnto the deafe.* For if all the horrible and tempestuous foundes of the world had bene canoned forth out of the greatest bombardes, and sounded
 16 through hir delycate Eares, hir spyrites of Lyfe were so fast bounde and stopt, as she by no meanes coulde awake, wherewith the pore olde Woman amazed, began to shake hir by the armes and Handes, whych she found so colde as marble stone. Then puttyng Hande vnto hir
 20 Mouthe, sodainely perceyued that she was deade, for shee perceyued no breath in hir. Wherefore lyke a Woman out of hir Wyttes, shee ranne to tell hir Mother, who so madde as a Tigre berefte of hir
⁵⁰faunes hied hir selfe into hir Daughters Chaumber, and in that pitiful
 24 state beholdynge hir Daughter, thynkyng hir to be deade, cried out: "Ah cruell Death, which hast ended all my ioye and Blyffe, yf the last scourge of thy Wrathfull ire agaynst me, leaft by sufferyng mee to lyue the rest of my woefull Dayes, my Torment doe increafe:" then
 28 she began to fetch futch straying sighes, as hir heart did seeme to cleaue in pieces. And as hir cries began to encrease, behold the Father, the County *Paris*, and a great troupe of Gentlemen and

⁴⁸ "vne infinité de morts" [A thousand bodies dead.—Brooke, 2393].

⁴⁹ "La pauvre femme chantoit au sours" [Brooke, 2409-10. Here again it seems probable that Painter consulted Brooke's poem.]

⁵⁰ "faons" [whelpes, Brooke, 2425].

8. *restyng*] and remained ed. 1.

15. *canoned*] *canonised* ed. 2. *canonised* Has., C., Hal.

23. *faunes*] *faunes* Has. *faons* ed. 1, C., Hal.

25-26. *the last*] *thy last* ed. 1.

Ladies, which were come to honour the feaste, hearing no sooner tell of that which chaunced, were stroke into futch sorrowfull dumpes as he which had beheld their Faces would easly have iudged that the
 4 fame had ben a day of ire and pity, specially the Lord *Antonio*, whose heart was frapped with futch surpaffing woe, as neither teare nor word could issue forth, & knowing not what to doe, straight way sent to seeke the most expert Phisitians of the towne, who after they had
 8 inquired of the life past of *Iulietta*,⁵¹ deemed by common reporte,* that melancoly was the cause of that sodayne death, & then their sorows began to renue a fresh. And if euer day was Lamentable, Piteous, Unhappy, and Fatall, truly it was that wherein *Iulietta* hir death was
 12 published in *Verona*: For thee was so bewayled of great and small, that by the comon playnts, the Common wealth seemed to be in daunger, and not without cause. For besides hir naturall beauty (accompanied with many vertues wherewith nature had enriched hir)
 16 she was else so humble, wife and debonaire, as for that humility and curtesie she had stollen away the hearts of euery wight, and there was none but did lament hir Misfortune. And whilest these things were in this lamented state, Frier *Laurence* with diligence dispatched a Frier
 20 of his Couent, named Frier *Anselme*, whom hee trusted as himselfe, and deliuered him a Letter written with hys owne hande, commaunding him expressely not to giue the same to any other but to *Rhomo*, wherein was conteyned the chaunce which had passed betwene him
 24 and *Iulietta*, specially the vertue of the Pouder,⁵² and commaunded him * the nexte ensuinge Nighte to speede himselfe to *Verona*, for that the operation of the Pouder that time would take ende, and that he should cary wyth him back agayne to *Mantua* his beloued *Iulietta*,
 28 in dissembled apparell, vntill Fortune had otherwise provided for them. The frier made futch hast as (too late) hee arriued at *Mantua*, within a while after. And bicause the maner of *Italy* is, that the Frier traуayling abroad ought to take a companion of his Couent to doe
 32 his affaires wythin the City, the Fryer went into his couent, and for that he was within, it was not lawfull for him to come oute againe

⁵¹ "iugerent d'un commun raport" [they judge with one assent.—Brooke, 2456].

⁵² "et luy mandoit" [he willeth him.—Brooke, 2479].

that Day, bicaufe that certayn Dayes before, one relygious of that
 couent as it was fayd, dyd dye of the Plague. Wherefore the Magif-
 trates appoynted for the health and vifitation of the fick, commaunded
 4 the Warden of the Houfe that no Friers fhould wader abrode the
 City, or talke with any Citizen, vntill they were licenfed by the
 officers in that behalfe appoynted, which was ye caufe of the great
 mifhap, which you fhall heare hereafter. The Frier being in this
 8 perplexitye, not able to goe forth, and not knowing what was con-
 tained in the Letter,⁵³ deferred hys Iorney for that Day.* Whilft
 things were in thys plyght, preparation was made at *Verona*, to doe
 the obfequies of *Iulietta*. There is a custome alfo (whych is common
 12 in *Italy*), to laye all the beft of one lignage and Familye in one
 Tombe, wherevppon *Iulietta* was intoumbed in the ordinary Graue of
 the *Capellettes*, in a Churcheyarde, hard by the Church of the
 Fryers, where alfo the Lord *Thibault* was interred. And hir
 16 Obfequies honorably done, euery man returned: ⁵⁴whereūto *Pietro*,
 the feruāt of *Rhomoë*, gaue hys affyftace.* For as we haue before
 declared, hys Mayfter fente hym backe agayne from *Mantua* to
Verona, to do his Father feruice, and to aduertife him of that which
 20 fhould chaunce in hys abfence there: who feeyng the body of *Iulietta*,
 inclofed in Toumbe, thinkyng with the reſte that ſhee had bene dead
 in deede, incontinely tooke poſte horſe, and with dylygence rode to
Mantua, where he founde his Mayfter in his wonted houſe, to whome
 24 he ſayde, wyth hys Eyes full of Teares: "Syr, there is chaunced vnto
 you ſo ſtraunge a matter as if ſo be you do not arme your ſelfe with
 Conſtancye, I am afrajd that I ſhall be the cruell minyſter of your
 Death, Be it known vnto you fir, that yeſterday morning my miſ-
 28 treſſe *Iulietta* left hir Lyfe in thys Worlde to ſeeke reſt in an other:
 and wyth theſe Eyes I ſaw hir buryed in the Churchyarde of *S.*
Frauncis." At the founde of whych heauye Meſſage, *Rhomoë* begann
 woefullye to Lamente, as thoughe hys Spyrites gryeued wyth the

⁵³ "voulut differer pour ce iour" [Brooke, 2502].

⁵⁴ "ausquelles Pierre seruiteur de Rhomoë auoit assisté" [Brooke, 2526-28].

1. *bicaufe*] *for* ed. 1.

2. *as it was*] *as. om.* C., Hal.

11. *a custome*] *a om.* C., Hal.

12. *laye*] *place* ed. 1, C., Hal.

13. *wherevppon*] *wherby* ed. 1.

13. *intoumbed*] *layde* ed. 1.

15. *interred.* And *hir*] *interred*
whose ed. 2. *interred, whose* Has., C.,
 Hal.

Tormente of hys Paffion at that instant would haue abandoned his Bodye. But ftronge Loue which would not permytte him to faynt vntyl the extremity, framed a thoughte in hys fantefie, that if it wer
 4 poffyble for him to dye befydes hir, his Death fhould be more gloryous, and thee (as he thought) better contented: By reaſon whereof, after hee had waſhed his face for feare to diſcouer his ſorrowe, hee wente out of his Chamber, and commaunded hys man to tarry behynd
 8 him, that he myght walke through out all the Corners of the Citye, to fynde propre remedye (if it were poffyble) for hys gryefe. And amonges others, beholdynge an Apoticyes ſhop of lyttle furnytur and leſſe ſtore of Boxes and other thinges requiſite for that ſcyence,
 12 thought that the verye pouerty of the mayſter Apothecarye would make hym wyllingle yeld to that which he pretended to demaunde. And after he had taken hym aſide, ſecretly he ſayde vnto hym: "Syr, if you be the Mayſter of the Houſe, as I thinke you be,
 16 beholde here Fifty Ducates, whych I gyue you to the intent you delyuer me ſome ſtrong and vyolente Poyſon that within a quarter of an houre is able to procure Death vnto hym that ſhall vſe it." The couetous Apothecarye entyſed by gayne, agreed to his requeſt, and
 20 fayning to gyue hym ſome other medycine before the Peoples Face, he ſpeedily made ready a ſtrong and cruell Poyſon, afterwarde he ſayd vnto him ſoftly: "Syr, I gyue you more than is needefull, ⁵⁵for the one halfe in an houres ſpace is able the deſtroy the ſtrongest manne
 24 of the world*:" who after he hadde ⁵⁶receyued the poyſon, retourned home, where he commaunded his man to departe with diligence to *Verona*, and that he ſhould make prouiſion of candels, a tynder Boxe, and other Inſtrumentes meete for the opening of the graue of *Iulietta*,
 28 and that aboue all things hee ſhoulde not fayle to attende hys comynge beſides the Churchyarde of *S. Frauncis*, ⁵⁷and vppon Payne of Life to keepe hys intente in filēce.* Which *Pietro* obeied in order

⁵⁵ "car il n'en fault que la moictié pour faire mourir en vne heure le plus robuste homme du monde" [Brooke, 2586-88].

⁵⁶ "serré" [putteth up.—Brooke, 2590].

⁵⁷ "& sur la vie qu'il ne dist à personne son desastre" [Brooke, 2596].

14. *he sayde*] *he* om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

23. *in an houres space*] om. ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.

as hys maister had requyred, and made therein futch expedytō, as he
 arriued in good time to *Verona*, taking order for al things that wer
 cōmaunded him. *Rhomeo* in the meane while beyng folycyted wyth
 4 mortall thoughtes caused incke and paper to be broughte vnto hym,
 and in few words put in wryting all the discourse of his loue, the
 mariage of him and *Iulietta*, the meane obserued for consummation
 of the same, the helpe that he had of Frier *Laurence*, the buying of
 8 his Poyson, and last of all his death. Afterwardes hauing finished his
 heauy tragedy, hee closed the letters, and sealed the same with his
 seale, and directed the Supeription thereof to hys Father: and
 puttynge the letters into his purse, he mounted on horsebacke, and
 12 vsed futch dylygence, as he arriued vppon darke Nyght at the Citty
 of *Verona*, before the gates were shut, where he founde his seruante,
 taryng for hym with a Lanterne and instrumentes as is before sayd,
 meete for the opening of the graue, vnto whome hee said: "*Pietro*,
 16 helpe mee to open this Tombe, and so soone as it is open I com-
 maunde thee vppon payne of thy life, not to come neere mee, nor to
 stay me from the thing I purpose to doe. Beholde, there is a letter which
 thou shalt present to morrow in the mornynge to my Father at his
 20 vpryng, which peraduenture shall please him better than thou
 thinkest." *Pietro*, not able to imagine what was his maisters intent,
 stode somewhat aloofe to beholde his maisters gestes and Countenance.
 And when they had opened the Vaulte, *Rhomeo* descended downe two
 24 steppes, holdyng the candel in his hand and began to behold wyth
 pityfull Eye, the body of hir, which was the organ of his lyfe, and
 washt the same with the teares of his Eyes, and kyssed it tenderly,
 holdyng it harde between his Armes, and not able to satiffie him selfe
 28 with hir sight, put hys fearefull handes vppon the colde stomacke of
Iulietta. And after he had touched her in many places, and not able
 to feele anye certayne Iudgemente of Lyfe, he drew the Poyson out
 of hys Boxe, and swallowyng downe a great quantytte of the same,
 32 cryed out: "O *Iulietta*, of whome the Worlde was vnworthye, what
 Death is it possyble my Hearte coule choose oute more agreeable
 than that whych yt suffereth harde by thee? What Graue more

1. *requyred*] *commaundat* hym ed. 25-6. *organ* . . . *Eyes*] *organ of his*
 1. *Eyes* ed. 2, Has., C., Hal.
 12 *as*] *that* ed. 1.

Glorious, than to bee buried in thy Tombe? What more woorthy
 or excellent Epytaphe can bee vowed for Memorye, than the mutuall
 and pytyfull Sacryfice of our lyues?" And thinkinge to renue his
 4 forrowe, his hearte began to frette through the vyolence of the Poyson,
 which by lyttle and lyttle affailed the same, and looking about hym,
 espyed the Bodye of the Lorde *Thibault*, lying nexte vnto *Iulietta*,
 whych as yet was not altogether putrified, and ipeakyng to the Bodye
 8 as though it hadde bene alyue, sayde: "In what place so euer thou
 arte (O Coufyn *Thibault*) I most heartely do crye the mercy for the
 offence whych I haue done by depyryng of thy Lyfe: and yf thy
 Ghost doe whyfhe and crye out for Vengeaunce vppon mee, what
 12 greater or more cruell satysfaction canste thou desyre to haue, or
 henceforth hoope for, than to see him whych murdered thee, to bee
 empysoned with his owne handes, and buried by thy side?" Then
 endynge hys talk, felyng by lyttle and lyttle that his Lyfe began to
 16 fayle, falling prostrate vppon his Knees, wyth feeble voyce hee softly
 sayd: "O my Lord God, which to redeeme me didest discend
 from the bosom of thy Father, and tookest humane fleshe in the
 Wombe of the Vyrgine, ⁵⁸ I acknowledge and confesse, that this body
 20 of myne is nothing else but Earth and Dust." * Then feazed vppon
 wyth desperate forrow, he fell downe vppon the Body of *Iulietta* with
 futch vehemence, as the heart faint and attenuated with too great
 torment, not able to beare so hard a vyolence, was abandoned of all
 24 his sense and Naturall powers, in futch sorte as the siege of hys soule
 fayled him at that instant, and his members stretched forthe, remayned
 fiffe and colde. Fryer *Laurence* whych knew the certayne tyme of
 the pouders operation, maruelled that he had no answere of the Letter
 28 which he sent to *Rhomeo* by his fellowe Fryer *Anselme*, departed from
S. Frauncis and with Instrumens for the purpose, determined to
 open the Graue to let in aire to *Iulietta*, whych was ready to wake:
 and approchyng the place, hee espied a Lyght within, which made
 32 him afraide vntyll that *Pietro* whych was hard by, had certyfyed hym

⁵⁸ "Je te supplie prendre compassion de cette pauvre ame affligée: car ie
 cognois bien, que ce corps n'est plus que terre" [Brooke, 2678-80].

4. *through*] *thorough* ed. 1. *torments* ed. 2. *too great torments* Has.,
 22-23. *too great torment*] *two great* C., Hal.

that *Rhomeo* was within, and had not ceaſed there to Lamente and
Complayne the ſpace of halfe an Houre. And when they two were
entred the Graue and finding *Rhomeo* without Lyfe, made futch
4 ſorrowe as they can well conceyve whych Loue their dear Fryende
wyth lyke perfection. And as they were making theyr cōplaints,
Iulietta riſing out of hir traunce, & beholding light within ye Tōumbe,
vncertayne wheather it were a dreame or fantaſie that appeared before
8 hir eyes, comming agayne to hir ſelfe, knew Frier *Laurence*, vnto
whom ſhe ſayd: ⁵⁹“ Father, I pray thee in the name of God to per-
fourme thy promiſe, for I am almoſt deade.” * And then Frier
Laurence concealing nothing from hir, (bycauſe he feared to be taken
12 through his to long abode in that place) faythfully rehearſed vnto hir,
how he had ſent Frier *Anſelme* to *Rhomeo* at *Mantua*, from whom as
yet hee had receyued no aunſwere. Notwithſtanding he found
Rhomeo dead in the graue, whoſe body he poyncted vnto, lyinge hard
16 by hir, praying hir fiſh it was ſo, patiently to beare that ſodayne miſ-
fortune, and that if it pleaſed hir, he would conuey hir into ſome
monaſtery of women where ſhe might in time moderate hir ſorrow,
and giue reſt vnto hir minde. *Iulietta* had no ſooner caſt eye vppon
20 the deade corps of *Rhomeo*, but ⁶⁰began to breake the fountayne pipes
of guſhing teares,* which ran forth in futch aboundance, as not able
to ſupport the furor of hir grieſe, ⁶¹ſhe breathed without ceaſing vpon
his mouth,* and then throwing hir ſelfe vppon his body, and em-
24 bracing it very hard, ſeemed that by force of fighes and ſobs, ſhe
would haue reuiued, and brought him agayne to life, & after ſhe had
kiffed and rekiſſed hym a million of times, ſhe cried out: “ Ah the
ſweete reſt of my cares, & the onely port of all my pleaſures and
28 paſſtimes, haſt thou ſo ſure a heart to chooſe ⁶²thy Churchyarde * in
this place betwene the armes of thy perfect Louer, and to ende the
courſe of thy life for my ſake in the floure of thy Youth when lyfe

⁵⁹ “ Pere ie vous prie au nom de Dieu, aſſezuy moy de voſtre parole : car ie ſuis toute eſperdue ” [Brooke, 2710].

⁶⁰ “ commença à deſtouppe la bonde à ſes larmes ” [Brooke, 2723].

⁶¹ “ elle halletoit ſans ceſſe ſur ſa bouche ” [Brooke, 2727].

⁶² “ ton cymetiere ” [Brooke, 2736].

8. *hir eyes*] *his eyes* Has., C., Hal. C., Hal.
23. *throwing*] *throwen* ed. 2, Has., 28-9. *in this*] *this in* C., Hal.

to thee should haue bene most deare & delectable? How had this tender body power to resist the furious Cumbat of death, ⁶³very death it selfe being here present? * How couldst thou tender and delicate youth willingly permit that thou shouldst approach into this filthy and infected place, where from henceforth thou shalt be the pasture of Worms vnworthy of thee? Alas, alas, ⁶⁴by what meanes shall I now renew my playnts, * which time & long patience ought to haue buried 8 & clearly quenched? Ah I miserable and Caitife wretch, thinkinge to finde remedy for my griefs, haue sharped the Knife that hath giuen me this cruell blow, whereof I receiue the cause of mortall wound. Ah, happy and fortunate graue which shalt serue in world 12 to come for witnesse of the most perfect aliaunce ⁶⁵that euer was betwene two most unfortunate louers, receyue now the last sobbing fighes, and intertaynment of the most cruell of all the cruell subjects of ire & death." * And as she thought to continue hir complainys, *Pietro* 16 aduertised *Frier Laurence* that he heard a noyse besides the citadell, wherewith being affrayd, they speedily departed, fearing to be taken. And then *Iulietta* seeing hir selfe alone, and in full Liberty, tooke agayne *Rhomeo* betwene hir armes, kissing him with such affection, as she 20 seemed to be more attaynted with loue than death, and drawing out the Dagger which *Rhomeo* ware by his side, ⁶⁶she pricked hir selfe with many blowes against the heart, * sayinge with feeble & pitiful voice: " Ah death the end of sorrow, & beginning of felicity, thou art most 24 hartely welcome: feare not at this time to sharpen thy dart: giue no longer delay of life, ⁶⁷for feare that my sprite trauayle not to finde *Rhomeos* ghoist amongs such nūber of carion corpses. * And thou my deare Lord & loyall husband *Rhomeo*, if there rest in thee any know-

⁶³ "lors qu'elle s'est présentée" [Brooke, 2742].

⁶⁴ "quel besoing m'estoit il maintenant, que les douleurs se renouellassent en moy" [Brooke, 2747-48].

⁶⁵ "qu'ont les deux plus fortunez amās qui furent oncques. Reçoy maintenant les derniers soupirs, & accés, du plus cruel de tous les cruels subiects d'ire & de mort" [Brooke, 2757-60].

⁶⁶ "se donna de la poincte plusieurs coups au trauers du cueur" [Brooke, 2789].

⁶⁷ "de peur que mon esprit ne trauaille à trouuer celuy de mon *Rhomeo*, entre tāt de morts" [Brooke, 2777-78].

ledge, receyue hir whom thou haft so faythfully loued, the onely
 caufe of thy violent death, which frankley offreth vp hir foule that
 none but thou fhalt ioy the loue whereof thou haft made fo lawfull
 4 conqueft, and that our foules paffing from this light, may eternally
 liue together in the place of euerlafting ioy :” And when ſhe had
 ended thoſe wordes ſhee yelded vp hir ghoſt. While theſe thinges
 thus were done, the garde and watch of the Citty, by chaunce paſſed
 8 by, and feeing light within the graue, ſuſpected ſtraight that there
 were ſome Necromancers which had opened the Tounge to abuſe
 the deade bodies for ayde of their arte : And deſirous to knowe what
 it ment, went downe into the vault, where they found *Rhomo* and
 12 *Iulietta*, with their armes imbracing ech others neck, as though there
 had bene ſome token of lyfe. And after they had well viewed them
 at leysure, they perceyued in what caſe they were. And then all
 amazed they fought for ye Theeues which (as they thought) had done
 16 the murder, and in the ende founde the good Father Fryer *Laurence*,
 and *Pietro* the Seruaunte of deade *Rhomo* (whych had hid themſelues
 vnder a ſtall) whom they caryed to Pryſon, & aduerted the Lord of
Eſcala, and the Magiſtrates of *Verona* of that horrible murder, which
 20 by and by was publiſhed throughout the City. Then flocked to-
 gether al the Citizens, women and children, leauing their houſes, to
 loke vpon that pityful fighte : and to the Ende that in preſence of the
 whole Cytie, the murder ſhould be knowne, the Magiſtrates ordayned
 24 that the two Deade bodies ſhould be erected vpon a ſtage to the view
 and ſight of the whole World, in ſuch ſorte and manner as they were
 founde withyn the Graue, and that *Pietro* and Frier *Laurence* ſhould
 publikey bee examyned, that afterwarde there myght be no mur-
 28 mure or other pretended cauſe of ignorance. And thys good olde
 Frier beyng vpon the Scaffold, hauynge a whyte Bearde all wet and
 bathed with Teares, the Iudges commaunded him to declare vnto
 them who were the Authors of that Murder, ſith at vntimeſly houre
 32 hee was apprehended with certayne Irons beſides the graue. Fryer
Laurence, a rounde and franke Man of talke, nothyng moued with that
 accuſation, answered them with ſtoute and bolde voyce : “ My maiſters,
 there is none of you all (if you haue reſpect vnto my forepaſſed Life,

8-9. *there were ſome*] *they were* ed. 1.

34. *answered*] *ſayd vnto* ed. 1.

14. *perceyued*] *knew* ed. 1.

and to my aged Yeres, and therewithall haue conſideration of this
 heauy ſpectacle, whereunto vnhappy fortune hathe preſently brought
 me) but doeth greatly maruell of ſo ſodaine mutation and change
 4 vnlooked for, for ſo much as theſe three ſcore and Ten or twelue
 Yeares ſithens I came into this Worlde, and began to proue the
 vanities thereof, I was neuer ſuſpected, touched, or found guilty of
 any crime which was able to make me bluſhe, or hide my face,
 8 although (before God) I doe confeſſe my ſelf to be the greateſt and
 moſt abhominable ſinner of al the redeemed flocke of Chriſt. So it
 is notwithſtanding, that ſith I am preſt and ready to render mine
 accompte, and that Death, the Graue and wormes do dailye ſummon
 12 this wretched Corps of myne to appeare before the Juſtice ſeate of
 God, ſtill wayghtyng and attending to be carried to my hoped Graue,
 this is the houre I ſay, as you likewise may thinke, wherein I am
 fallen to the greateſt damage and preiudice of my Lyfe and honeſt
 16 porte, and that which hath ingendred thys ſynnyſter opynyon of
 mee, may peraduenture bee theſe greate Teares which in abundaunce
 tryckle downe my Face, as though the holy ſcriptures do not witneſſe,
 that Jeſus Chriſt moued with humayne pittie, & compaſſion, did
 20 weepe, and pour forth teares, and that many times teares be the fayth-
 full meſſengers of a mans innocency. Or elſe the moſt likely euidence,
 and preſumption, is the ſuſpected hour, which (as the magiſtrate doth
 ſay) doth make mee culpable of the murder, as though all houres were
 24 not indifferently made equall by God their Creator, who in his owne
 perſon declareth vnto vs that there be twelue houres in the Day,
 ſhewing thereby that there is no exception of houres nor of Minutes,
 but that one may doe eyther good or ill at all times indifferently, as
 28 the party is guided or forſaken by the ſprite of God: touching the
 Irons which were founde about me, needefull it is not now to let you
 vnderſtand for what uſe Iron was firſt made, and that of it ſelfe it is
 not able to increaſe in man eyther good or euill, if not by the miſ-
 32 chieuous minde of hym which doth abuſe it. Thus much I haue
 thought good to tell you, to the intent that neyther teares, nor Iron,
 ne yet ſuſpected houre, are able to make me guilty of the murder, or
 make me otherwyſe than I am, but only the witneſſe of mine owne
 36 conſcience, which alone if I were guilty ſhould be the accuſer, the

witnesse, and the hangman, whych, by reafon of mine age and the reputation I haue had amonges you, and the little time that I haue to liue in this World, shoulde more torment me within, than all the
 4 mortall paynes that coulde be deuised: but (thankes be to myne eternall God) I feele no Worme that gnaweth, nor any remorse that pricketh me touching that fact, for which I see you all troubled and amazed. And to fet your harts at 'rest, and to remoue
 8 the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I sweare vnto you by all the heavenly parts wherein I hope to be, that forthwith I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitifull Tragedy, whych peradventure shall driue you into no lesse wondre
 12 and amaze, than those two poore paffionate Louers were strong and pacient, to expone themselues to the mercy of death, for the feruent and indissoluble loue betwene them." Then the Fatherly Frier began to repeate the beginning of the loue betwene *Iulietta*, and
 16 *Rhomo*, which by certayne space of time confirmed, was profecuted by wordes at the first, then by mutual promise of mariage, ⁶⁸vnknown to the world.* And as within few dayes after, the two Louers feelinge themselues sharpned & incited with stronger onset, repaired vnto
 20 him vnder colour of confession, protesting by othe that they were both married, and that if he woulde not solempnize that mariage in the face of the Church, they shoulde be constrainyd to offend God to live in disordred lust. In consideration whereof, and specially seeing
 24 their alliaunce to be good, and conformable in dignity, richesse and Nobility on both sides, hoping by that meanes perchaunce to reconcile the *Montesches*, and *Capellets*, ⁶⁹and that by doing futch an acceptable worke to God,* he gaue the churches blessing in a certayne
 28 Chappel of ye friers church whereof ye night following they did consummate ye mariage fructs in the Pallace of the *Capellets*. For testimony of which copulation, ye womā of *Iuliettaes* Chāber was able to depose: Adding moreouer, ye murder of *Thibault*, which was Cousin
 32 to *Iulietta*: By reafon whereof the banishment of *Rhomo* did followe, and howe in the absense of the sayd *Rhomo*, the mariage being kept

⁶⁸ "sans qu'il en sceust rien."

⁶⁹ "et faire ceure agreable à Dieu" [Brooke, 2931].

24. *conformable*] *comfortable* ed. 2, 26. *acceptable*] *exceptable* ed. 2.
 Has., C., Hal.

secrete betwene them, a new Matrimony was intreated wyth the Countee *Paris*, which misliked by *Iulietta*, she fell prostrate at his feete in a Chappell of *S. Francis* Church, with full determination to haue killed hirself with hir owne hands, if he gaue hir not counsell how she should avoyde the mariage agreed betwene hir father & the Countee *Paris*. For cōclusion, he sayd, that although he was resoluēd by reason of his age, and nearenesse of death to abhorre all secreet Sciences, wherein in his younger yeares he had delight, notwithstanding, pressed with importunity, and moued with pittie, fearing least *Iulietta* should do some cruelty agaynst hirselfe, he strayned his conscience, and chose rather with some little fault to grieue his minde, than to suffer the young Gentlewoman to destroy hir body, and hazarde the daunger of hir soule. And therefore he opened some part of his aunient cunning, and gaue her a certayne Pouder to make hir sleepe, by meanes whereof she was thought to be deade. Then he tolde them how he had sent Frier *Anselme* to cary letters to *Rhomeo* of their enterpryse, whereof hitherto he had no aunswere. Then briefly he concluded how he found *Rhomeo* dead within the graue, who as it is most likely ⁷⁰did impoyson himselfe, or was otherwise smothered or suffocated with sorow by findinge *Iulietta* in that state, thinking shee had bene dead.* Then he tolde them how *Iulietta* did kill hirselfe with the Dagger of *Rhomeo* to beare him company after his death, and how it was impossible for them to saue hir for the noyse of the watch which forced theym to flee from thence. And for more ample approbation of his saying, he humbly besought the Lord of *Verona* & the Magistrats to send to Mantua for Frier *Anselme* to know the cause of his slack turne, that the contēt of the letter sent to *Rhomeo* might be seene. To examine the Woman of the Chamber of *Iulietta*, and *Pietro* the seruauit of *Rhomeo*, who not attending for furdre request, sayd vnto them: "My Lordes when *Rhomeo* entred the graue, he gaue me this Pacquet, written as I suppose with his owne hand, who gaue me expresse commaundement to deliuer it to his father." The Pacquet

⁷⁰ "s'estoit empoisonné ou estouffé. Esmeu de iuste dueil qu'il auoit de trouuer Iuliette en cest estat la pensant morte" [Brooke, 2959-60].

2. *fell*] *fell downe* ed. 1.

33. *it*] *them* ed. 1.

11. *strayned*] *stained* ed. 1.

opened, they founde the whole effect of this story, specially the Apothecaries name, which sold him the Poyson, the price, and the cause wherefore he vsed it, and all appeared to be so cleare and
 4 euident, as there rested nothing for further verification of the same, but their presence at the doing of the particulars thereof, for the whole was so well declared in order, as they were out of doubt that the same was true. And then the Lord *Bartholomew* of *Escola*,
 8 ⁷¹after he had debated with the Magistrates of these euent, decreed that the Woman of *Iulietta* hir Chamber should bee banished, because shee did conceale that priuy marriage from the Father of *Rhomeo*, which if it had beene knowne in tyme, had bred to the whole City
 12 an vniverfall benefit. *Pietro* because he obeyed hys Maysters commaundement, and kept close hys lawfull secrets, according to the well conditioned nature of a trusty servaunt, was set at liberty. The Poticary taken, rackt, and founde guilty, was hanged. * The good
 16 olde man Frier *Laurence*, as well for respect of his aunient service which he had done to the comon wealth of *Verona*, as also for his vertuous life (for the which hee was specially recommended) was let goe in peace, without any note of Infamy. Notwithstanding by reason
 20 of his age, he voluntarily gaue ouer the World, and closed himselfe in an Hermitage, two miles from *Verona*, where he liued .5. or .6. yeares, and spent hys tyme in continuall prayer, vntill he was called out of this transitory worlde, into the bliffull state of euerlasting joy. And
 24 for the compassion of so straunge an infortune, the *Montefches*, and *Capellets* poured forth such abundaunce of teares, as with the same they did euacuate their aunient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled. And they which could not bee brought to
 28 attonement by any wisedome or humayne counsell, were in the ende vanquished and made friends by pity. And to immortalize the memory of so intier and perfect amity, the Lord of *Verona* ordayned, that the two bodies of those miraculous Louers should be fast in-
 32 toubed in the graue where they ended their lyues, ⁷²in which place was erected a high marble Pillar,* honoured with an infinite

⁷¹ "qui commandait de ce temps là à Veronne."

⁷² "qui fut erigé sur une haulte colonne de marbre" [Brooke, 3014].

Rhomeo and Iulietta.

number of excellent *Epytaphes*, which to this day be
apparaunt, with futch noble memory, as amongs
all the rare excellencies, wherewith that City
4 is furnished, there is none more Famous
than the Monument of *Rhomeo*
and *Iulietta*.

3. *that City*] *the City* ed. 1.

